Collier's
TEN CENTS
OCTOBER 30, 1943
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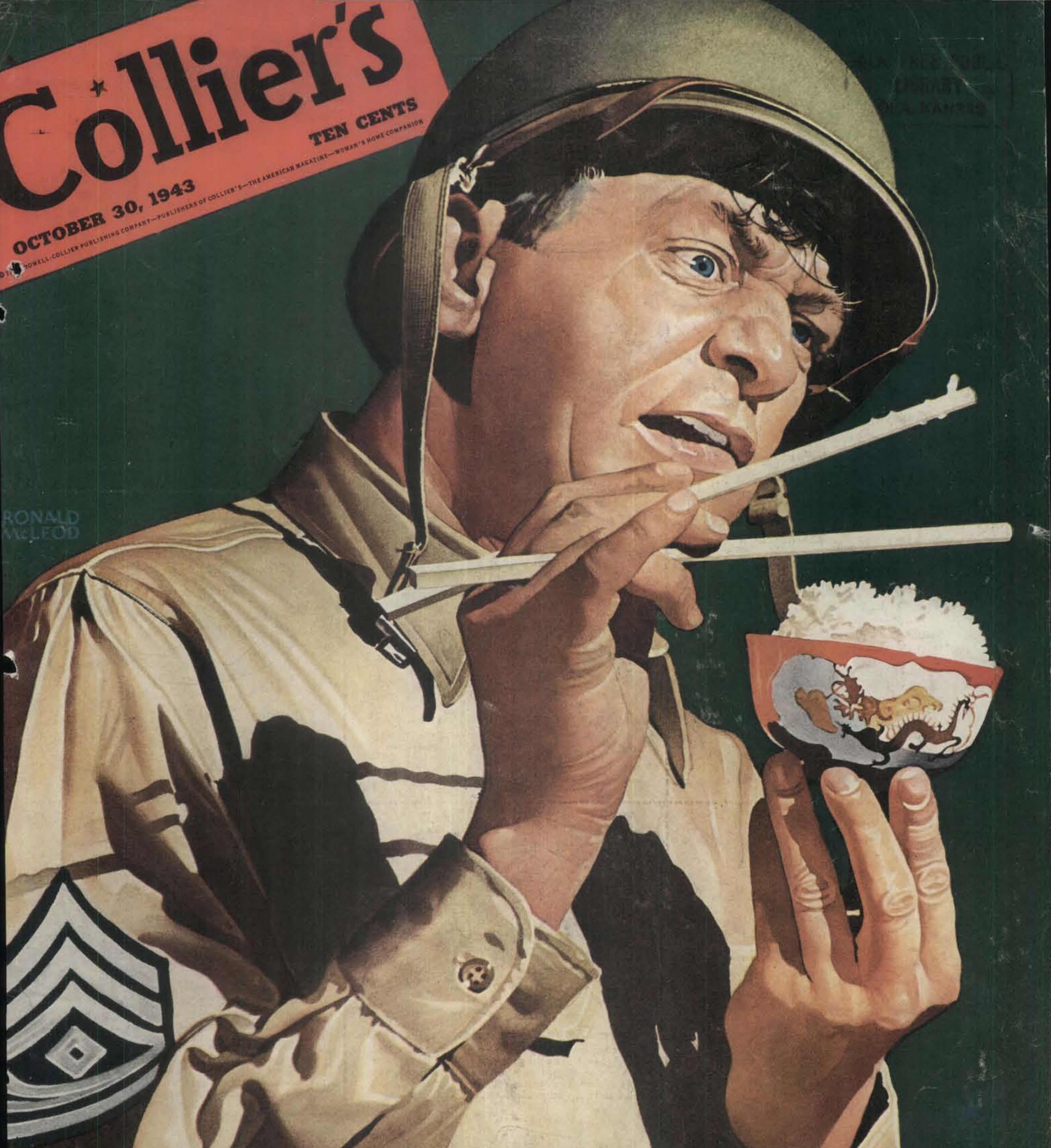

REVENGE IN POLAND

The Swift, Sure Justice of the Poli[illegible] d

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t. 30, '43

Food fights for freedom

don't waste it —save it!

Turn over your left-overs!

1½ cups of ground left-over cooked beef, veal, lamb or pork will make six delicious meat turnovers. Here's how: Melt ¼ cup drippings, add 3 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk. Cook until thick. Season with ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons diced onion, ⅛ cup chopped green pepper. Add ground meat. Place on six-inch squares of regular pastry. Fold over in triangles. Trim edges. Bake at 425 F. for 20 minutes.

Use these food-saving ideas from Armour to cut waste in your home and help conserve America's vital food supply

If you will save as little as a spoonful of food a day, you will help shorten this war. Food is the most important need of our fighters, our allies and civilians at home. But unless we stop the needless, careless waste in our homes, America won't have enough food to go around.

Right now, we are wasting 15% of all the food that comes into our homes. 15%! That's enough to feed all our armed forces. *More* than all the food we've shipped to our allies to help turn the tide to victory. And *we* are throwing it away!

No one throws away food in *quantity*. We throw it away by spoonfuls. We don't eat all the good food on our plates. We let some food spoil. We don't use all our leftovers. We waste food in *little* ways — but they add up to 40 billion pounds of food wasted every year in America.

From now on, don't waste a spoonful. Use carefully every bit of the precious food that comes into your home. Follow the food saving suggestions on this page. Devise other ways to stretch America's vitally important food supply. It's something we must do to help shorten this war.

Rules to remember when buying meat

Buy only as much as you need: Allow ¼ lb. per serving for boneless meats (hamburger, liver, heart). ¾ to 1 lb. of poultry per serving. ⅓ to ½ lb. of meat containing bone (roasts, stew). ⅛ to 1/6 lb. of fresh or smoked sausage. 1 oz. of dried beef or hard sausage.

Easy way to extend butter!

To make butter go further, soften slightly, cream lightly as you would for cake, then chill. This will actually increase the bulk, yet the butter retains its same fine flavor. And most important, the butter goes further for spreading on hot breads, sandwiches, etc.

Sausage drippings save points

Use sausage drippings in place of butter when making a cream sauce for cauliflower, cabbage, onions, etc. Also use for frying eggs, French toast, or mush. Or to brown bread crumbs to serve over noodles or cauliflower. Or to season green beans or squash.

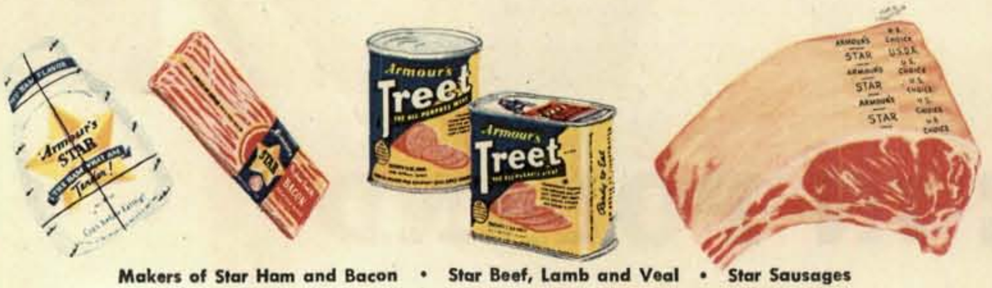
Save egg yolks for sandwich filling

If you have extra egg yolks, (when whites *only* are used in cake, etc.), keep the yolks whole, drop them gently into boiling water, then simmer for 15 minutes until hard cooked. Then mince yolks and mix with mayonnaise and chopped pickle, for sandwich filling.

Waste-saving that saves lives

You are helping to eliminate waste when you buy only those meats that have been processed by legitimate packers. For example, animal glands are thrown away by black market slaughterers. But in the Armour pharmaceutical laboratories, such materials are converted into valuable medicines that may mean life itself to you or some member of your family—or to some soldier on the fighting front. Refuse to patronize black markets.

© ARMOUR AND COMPANY



Makers of Star Ham and Bacon • Star Beef, Lamb and Veal • Star Sausages
Star Canned Meats • Cloverbloom Poultry and Dairy Products

Armour and Company

Suppliers of meat and dairy products for America's military and civilian needs.

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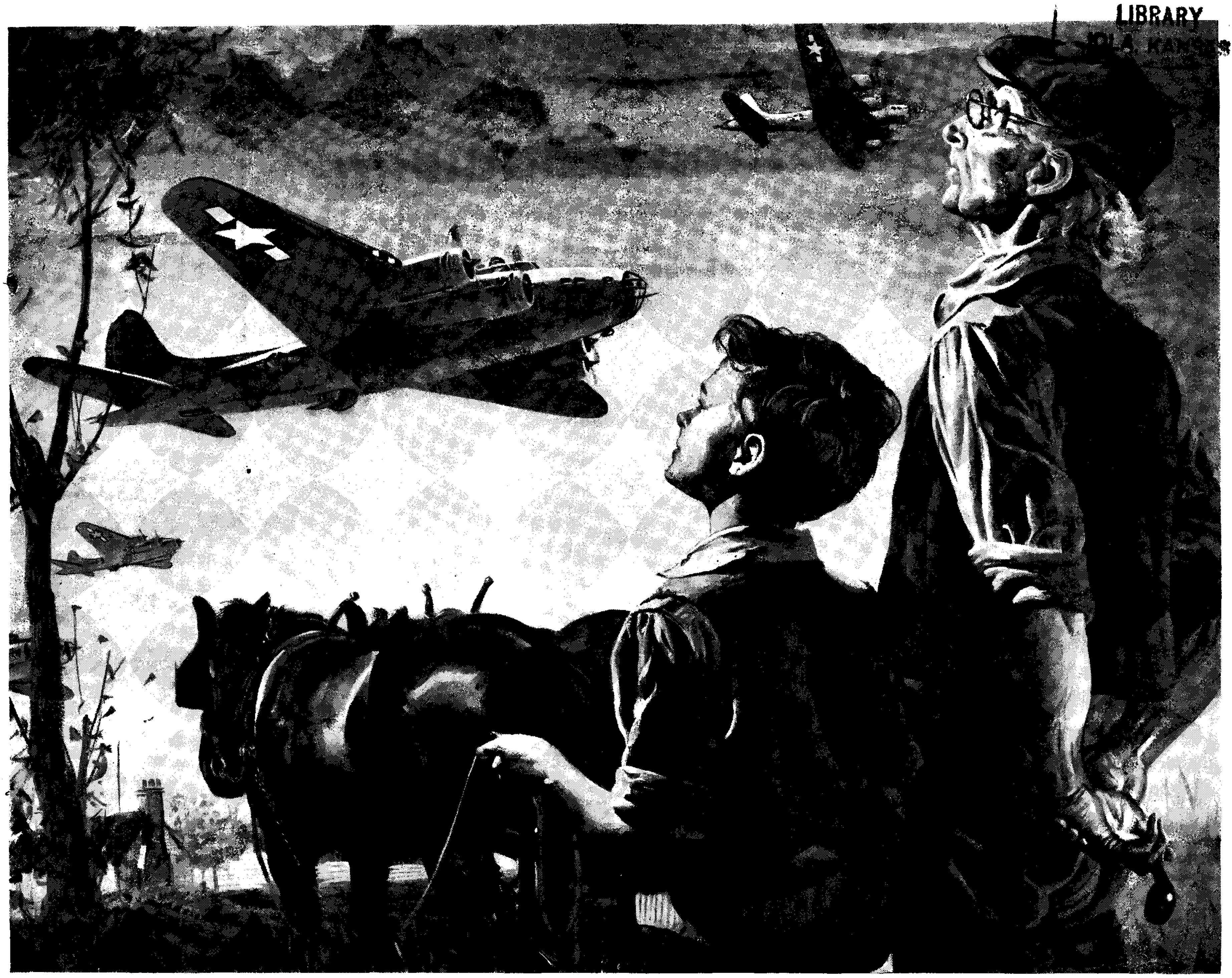


To those who Wonder

"They're off again, Granddad . . . See how clean and easy they leave the ground . . ."
"It's their great power, lad . . . power of nearly 5,000 horses harnessed to their wings . . . power that is changing the whole world."
"How, Granddad? Why will it change the world?"

As a flight of Flying Fortresses roars into an English sky, the wonderment of a child voices the question that people all over the earth are asking today.

For a great power is spreading throughout the world as a result of war. It is power that will shorten this war . . . power that can change and better the lives of people all over the earth when the war is won.

It is the power of the modern airplane engine.

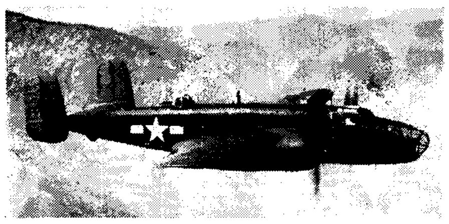
Today, Wright Cyclone engines are carrying men, materials, and air might into every corner of the world . . . helping to win the objectives of our flyers and fighting men . . . matching their skill with amazing feats of endurance.

Wright Cyclones are demonstrating their stamina and dependability on 42 different types of American planes. On every Boeing B-17 Flying Fortress, best known of all heavy bombers. On every North American B-25 Mitchell, famed for bombing Tokyo. They power the Douglas A-20 Havoc, the plane of more than 30 tactical uses, and the Grumman TBF Avenger, the United States Navy's deadly torpedo bomber.

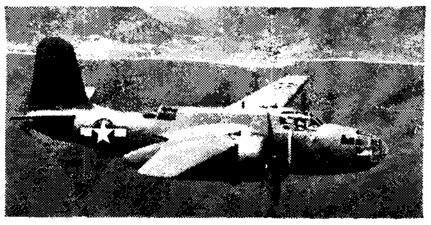
Combat, transportation, communication — these are the vital wartime jobs of aircraft engine power. But out of its work of war great good is coming. A new age is opening — an age of air trade and transportation, and closer understanding among the peoples of all nations.

This is the power that is changing the world . . . power produced by American men and women working together in freedom. The promise it holds for a better life is the finest ever offered to man . . . LOOK TO THE SKY, AMERICA!

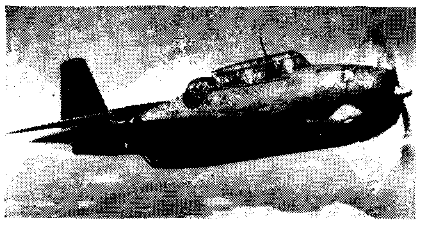
THREE OF THE MANY OUTSTANDING ARMY AND NAVY AIRCRAFT POWERED BY WRIGHT CYCLONE ENGINES



NORTH AMERICAN B-25 MITCHELL — bombed Tokyo, skip-bombed the Japs in the Bismarck Sea, spear-headed the African campaign, and fights today on every battle front.



DOUGLAS A-20 HAVOC—tough, fast, hard-hitting, and one of the deadliest night fighters, this plane has over 30 tactical uses in bombing, strafing, intruding and fighting.



GRUMMAN TBF AVENGER — largest carrier-based plane. Packing full-size naval torpedoes, these planes proved to be a surprise weapon in the crucial Battle of Midway.

CURTISS WRIGHT

Manufacturing Divisions

CURTISS - WRIGHT AIRPLANE DIVISION
WRIGHT AERONAUTICAL CORPORATION
CURTISS - WRIGHT PROPELLER DIVISION

★ *Buy War Bonds Today* ★

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

ROBERT DONAT

in

The Adventures of

TARTU

with

VALERIE HOBSON

WALTER RILLA · GLYNIS JOHNS

Screen Play by.......*John Lee Mahin and Howard Emmett Rogers*

Original Story by.........*John C. Higgins*

Directed by.......*Harold S. Bucquet*

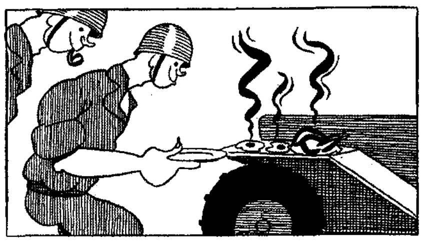
With the current reverberations in the Balkans, "The Adventures of Tartu" gets a fillip of added excitement. We have all seen spy stories dealing with the underground inside Fortress Europe, but we can recall no shadow adventure that ranks in tenseness with this selection which stars the great favorite Robert Donat. Donat's career has been a continuous success and he adds to it in his current performance. Most of us fondly remember his "Mr. Chips", but to find a proper analogy to the type on exhibit here, one goes back perhaps to "Thirty-Nine Steps". Donat's Jan Tartu is a fellow of many parts and resources. He literally sits on a keg of dynamite from beginning to end and his romance with Valerie Hobson is no cut-and-dried sweetness and light affair.

The knife is dangling above the back many times and Donat, posing as a Rumanian gigolo with hair slick with grease and a cigarette stuck on his lip while the smoke floats casually across his eyes, strikes a note of personal intrigue that vies with the great master-stroke of sabotage in the broader aspects of the plot. Never has there been so much double-crossing—one character with another—and never have so many tables been turned. No serial writer ever dreamed up more sequences of action and yet, contrary to this type of concoction, the plot remains smooth, the events plausible, the excitement continuous and the sacred mission ever present. "Tartu" is hot stuff.

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Mediterranean Theater
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AMY PORTER	Articles
GEORGE CREEL	Washington
WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
GRATTAN O'LEARY	Ottawa
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

WE HAVE an indignant letter from Pfc. Murray Kluttz. Pfc. Kluttz is, or was, in New Guinea. And there he read what he regards as a slighting remark, in this magazine, about the eighth, ninth, tenth, etc., etc., wonder of the world, the jeep. We said, according to Pfc. Kluttz, that the jeep can do everything but cook. "Says you," roared Mr. Kluttz. "Not long ago it got so hot down here that we not only fried a couple of eggs on the fender of my jeep, but we broiled a chicken. One of our guys said he was going to broil a Jap on the radiator of his jeep and feed it back to the monkeys."

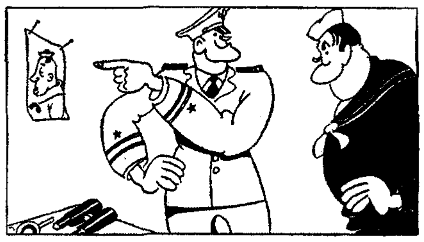


WE HAVE the assurance of Mr. Joseph Brobb of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, that he overheard the following between a prosperous-looking citizen and a beggar. Said the former: "You're a husky guy. Why are you begging? All the industries around here are crying for workers." And the moocher said: "Sure, but what's the use taking a job? The government's fixing things so that a guy can't quit if he feels like it."

IT IS one of the jobs of one of our associates, Mr. Innes MacCammond, to keep an eye on the number and subject of manuscripts sent to us by our readers. He reports that until very recently we received approximately fifty articles every week dealing with the subject of postwar planning. But about a month ago our reader-writers gave up the problems of postwar planning and began sending us an increasing number of treatises on insanity. Mr. MacCammond makes no deductions, confining himself to a footnote saying: "Could this be indicative of something or other?"

WHEN the war is over a great many of our public servants in Washington are going to crack up. Anyway, that's what Miss Doris Ann Downfurth thinks—and she has been working in a war agency since 1941. "Being an executive in Washington today," writes she, "is child's play. Anyone old enough to sign his initials can get away with it. And this, incidentally, is responsible for a great deal of manpower shortage in industry. Why not let children hold these jobs and make their elders work or fight? Today the big exec decides to do the first thing that comes into his head—the same being about the only thing—and is thereafter protected from criticism and publicity by censorship. When it's all over and the protection is gone, it is going to be too bad. Would you care to subscribe a few dollars to a fund to create a retreat for busted-down Napoleons? It will be cheaper in the long run than keeping them in office."

THERE are definite signs that the need for such a retreat may not be more than a couple of years distant—not that we want to be too optimistic. But we've been receiving quite a few letters from ladies and gentlemen asking us to join various postwar rehabilitation associations. The latest, as far as we know, is from a lady who wants to know "tentatively how many foreign-born orphans do you think you would be able to support after the war?" She asks that for the time being her name be unpublished because she is "merely feeling her way." Anyway, we've written her that, according to the best information we have, there will be quite a number of native orphans after this war, and, as we are a somewhat narrow-minded person, we're likely to think of them first.



AND from Lieutenant William H. Taylor, U.S.N.R., now navigating one of our submarine chasers in the Pacific comes thanks for Alfred, the hero of one of our superlative cartoon comics. "Alfred," says he, "is a big help in maintaining equilibrium aboard this ship. Anyone getting out of line is promptly addressed as Alfred by the rest of the crew and it boosts morale no end. Thank Alfred's daddy, Mr. Humfreville, for me personally, especially for the cartoon in which the navigator is too busy to tell Alfred when he can blow the whistle again. I have it pasted over my chart desk and about fifty times a day, while I'm working out a sight or something, when somebody

(Continued on page 30)

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Collier'

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CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
JEROME ELLISON Managing Editor

THIS WEE

OCTOBER 30, 194

SHORT STORIES

MOSSER MAUGER
People Like Jo. Sometimes it's hard to le that love isn't all giving. Page

RICHARD ENGLISH
Lady Square. Pvt. Ding-Dong Williams of Air Corps takes himself (and friends) for a ri Page

MICHAEL FOSTER
Mountain in the Sun. A stranger's challe lures a Yankee sea captain into unchar waters. Page

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Final Letter, by John Wells. Page

SERIAL STORY

W. R. BURNETT
Nobody Lives Forever. Conclusion. Page

ARTICLES

MR. B, as told to GEORGE CREEL
Revenge in Poland. First of two articles extraordinary mechanism of the Polish un ground, by one of its leaders. Page

FRANK D. MORRIS
"Surprise Party." The Japs had a hot time Marcus Island the day Task Force Zero c to call "Surprise Party." Page

EDWARD TOMLINSON
The Fascist Way in Argentina. A revolu by the military amounts to a minor Axis tory in South America. Page

WACS IN AFRICA.
The girls have brought efficiency, service smiles. The generals want more. Page

ARCHBISHOP FRANCIS J. SPELLMAN
Action This Day. Third in a series of arti describing the churchman's visits with men and their leaders in Europe and Afr Page

AMY PORTER
Wet and Dry School. Opposing camps ge gether at Yale to discuss the use and mi of alcohol. Page

MARY AINSWORTH
Value Your Skin. Make sure your new coat is durable and warm as well as gla ous. Page

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Pa

WING TALK. Pa

THE GUILTY (Konrad Henlein).
Profile of Axis Terrorist No. 13. Pag

THE WEEK'S WORK. Pag

CARL SANDBURG
The American Fable. Pag

EDITORIAL
American-British Alliance? Pag

COVER RONALD McL

How a home-front army suffers heavy casualties

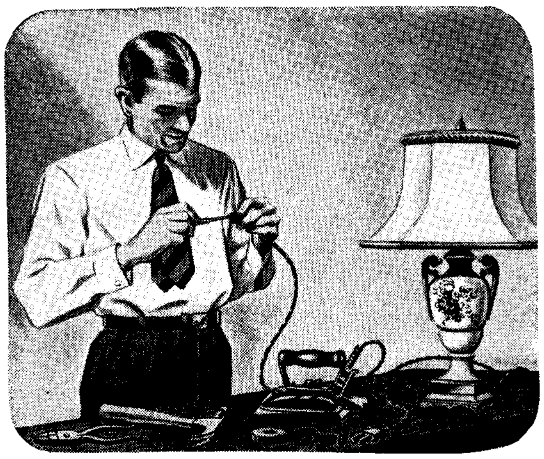
LAST YEAR, twice as many Americans lost their lives in accidents within their own homes as were reported killed in battle in the first 18 months of this war!

In the same year, *well over three quarters of a million* workers were temporarily disabled by accidents in their homes.

The working time lost by this huge Home-Front army was enough to operate more than 50 war plants, each employing 1000 people, for an entire year.

Most home accidents need not happen. Carelessness is the chief reason why friendly, familiar surroundings are so often the scenes of accidents which cause pain, grief, and financial loss.

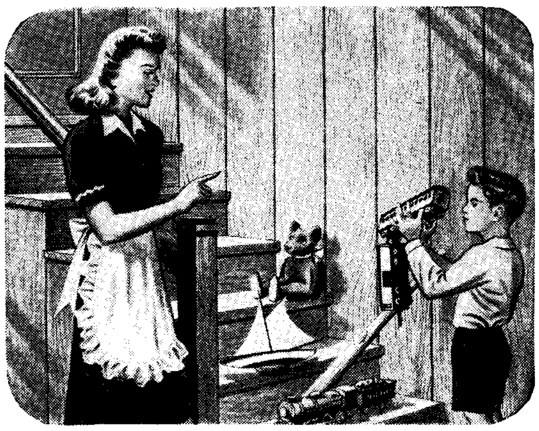
Today, especially, it is your responsibility and that of your family to help reduce the number of home accidents. *The practice of the three basic safety principles outlined below would eliminate most of them.*



Remove danger points. Keep stairs, including railings, in repair and well-lighted . . . *a greater number of serious accidents occur on stairs than in any room.*

It is sometimes wise to put guards on windows so children won't fall.

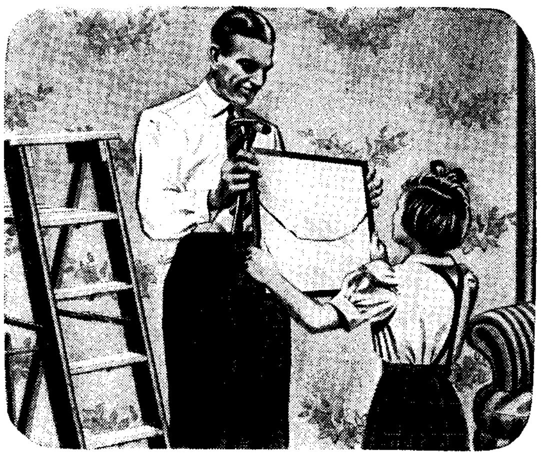
Have electrical equipment, irons, heaters, toasters, etc., inspected and repaired. Replace frayed cords and loose plugs. Watch out for leaks in gas appliances and pipes. Clean chimney flues and heating equipment regularly.



Practice good housekeeping. Stairs and landings should be kept free of brooms, toys, boxes, and other objects which might cause falls. Scatter rugs should be securely anchored. Don't use wax too liberally on floors and take care that it is rubbed in thoroughly.

Tie back kitchen curtains so they won't catch fire. Knives and sharp instruments should be kept in a safe place when not in use . . . handles of pots and pans on the stove should be turned in to avoid tipping.

Keep furniture and other objects out of the way so you won't trip or stumble over them.



Develop careful habits. Use a stepladder, or a straight, strong chair—not the nearest rocker or box—when reaching to high places.

Careful householders will disconnect electric appliances like irons and curlers before leaving the room. They will never leave a hearth fire, whether gas, wood, or coal, unguarded.

Close cupboard doors and bureau drawers promptly to avoid collision. Get rid of broken glass or other sharp refuse as quickly as possible.

Hands should be dry when touching any electrical switch or apparatus.

Home defense against Accidents

Make a tour of your home this very day.

Check for yourself, and urge your family, especially the children, to see that these three basic safety principles are consistently carried out. Don't give an accident a chance to happen!

On request, Metropolitan will send you a free folder, "Home Defense Against Accidents."

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75th ANNIVERSARY—1868-1943

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(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

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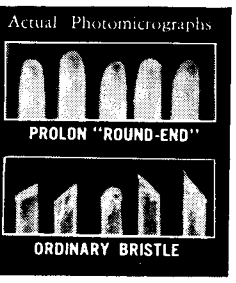
SEE, ELMER,
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC PROLON IS NOT PIG BRISTLE!
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY
PROLON

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end *PROLON*



Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

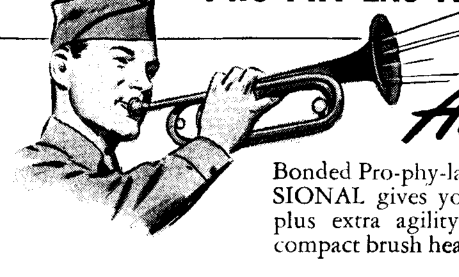
It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

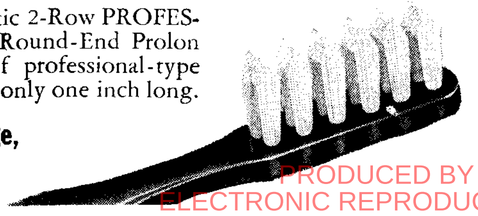
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

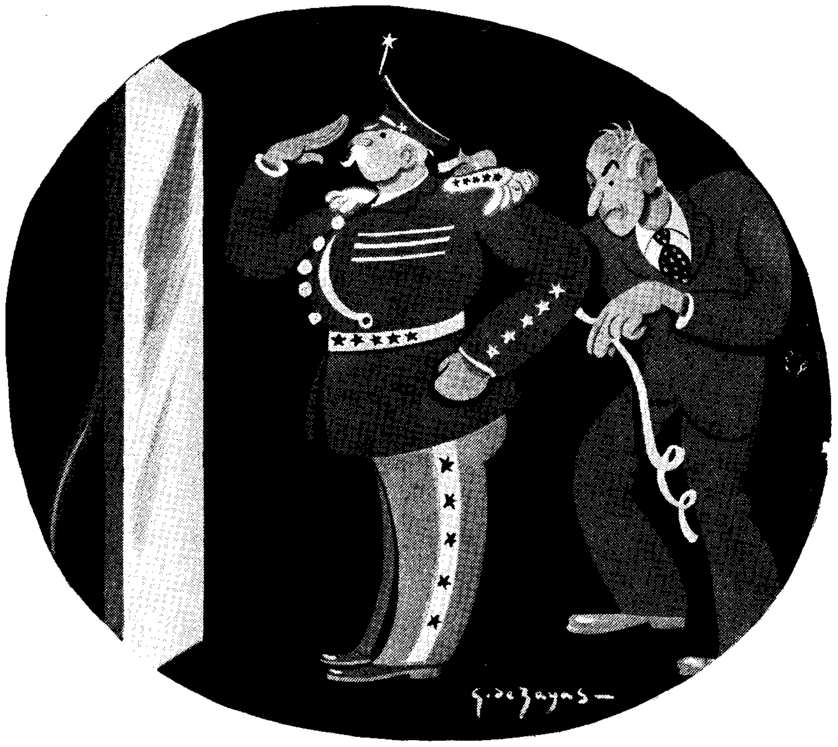


Attention! Users of Smaller Brushes

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-Row PROFESSIONAL gives you Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.





KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

As U. S. Army regulations permit the Chief of Staff and the former Chiefs of Staff to design their own uniforms and accessories, General Charles P. Summerall, who held this office from February 23, 1929, to November 20, 1930, wore five stars instead of the usual four.

The latest Episcopal Hymnal, finished recently after six years' work by a commission, contains approximately 600 hymns. Compared with the previous book, 200 have been added and 160 have been dropped, including *The Battle Hymn of the Republic.* An innovation in the new edition is the omission of "Amen" at the end of all hymns except those of praise or prayer.

New York City now has an academy of jitterbugging where hepcats are taught jazz, swing, solid jaboo and other forms of rugcutting as a high art by professionals, one of whom is a native African authority on jungle dances.

Of the 5,000,000 war prisoners now interned by the Axis, only 24,500 are Americans, 6,000 of these being held in 18 German camps in four countries and 18,500 in 42 Japanese camps in seven countries.—*By Ernest Park, Nashua, N. H.*

The Mt. Van Hoevenberg bobsled run at Lake Placid, New York, is the only one in this country built according to international specifications. It was constructed at a cost of $200,000 to handle the bobsled races of the Olympic Games held there in 1932. Incidentally, America won then as it did in Switzerland in 1928, when the sport was first included on the Olympic program.

Aircraft of the Civil Air Patrol guarding our coastal waters are required to report the sighting of whales as well as submarines so that surface vessels in the vicinity may be notified. In several cases under poor visibility, whales have been mistaken for U-boats and torpedoed.

The mace, or symbol of authority, of the Speaker of the House of Representatives stands in a pedestal at his right hand during every session. When a member ignores the order of the Speaker to be silent and resume his seat, the Speaker reminds one and all of his position and power by having the mace carried around the room.

The President of the United States may order the official recognition of a foreign government without recourse to Congress.

Parachute jumping records have never yet been officially recognized and registered by either a civil or a governmental organization in this country.—*By B. R. Rae, New York City, N. Y.*

Stores operated by American industrial companies for their employees have grown so in recent years that they now number 4,200, serve about 2,000,000 families and do a total annual business of more than $1,000,000,000. Some 2,800 are run by coal companies, 625 by lumber companies and the other 775 chiefly by steel corporations, textile mills and chemical concerns.

American battleships being built today are still limited not only in width by the Panama Canal, but also in height by the Brooklyn Bridge under which they have to pass to reach the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

The Army has a method of elementary education for illiterates that has so far enabled 200,000 of such men to learn, in an average of only 144 hours in class, enough reading, writing and simple arithmetic to pass the literacy test of the service.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

This "stranger" made the Martins' dream come true

● The Martins are pretty much like your family, you'd say. They're buying war bonds, doing war work, getting along financially. They own a little car. And not so long ago they realized a life ambition . . . a home of their own.

Well, maybe it's not *all* theirs, yet. But in a few years, they'd figured, it would be paid for. Then something happened that nearly spelled disaster.

One day Jim Martin was driving home from the plant. It was too late when he saw the other car approach. The crash was a bad one. The court said Jim must pay!

The damages were heavy. If the "stranger" had not convinced the Martins a short few weeks before that accidents can be terribly costly, especially in wartime, they would have lost their home . . . their war bonds . . . everything!

The "stranger" who saved the Martins . . . and made their dream of owning a little home come true . . . is a representative of the State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company.

There are 7,000 others like him in the U. S. and Canada ready to help you!

During wartime, as the State Farm representative near you will be glad to point out, auto insurance is more necessary than ever before. Repair costs are up—personal injury damages tend to be much higher. And it is a matter of record that most accidents have always occurred at speeds *less* than 35 miles per hour!

He will be glad to tell you, too, about complete auto insurance protection that is so low in cost no driver can afford to be without it. State Farm's *More-Auto-Insurance-For-Your-Money* Plan has made State Farm the largest auto insurance company in the world. It is estimated that this plan has saved policyholders more than $50,000,000 in the cost of their auto insurance! More than a million drivers have enjoyed the peace of mind that comes with State Farm insurance protection.

Your State Farm policy is non-assessable, and rates are adjusted to your wartime driving needs, according to the type of gas ration card you have. Special coverage is provided for those who "share the ride."

The State Farm policy, in addition to providing Liability and Property Damage Coverages, can also include other important coverages—

80% Collision coverage is the most popular collision insurance in America. This unique plan pays 80c out of *every* repair bill dollar up to $250, and everything over that amount.

Medical Payments coverage pays medical expenses, and hospital or funeral expenses up to $500 for each person injured in an accident for which you are *not* legally liable . . . at a cost of less than 1c a day.

Comprehensive coverage protects you from loss due to fire, theft, and thirty other causes of car loss or damage.

Emergency Road Service and Bail Bond Expense coverage pays 80% of out-of-pocket expenses incurred on a highway for mechanical first aid, towing, and a number of other expenses. It also pays 80% of fee or premium paid for a bail bond required for traffic offense.

State Farm offers similar savings in Life and Fire insurance. Ask *your friend*, the State Farm agent, about them. (*The names in this advertisement are fictitious.*)

STATE FARM
INSURANCE
COMPANIES
BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

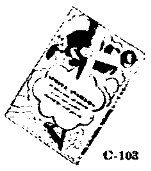
Pacific Coast Office:
Berkeley, Calif.

Canadian Office:
Toronto, Canada

FREE TO DRIVERS—NEW INFORMATIVE BOOKLET

Mr. G. E. Mecherle
State Farm Insurance Companies
Bloomington, Illinois

Please send me your new booklet presenting basic facts about automobile insurance. I understand this request will not obligate me in any way.



C-103

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★ BUY MORE WAR BONDS THIS MONTH—FOR VICTORY! ★

He wears the pants -but I buy the shirts!

Women know good things when they see them. When it comes to choosing shirts, for instance, they shine!

That's why we call Essley Shirts for men Woman-Wise. Women instantly sense that the styling is by a fashion authority (actually, by America's leading men's fashion authority!) . . . that the fine details of tailoring are by master craftsmen (actually, by Troy craftsmen) . . . that the pre-shrunk fabrics are the finest obtainable—that Essley Shirts have the all-around quality that makes a man look his best!

ESSLEY Woman-Wise SHIRTS

To win her look of approval, look for the store that features Essley Woman-Wise shirts! $1.75, $2, $2.25, $2.50 and up. Essley Shirt Company, Empire State Building, New York City.

Originators of the TRUBENIZED* Collar

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ESSLEY PAJAMAS ARE MADE BY ESSLEY SHIRTMAKERS

Wing Talk

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

Scouting the Atlantic on a hunt for submarines is this Consolidated PBY Catalina patrol bomber, one of the reasons the Nazi menace is on the wane

RADIOED FROM LONDON

MOST airmen are sure that this is the submarine's last war. Its chance as a single weapon effectively to blockade England passed forever with the advent of true airpower; but especially of very long-range patrol aircraft.

Radio detection, corvettes, destroyers, and all surface means did their glorious part. But it is doubtful if alone they'd have been enough in the vital and comparatively restricted North Atlantic against this war's greatly improved U-boats and the technique of their use. The trend of the predatory sub is now plain. It will become a romantic, daring, lone marauder. The United States Navy is thus employing it tellingly in the boundless Pacific.

Until recently there was a gap several hundred miles wide between the extreme ranges of bombers from North America and from the British Isles. There lay the last, happy lair of the U-boats. Now that has been closed—and cleansed. In addition to patrol bombers there are other air measures—dirigibles, midget carriers, helicopters and autogiros (operating from the decks of vessels in convoy), and mines dropped in Nazi home waters. Even gliders with observers towed behind ships are feasible under certain wind conditions, because altitude gives the air patrolmen a special ability to spot U-boats 40 to 100 feet below the surface. Ninety per cent of the U-boat "sightings" are made from aloft.

Like Sitting Ducks

The newest Unterseebooten can lurk at opaque depths, 600 or more feet, but they have to come up in search of targets and for air and battery replenishment. That serves them on toast to the hungry-eyed fliers of the Fleet and Coastal Command.

It is conservatively estimated that three out of four U-boats destroyed at sea nowadays can be chalked on plane noses. Admiral Luetzow, the German naval bigwig, sadly admitted that the Allies have the "upper" hand—and his pun was probably unintentional.

There are three principal ways in which to eliminate U-boats: catch them at sea, cripple their operations bases, destroy the yards wherein they are being built. "The way to rid your garden of wasps," says Air Chief Marshal Harris, "is not to kill the wasps individually but to smash their nests." This theory was demonstrated by the blockthumpers of the R.A.F. and particularly by the daylight precision exterminations by Yank Forts and Libs at Vegesack, Saint-Nazaire, Brest, Kiel, Wilhelmshaven, Flensburg and all down the infamous roster.

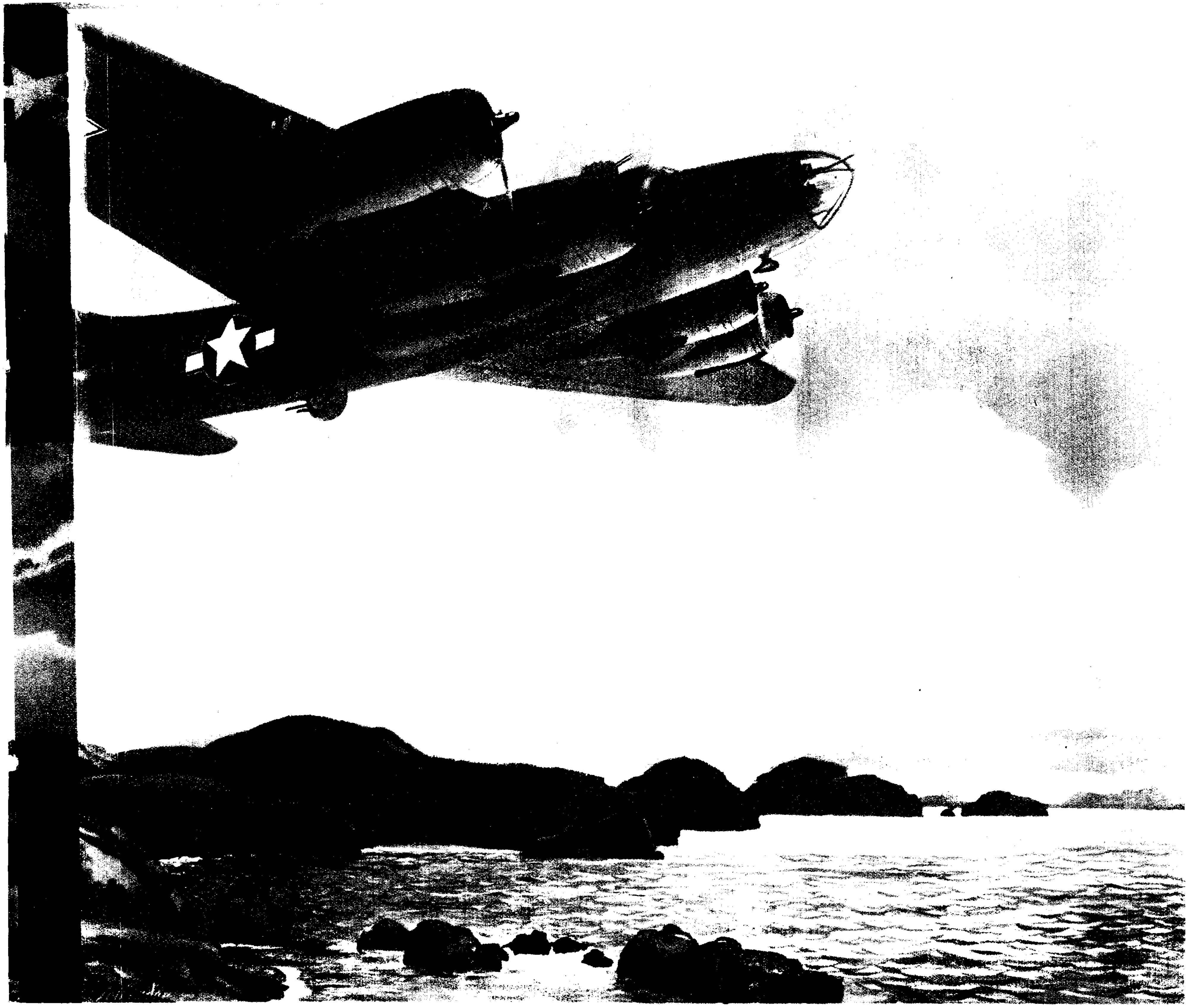
Outnumbered by Eagles

It does the Germans scant good now to fabricate their U-boats at hideouts on the Danube and other inland waterways for shipping to the seacoast whole or in segments for assembly there. The sharks of these species, at least, simply cannot breed as fast as falcons and eagles.

More thought-provoking, however, is another opinion of Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Travers ("Bert") Harris. Sir Arthur is the commander in chief of the R.A.F.'s bomber command. He's the boss man of the effacers of Germany. Directly in his hands reposes what is probably the most fearful responsibility ever held by any officer in the mankind-old history of war—that is, actually giving the orders for the application of the greatest sheer power of destruction in the shortest time over the widest area in what is uncontestably the largest single battle campaign on record. A half dozen of his "Lanks" in any one raid will drop more tonnage than was fired in the whole Battle of Waterloo. From his pinkish hair to chubby fingertips, Sir Arthur is a heavy-bomber man; yet he told me recently that he believes this will be "the last bombers' war."

In the next war, if any, Sir Arthur thinks the contestants will stand off at invisible distances and squirt death and destruction at one another with radio death rays and rockets and poisoned weather and goodness knows what other devilish inventions. A real H. G. Wells war. But there will be too many counters for the airplane.

W. B. COURTNEY

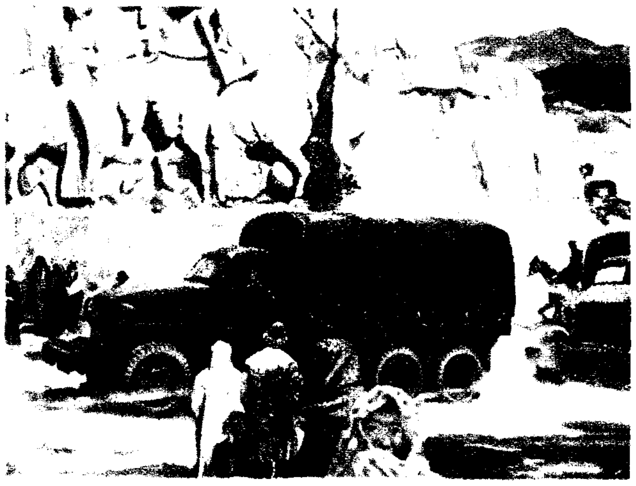


© 1943, The Studebaker Corporation

Heading five miles high on engines that Studebaker craftsmen built

The whole world knows the war record of the mighty Boeing Flying Fortress. That devastating bomber gets its tremendous flying power from supercharged Wright Cyclone engines, large numbers of which are built by the famous master craftsmen of the Studebaker plants. Many of these men are fathers of younger Studebaker craftsmen now in uniform. In peacetime, these fathers and sons applied their talents to the manufacture of Studebaker Champion, Commander and President motor cars, as well as Studebaker trucks, for civilian use. Today, the members of the Studebaker working force are producing tens of thousands of big multiple-drive military trucks, in addition to Flying Fortress engines and other war matériel for the Allied fighting fronts. They'll keep at that task until victory permits them to devote their skill to the marvelously advanced new Studebaker cars and trucks of the better days to come.

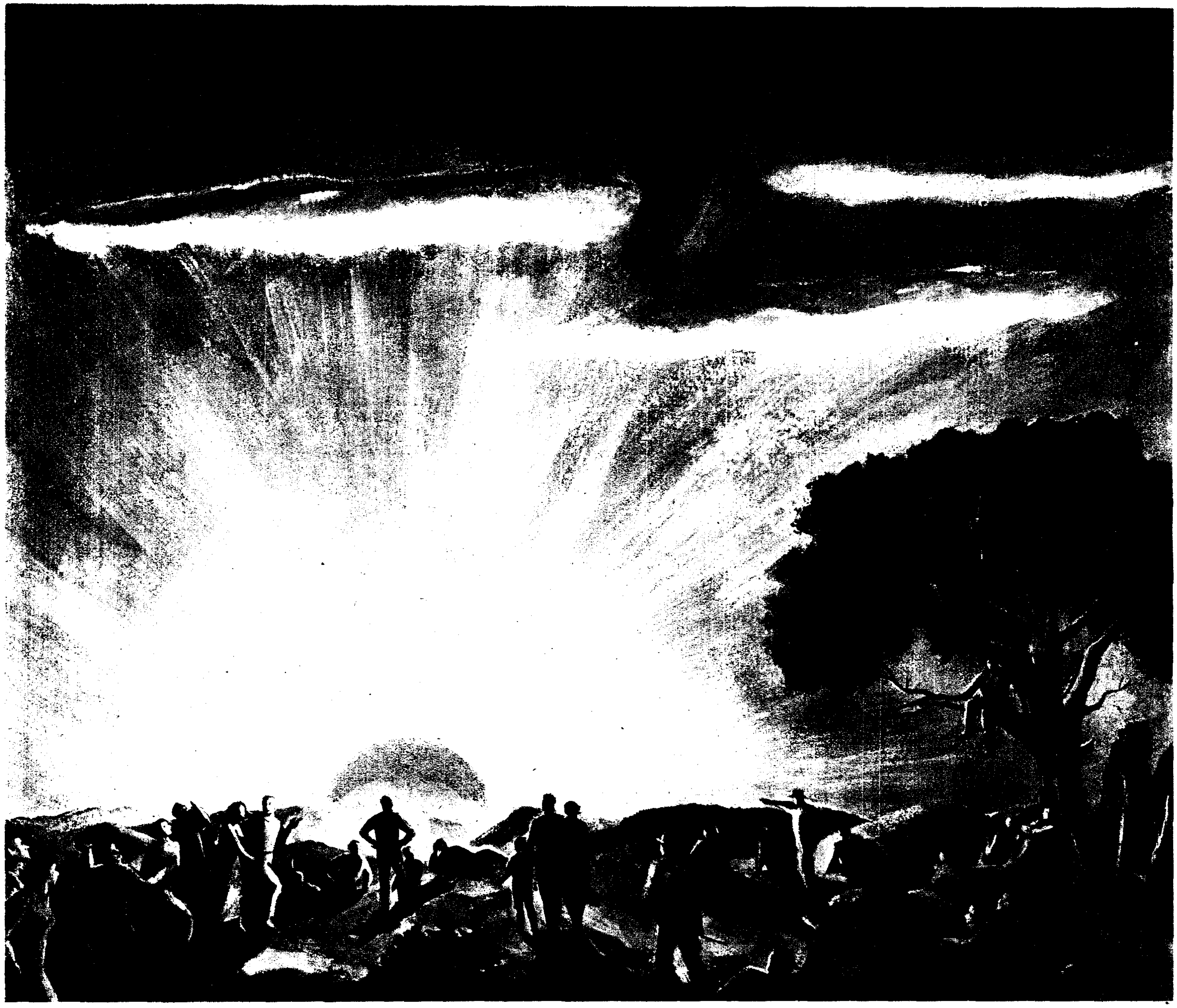
Awarded to Aviation Division *of The Studebaker Corporation*



Studebaker war trucks are serving the wide world over—Studebaker is one of the world's largest builders of big, multiple-drive military trucks for the United Nations. That Studebaker equipment, with Flying Fortress engines and other vital war matériel, is helping our Nation and Allies to decisive victory.

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS

Studebaker builds the Flying Fortress



Big Show this evening

SUPPOSE, FOR A MOMENT, that the sunset which takes place this evening, were to be the only sunset you'd see in your whole lifetime.

The first. The last.

Can you imagine what would happen?

People would go miles out in the country to get the vantage point of some high hill.

Children would climb up in the treetops to watch.

Men and women who lived in cities would stand in line all day, waiting to get their admission tickets to the roofs of high buildings.

Artists would paint pictures of it. Photographers would take color shots of it.

Almost every magazine in the country would run an article about it.

Newspapers would feature the sunset for days.

Yes, this is what would happen. You can be sure of it, for you know how people act when there's something as rare as an eclipse of the sun or moon.

And the only reason people don't act that way about a sunset is because sunsets are taken for granted.

If you don't see one today, you can see one tomorrow.

Much the same thing is true about our attitude toward insurance men.

If there were only one man who sold insurance and you could see him only once during your lifetime, you'd let nothing keep you from meeting him.

You'd travel miles to where he was. You'd stand in line for hours waiting your turn. And you'd make certain when you did finally get to see him that you spent as much time as you could with him, getting the fullest possible protection from that magic article he had to vend, insurance.

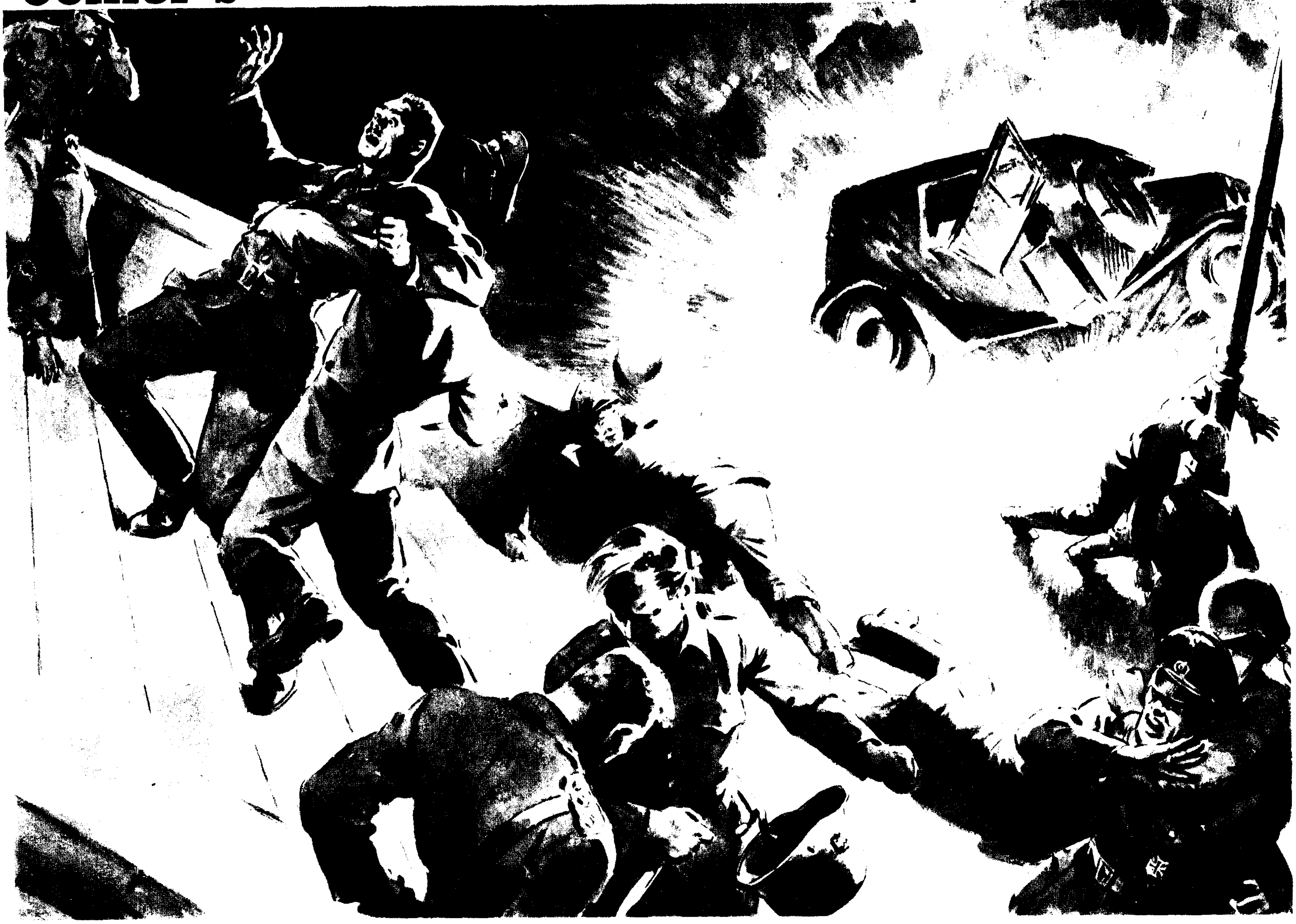
Think it over for yourself. Carefully. You would act this way, wouldn't you?

If you would, then remember this little story about the sunset the next time your insurance man calls. And welcome him. Or, if you're really too busy to see him, make an appointment to talk with him later.

Fortunately, in regard to availability, he's like a sunset, not an eclipse.

MORAL: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance and fidelity and surety bonds. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Collier's The National Weekly for October 30, 1943



The underground killed the Nazi degenerate Hoffman under the very noses of the Gestapo. Poles in German uniforms stabbed him. Hand grenades took care of the car

REVENGE IN POLAND

By Mr. B, as told to George Creel

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

The strength and daring of the Polish underground is shown by this fact: In eighteen days' time, Mr. Creel's story was sent to Poland from Washington, approved at underground headquarters and then returned to Washington

EDITORIAL FOREWORD: Mr. B, in Washington recently on some secret errand, knows every detail of the indomitable organization that keeps Polish resistance alive against Hitler's terrorists and Himmler's torture specialists. A university student at the outbreak of war in 1939, he fought the invaders until captured by the Russians. Escaping only to fall into the hands of the Germans, he got free a second time and reached France by way of Hungary and Italy. He fought with Polish brigades until the collapse of France in 1940, and his government then sent him back to Poland to aid in the creation of an effective underground movement. Daring, resourceful and a master linguist, speaking five languages without a trace of accent, Mr. B has been used as a liaison, slipping from group to group, from country to country. Only twenty-nine, there is no youth left in him, for, aside from the hard, dangerous life, his face and body have known the fists, whips and blackjacks of the Gestapo. Tight-lipped after four years of hunting and being hunted, the lean, drawn Pole talked only when convinced that his story would prove helpful to the cause for which he and his countrymen risk death and horrors worse than death. For obvious reasons, many of the underground's most spectacular and brilliantly successful activities must remain undisclosed, but what can be told amply attests the unconquerable spirit of a heroic people.

HOW effective is our underground? Well, sir, here are some figures that I happen to have with me. In June—to take an average month—we killed eight hundred Germans, executed seven Nazi officials by order of our secret court, destroyed seventeen trains (eight carrying troops and nine loaded with munitions and foodstuffs), damaged six locomotives beyond repair, blew up railroad tracks at twenty strategic points, set fire to large stores of petrol, burned four supply depots, rescued three hundred prisoners on their way to torture rooms or concentration camps, and liquidated quite a number of collaborationists, all small fry but dangerous. Not a very big showing when compared to the fighting in Russia, the Pacific and the Mediterranean, but this resistance has immobilized an army of 500,000 Germans for four years, and kept at least 60,000 Gestapo agents away from the throats of other peoples.

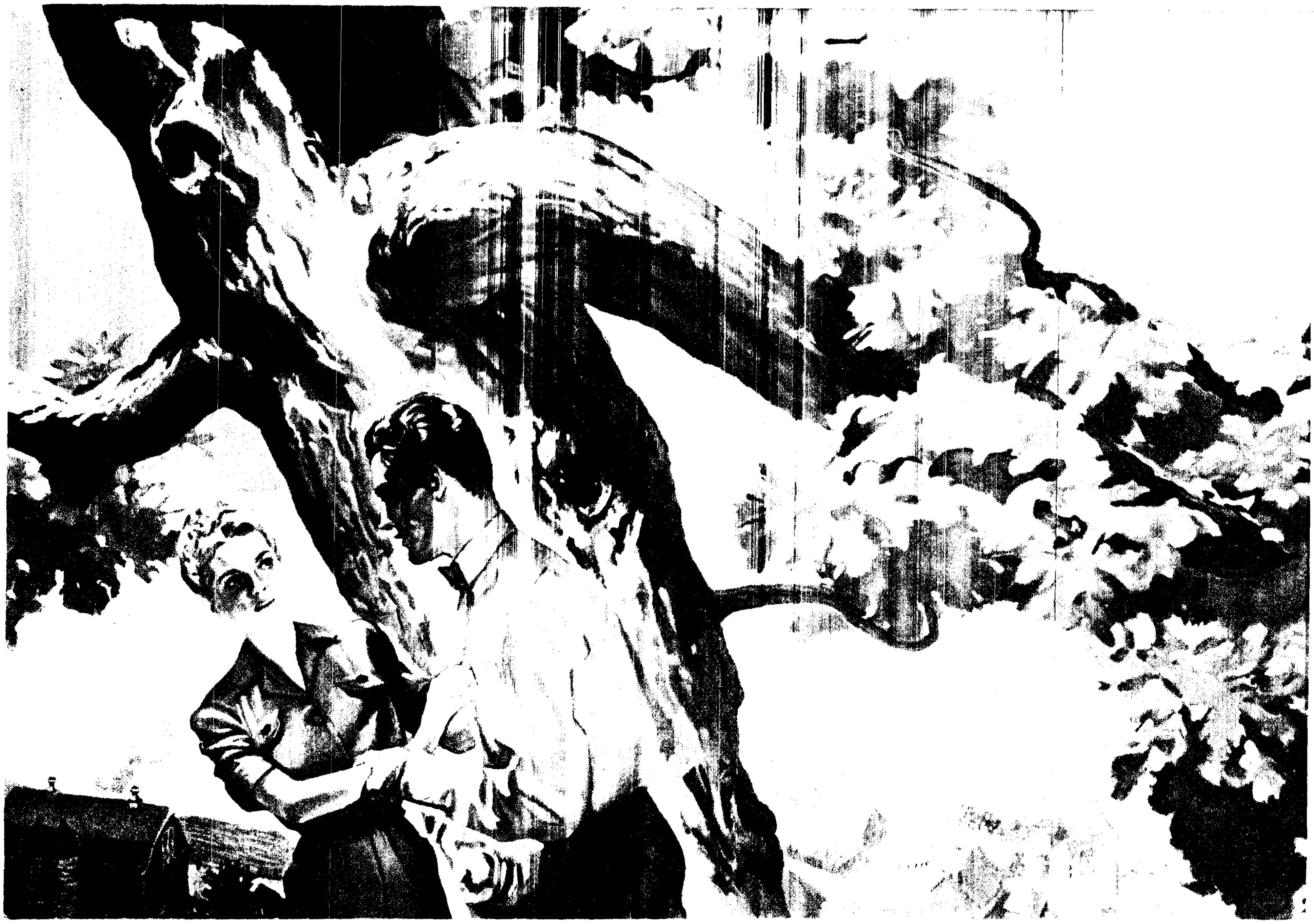
Poland has lost 5,000,000 by murder, starvation, disease and deportation—a seventh of the population—but that has only strengthened our will to be free. Today, the underground operates in cities, towns, villages, fields, mountains and forests, and the organization is thoroughly efficient.

We have no heroes and heroines for the press and motion pictures—just an unseen army of men, women and even children, carrying on against incredible odds as part of the day's work. We live namelessly and die namelessly. Even the High Command, the General Staff and the district leaders are shadowy figures. All sign their orders with symbols such as the Arrow, the Hammer, the Torch, or the names of dead-and-gone national heroes.

We do not even have the comfort of fighting shoulder to shoulder. Outside of the army (and that is widely scattered), not more than four or five of us ever meet together at the same time. The man closest to me does not know my real name or where I sleep, and I know nothing of him after he leaves the rendezvous. Our very families are ignorant of our activities. It is not that we don't trust one another, but hanging over us always is the danger of being caught and questioned. Not to *know* anything, not to be *able* to tell anything, is the underground's one safety, for they do terrible things to make a prisoner open his mouth.

There is nothing amateurish about the Gestapo. Every one is a specialist in cruelty. When Heinrich Himmler came to Poland, one of his first acts was to set

(Continued on page 69)



She drew in her breath, and Jo was smiling a kind of tucked-in smile. She was trembling, and he held her wrists to steady her

PEOPLE LIKE JO

BY MOSSER MAUGER

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Leah was haunted by the past, and until she got her life in hand she had no right to love

THERE was noise: there was always noise. Leah sometimes wondered if there was a place in the world where there was peace and quiet, and not the sound of juke music and high laughter and beery voices and the constant rattle of dishes. She supposed there was. But she had never known such a place. Clearing the tables, Leah looked to see if Jo had come.

The table in the corner was held for the hired man on the farm: Jove Fillipi. A funny name for a hired man. Going to take an order, Leah Sharron glanced at the clock, and it was after nine and that meant Jo was still working with the tractor by moonlight.

He had told her that. She liked to hear him talk about his work. His work was so different from her work.

"Pelly?"

"Yeah." Pelly Smith looked up from the cookpot. Pelly owned the place and did the cooking and owned the farm behind the sprawling barnlike Golden Goose that was a night spot for factory workers in the town. Pelly was a squeezed-together monkey of a man, his eyes careful under a low protruding forehead. He wore a giant cook's cap and an enormous white apron. His bare chest gleamed with the heat of the little kitchen.

"The coffee's running low," Leah said.

"Okay. I'll fix it. Give me time," Pelly said. He was not naturally bad tempered. "Answer me something," Pelly said.

Opening beer bottles, Leah knew that tone. She smiled and waited, pouring beer expertly into glasses.

"Why do I do this?" Pelly said. "Why do I make myself a slave and never see sunshine and get sick of the sight of food?"

"Maybe you like the money."

He grunted. "Money? I'm lucky if I get a shirt to wear on Sundays."

Her back against the swinging doors, avoiding another waitress expertly with her tray, Leah said, "Why do I do this?"

"You got Gil. You got somebody. I ain't got nobody," Pelly said. He stood on tiptoe peering into the cavernous coffee urn.

"You've got yourself." It was small comfort. She offered it tentatively.

Pelly said, "Yeah."

She went about her business. It was very good business. She did not want to think. She knew these people never thought about her and she did not want to think about them. She had Gil; a small glow of comfort came in her. It was as Pelly said—she had Gil, though at the moment Gil was too busy in his starched white bus-boy coat carting dishes to know that she was alive. Leah smiled a tiny pleased smile for herself.

It was all right. Everything was all right; she did not mind the music; she did not hear the dishes; her body was all one piece and did not ache, did not ache; she had Gil.

LATER she noticed Jo had come. She nodded and went instantly for his food.

"Chicken tonight," Leah said, setting it off the tray before him. "Do you like chicken?"

He grinned, his wide, deep eyes glittering with a private amusement. He always washed up carefully before he came in, hair slicked down, sleeves buttoned at his wrists. But there was the streaked red-brown dust of a day's work on his faded shirt. He was a big man. A faint shadow of his beard was there, and his black hair quickly went back into the tight curls. Leah thought him foreign, not fitting the pictures she knew of men. He was reckless and dogged; he was tired; the weariness pressed against his mouth; and yet there was a well of strength in him.

"I eat," Jove Fillipi said. "It don't matter. So long as I get filled, it doesn't matter what."

A kind of friendship lay between them. She leaned a little against the table, resting her body, waiting to hear about his work.

"I got in some of the hay," Jo said, eying with interest the half of the chicken leg not eaten. "I hope it stays clear, then I can get the rest in tomorrow."

"You need help."

Jo looked at her. He said, "Who doesn't?"

It was like that. They were friends; he was saying without the words, with only a look: You need help also. It was true; she did too much; but it was not new to Leah.

She had worked since she was fourteen; she was not young; she had never been young: she began in a drugstore, waiting tables; now, twelve years later, she had moved from one place to the other, waiting tables, and having Gil. A heartbreak came in her when she remembered all the things about her brother Gil who was a baby of two when she began raising him. Maybe it was her fault. Maybe she wasn't smart.

(Continued on page 44)

LADY SQUARE

BY RICHARD ENGLISH

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

It wasn't a bombing attack—it wasn't a dogfight—it wasn't Superman. It was just Ding-Dong in the Air Corps

WHEN Private Williams came into the PX he saw his lovely lady square was tied up with a sandy-haired flight instructor so he waited at the end of the counter, making as if he wanted a package of gum. Blinking behind his horn-rimmed glasses, he became aware the instructor was taking violent exception to his presence. He gulped, fearing Tod Mason might have learned that behind those glasses he was none other than Mr. Ding-Dong Williams, loudly acclaimed in happier civilian days as the King of Swing. He was always raffled off to another branch of the service when they found that out. And how could a soldier have any dignity when he had to keep glancing at his shoulder patch to make sure he was still a highly valued member of the Air Corps?

"Look at him," snarled Tod Mason. "Six weeks he's been hanging around with his eyes dropping out. Just look at him, Martha!"

The smile that Martha Bates turned on Ding-Dong was as lovely as her golden hair and sun-tanned skin. He melted under her blue gaze.

"And what's wrong with Charles? If some people I knew were half as polite, a girl wouldn't be taking her life in her hands whenever she came to work. Or can't I look at a man without your approval?"

"What's wrong with him?" echoed Mr. Mason unbelievingly. While Casa Oro Primary School demanded dignity of its civilian instructors, he was mad enough to throw his dignity right into the blue Pacific. "Try and tell me what's right with him!"

While Tod's freckled face and snub nose were something she had grown up with, Martha favored him with a glance more common to scientists who have just unearthed a most unpromising specimen. Having gone steady with Tod longer than she cared to remember, his wrath only irked her. Preacher's daughter or not, she was fed up with Tod's gay assurance that she would be delighted to marry him whenever he chose.

"If you must know," she answered coldly, "I think he's on the beam. While he comes in every night and simply stares at me, he's never fresh. He's just lonesome. You don't know what a relief it is to meet a man who has some dignity."

"Oh," said Tod, "so now I'm not fancy enough? What's that dope got that gets you? Some hidden red points?"

Martha flared. "Tod Mason, if you're through leading my life now, I'll thank you to let me wait on my customers!" And when her handsome legs took her right down to where Private Williams lurked, Tod stormed out of the PX.

"How are you, Charles?" asked Martha, hoping her color hadn't made her cheeks look like two angry smudge pots. He only gulped, gazing on her with an awe that was positively touching. When the silence was a void, distinguished only by his great brown eyes, she asked kindly, "What would you like this evening?"

"Nothing," he said soulfully.

"Now, Charles," she reproved, "I'll bet you tell that to all the girls. You're probably just another wolf in G.I. clothing."

Under such praise Ding-Dong flushed, the color rising slowly to the dark brown hair so neatly split in the center. Next to being a real ace, shooting down Japs bang-bang, he wished he was Charles Boyer. Even if it wasn't nice to go around breaking up homes he had to think of something while he was on the bubble-dancing detail. One look at him and they had put him on permanent K.P.

"You make me wanna give," he said soberly. "But with them making everybody into fliers but me, I got nothing to offer a girl."

His dazed longing unsettled her. "Oh, that's silly."

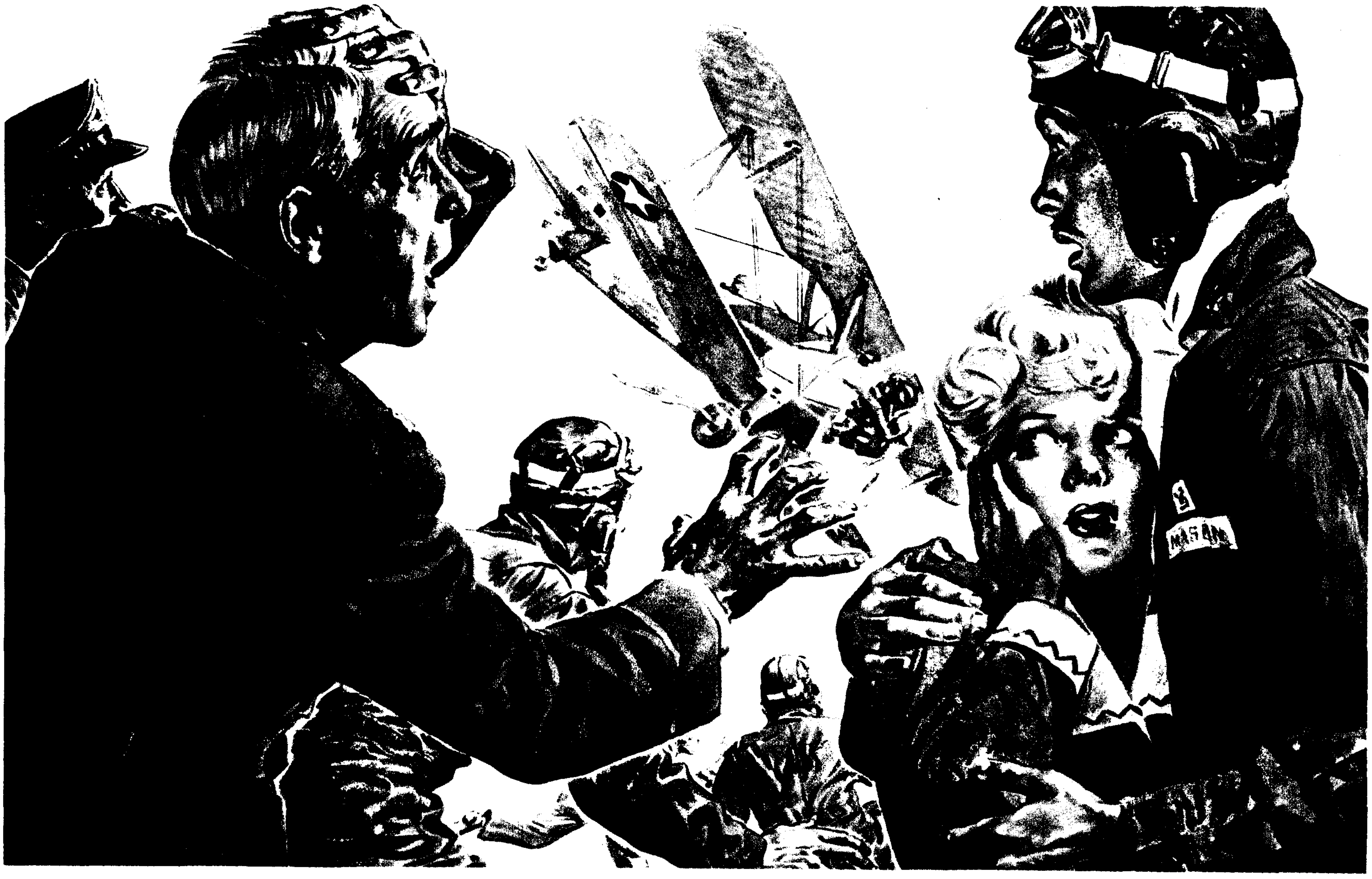
He sighed. "You got no idea how the Army feels about me. I been in five months and nobody'll even give me a gun. Every time I go trying to be helpful they get all upset and transfer me."

He did not add that his being helpful had always ended in some wild jam session that had brought down everyone but his commanding officers. Now he had sworn off his licorice-stick for the duration. What with his glasses and going around like an icky, staying away from the juke boxes when they played anything stronger than You Are My Sunshine, no one would have guessed this small dim party was the greatest of living hot men. And he was going to keep it that way.

How Martha ever guessed he might like to take her home remained one of life's great mysteries. But there he was an hour later in Casa Oro's best drugstore, buying her a soda. When she smiled at him over her straw he wished desperately he could have been a real drugstore commando, with campaign ribbons and everything. The other booths were filled with cadets and local talent, but he ignored them. He had a hard enough time concentrating on being an icky.

"Why, what's wrong?" she asked as he suddenly paled. She had to raise her voice to be heard above the juke box. It was blasting out High Society, filled to the teeth with a wild, ride-out clarinet.

(Continued on page 26)



While Martha paled in Tod's arms, and Major Swain almost won the Purple Heart for apoplexy, Ding-Dong attempted three landings

"SURPRISE PARTY"

Ra[illegible] Frank D. Morris

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

Operating as bombers on the Marcus Island raid, the Grumman Avenger torpedo planes carried one-ton blockbusters in their bellies

When Task Force Zero paid the Japs on Marcus Island an unexpected call, it marked the combat debut of the new Grumman Hellcats. For nine hours, it lambasted Jap installations. Collier's correspondent was there. Here's what happened

THE Mathilda took us to a party in the Japs' front yard, a place called Minamitori Shima. Our hosts weren't expecting us, but that didn't faze Mathilda; she was always barging in like that and bringing plenty of gate crashers. All the girls in her set do it—Maggie, Susanne, Carolyn, Barbara—they're forever fetching uninvited boys to these parties to play games and have fun. This time, some of the boys brought along their kites.

Mathilda is five years old, slim-hipped and graceful as a pin-up girl in spite of her weight, which Jane's Fighting Ships says is ten thousand tons—stripped. Mathilda is a cruiser attached to the Pacific Fleet. Officially she is named after a city, of course, but the other ships in her task force rarely call her by her formal name in bridge-to-bridge messages. No, it's always "Mathilda from Carolyn. My course is one seven eight."

"Mathilda from Barbara. Our firing runs will start at 1400." This is a system designed to fool a snooping enemy.

We're on our way back from Minamitori Shima (Marcus Island) now, tired but happy. The Japs we left there are also tired but not very happy. They wish we'd never left home port. Here's what happened:

Task Force Zero left a Pacific island base a couple of weeks ago, and the commander, Rear Admiral Charles A. Pownall, set a course to the northwest in the general direction of Tokyo. We were a formidable-looking outfit. In the middle of the formation were carriers with their flight decks dark with planes. Grouped around the flat-tops was a bodyguard of ships brandishing high-caliber guns. Far ahead and on either flank, a destroyer screen kept its metallic ears cocked for enemy submarines.

Obviously this wasn't to be a practice cruise. The second day out, Mathilda's skipper, manning the microphone, assured us of that when he said, "Our objective is a Japanese base to the westward, which will be attacked by our aircraft. This ship is part of a support group to protect the carriers. On this cruise, we will be exposed to enemy submarines and at times we will be well within range of enemy planes. Every man will keep on the alert for both."

Topside and below decks, the ship buzzed with excitement and speculation. Where would it be this time? Wake? Marcus? The Marianas? Paramushiro? Japan itself?

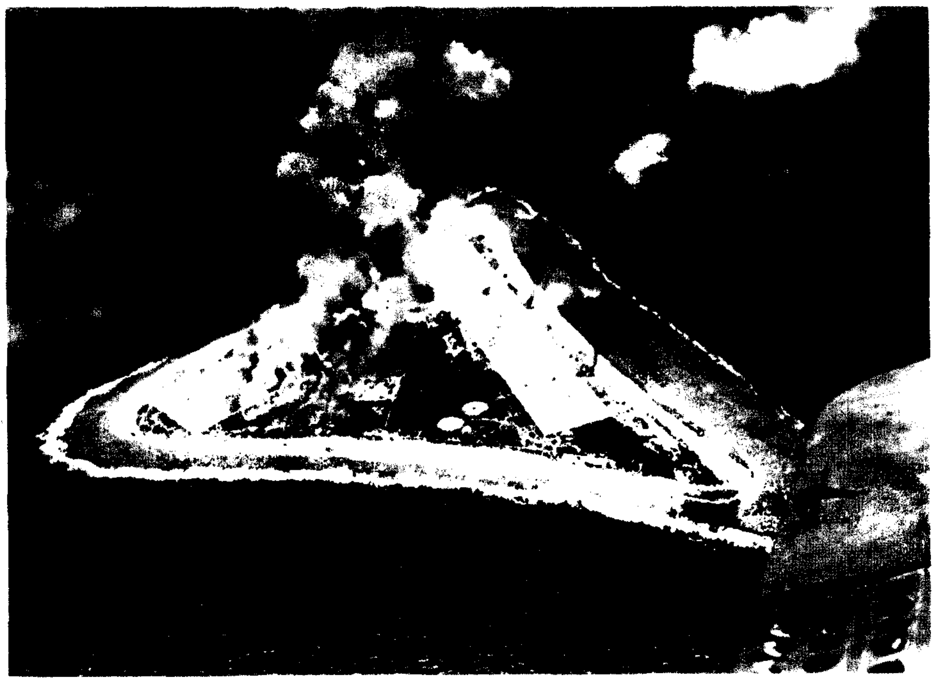
Mathilda and her crew were old hands at this type of operation. Penetrating the stormy, fog-laden waters of the Aleutians, her big guns had shelled Kiska when the Japs held that island, and earlier this year she had made several forays "up the slot" in the Coral Sea to bombard Jap positions on New Georgia. Threading the tricky passages of Kula Gulf in the black of midnight, the cruiser had loosed her main battery on the strategic enemy supply base of Vila and she had helped soften up Munda for its eventual occupation by Allied forces.

The route we were taking now was familiar to her, too. The last time Mathilda had taken it was as escort to the carrier Hornet—Shangri-la—when Jimmy Doolittle and his daring young men took off to bomb Tokyo.

As each succeeding day brought us nearer our target, we realized we were running a gantlet of enemy threats. Task Force Zero was probing a three-cornered pocket to strike its objective. Let a Jap patrol plane or cruising submarine spot us, and long-range bombers might appear from land bases on Wake Island to the south, Marcus, the Bonin Islands and the Marianas to the southwest, and Honshu to the west.

Geysers of flame and smoke rose up from Marcus Island as the planes of Task Force Zero destroyed four fifths of the Japanese equipment

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH



There was no great mystery now as to where we were heading. The name Marcus wasn't mentioned freely aboard ship, but you could sense that everybody, from seaman third class to three-striper, had got the word. The small triangular island, an outpost southeast of the Bonin group and of Japan proper, had been bombed once before early in 1942 by a small American force, but that raid was little more than a feeler. The current plan was to give Marcus, its plane and radio installations, a thorough working over with the sizable bombing power massed in Task Force Zero.

The attack was scheduled for dawn on Tuesday. All day Monday, gunners in the main-battery turrets and on antiaircraft mounts sweated through loading drill for the hundredth time, repair parties went through the motions of restoring a ship ravaged by bombs and torpedoes. Division officers checked each man's battle equipment—tin hat, gas mask, life belt. Hooded, flashproof uniforms were issued to the crews of exposed guns. Emergency hospitals were set up around the ship.

The weather was on our side. Monday dawned with a heavy overcast, intensified by squalls to form a natural smoke screen for the task force as it closed in on Marcus at stepped-up speed. The sea, which had been stormy, quieted toward dusk, and the night that followed was conveniently dark. So far, we had not been detected.

Reveille was sounded at two o'clock the next morning and, after a hasty breakfast, every man was at battle station. Task Force Zero was driving toward Marcus now at flank speed. The watch stood silent on Mathilda's open bridge, peering into the night and reflecting on the message sent over from the flagship, Amantha: "Inform all hands what we are up to. Hit the enemy hard. Good luck. Let's go."

Spurts of blue flame on the flight deck of the carrier told us her planes were

(Continued on page 41)

THE FASCIST WAY IN ARGENTINA

BY EDWARD TOMLINSON

Democracy never "took" in Argentina. General Ramirez's dictatorship has all the Axis trappings, including spies, purges, Jew-baiting and concentration camps. Even so, it's nothing to what would happen if the extremists had control of the government

SOON after I arrived at my hotel in Buenos Aires, an Argentine friend called to see me. We had barely shaken hands when he walked over and looked behind the big easy chair in the corner, and then behind the heavy window drapes. Next he examined the low-hanging light fixtures.

"You can't be sure where they'll put a recording device nowadays," he mumbled.

A few minutes later I telephoned a banker, whom I have known for twenty years, to say that, although it was after banking hours, I would like to get some exchange. "I wouldn't want to get you into trouble," I added jokingly.

"You'd better come on over to my office," he replied, a little shortly, I thought, "and we'll continue the discussion."

Neither of these incidents made much impression upon me, until my Argentine friend and I were seated in a taxi on our way downtown. I remarked that everything in Buenos Aires seemed to be about the same, in spite of the recent revolutions. He nudged me and said, "Mind what you say in a taxicab."

Later, in the banker's office, the two men offered me several pieces of advice. "You don't talk freely and you carefully refrain from joking when you're talking over the telephone in this country," the banker advised.

The Argentine added, "Remember that the secret police are everywhere, driving taxis and busses, working in restaurants as waiters, and as bellboys in hotels."

I learned that eavesdropping on private citizens and wire-tapping are among the chief activities of the government. Two prominent men had discussed, over the telephone, the effects of the political situation on business. Soon afterward, they were invited to police headquarters where a record of their conversation was played for them. That offense brought only a warning. In their hotel room, two foreigners made derogatory remarks about the revolutionary regime. The next day an army officer informed them that "their presence in the country was no longer pleasing to the government."

An old-time American resident was discussing a certain government decree with an Argentine in a restaurant. A plain-clothesman tapped him on the shoulder and told him it would be better if he discussed politics in the privacy of his own home.

Other people have not fared so well. Argentines are not infrequently sent away to concentration camps for criticizing the government.

Having known the Argentine nation and people for twenty-five years, it was difficult for me to believe these things, even when I heard them from unimpeachable sources. But when I arrived in Buenos Aires, in the second week of August, a handful of inexperienced, apparently naïve army and navy officers, most of them captains, majors, lieutenant commanders and colonels—who of course had elevated themselves to generals and admirals—were lording it over 13,000,000 proud people. This regime, headed by President General Pedro P. Ramirez, was only one of a series of dictatorial governments which have held sway in that country during the past two and a half years.

Playing Ball with the Axis

Stubborn, conservative and isolationist old Doctor Ramon Castillo, who succeeded to the presidency after the death of liberal President Roberto M. Ortiz, had already muzzled the press and the radio, reduced an outspoken congress to less than a whisper, and kept the nation under a state of siege for more than two years. Steadfastly refusing to co-operate with the other American nations, Doctor Castillo insisted upon maintaining cordial relations with Berlin, Tokyo and Rome, thereby making Argentina the only nation in all the New World to maintain friendly ties with the Axis.

While his foreign policy was a direct affront to the entire hemisphere, his internal policies became one of the great scandals of Argentine history. Graft grew to be a major industry. Hardly an official, great or small, failed to use his office to feather his own nest. The lowliest governmental employee, from bookkeeper to street sweeper, had to divide his meager salary or wages with politicians and ward heelers. This condition became so flagrant that few citizens had a good word for the Castillo administration.

Finally one morning, when the government was already tottering under the weight of its own misdeeds, officers of the army ordered their men to shoulder rifles and march on the Casa Rosada, or presidential palace. When they arrived, Castillo and his cabinet had already fled to an old river boat and sailed away.

One story has it that the aged president became seasick and, in desperation, finally ordered the captain to head back home. Anyway, he and his party gave up. A generous gesture from the revolutionists permitted the old man and several of his associates to go home. Others were taken to prison and still await trial. Meanwhile the army officers, who seemingly had few plans, found themselves confronted with the necessity of taking over a job for which they had no preparation.

One general, Arturo Rawson, whose grandfather is said to have been an American, but who otherwise bears no resemblance to his paternal forebear, was selected as the leader, apparently because he had marched at the head of the column as it entered Government House. Today, General Rawson tries to pose as a friend of the Allies, but in the hour of his triumph, he announced a cabinet that included several of the most notorious pro-Axis individuals in the nation. One of them was the publisher of *El Pampero,* notorious mouthpiece of the Nazi-Fascist elements in the country. But Rawson's program, if any, proved to be too drastic even for the militarists.

Reliable authority has it that he insisted upon taking certain members of the former cabinet out into the historic Plaza de Mayo and shooting them publicly. At any rate, he was forced out, and General Ramirez, for a brief period minister of war in the Castillo administration and one of the instigators of the revolution, took over.

The Argentine public breathed easier. Ramirez had promised to clean house and restore law and order. The Allied world rushed to acknowledge him, with the hope—and apparently the definite promise from him—that he would dismiss Axis diplomats and declare solidarity with the other American nations. However, this proved to be only a hope. Not only has Ramirez refrained from breaking with the Axis, but his internal policy (if the confused, isolationist, militaristic behavior of a group of overbearing army officers can be called a policy) has proved more reactionary than the others.

From all appearances, the government is just as totalitarian as that of Hitler. For some strange—and for the nation, fortunate—reason, Doctor Jorge Santamarina, a civilian, and long an official of the Banco Central, was selected to be the minister of finance. All other members of the cabinet are army and navy officers. At the very first cabinet meeting, Ramirez is said to have made it plain that Doctor Santamarina was there on sufferance.

Government vs. the People

"We may have to militarize the civilian," the president remarked.

Since then, many prominent citizens have been heard to say that it would probably be easier to militarize the civilian than to civilize the military. What the Argentine people think of their government is best expressed in the term they apply to the eight members of the cabinet: "Snow White and the seven dwarfs."

As with all revolutionary dictatorships, the Ramirez government was quick to announce that its chief aim was to purge and "purify the state," clear out "the rascals," punish the criminals, and protect national institutions from "sinister foreign influences." The president declared that all who had taken or given graft would be severely dealt with. That pledge is being carried out with a vengeance. Investigations and arrests are on a wholesale scale, and everybody, from district attorney to public-school teacher, is subject to the ax. But apparently it is felt that such procedure will be too slow.

The minister of justice and education, Colonel Elvio Anaya, publicly issued an open invitation to all government employees who got or kept their jobs by paying percentages and bonuses to higher officials, to please be good enough to resign right away, so as to save the government the expense of investigating them. So far, this generous suggestion has met with little response.

The business world is also feeling the heavy hand of government. The heads

(Continued on page 67)

Youthful members of the Argentine Fascist Party parading in Buenos Aires

WIDE WORLD

PEDIGREE
CONFITERIA

General Ramirez's coup placed him in charge of a totalitarian-style government

INTERNATIONAL

WACS IN AFRICA

Photographs by Wac Lt. Charlotte T. McGraw

Wacs leave the Palais d'Eté, after being reviewed and feted by Gen. Giraud. They are flanked by Spahi honor guard

THE more than 800 Wacs now serving in North Africa unanimously report to the girls back home: "Having a fine time. Wish you were here."

These young women like the Army, and the Army likes them. They are seeing the world, just as they hoped they would. They are doing important work that directly contributes to victory. And—no use beating about the bush on this point—they are enjoying their tremendous take-your-pick-of-dates popularity with the military men of three nations.

They were thrilled, of course they were, to attend the formal buffet supper General Giraud gave them at the Palace d'Eté in Algiers, with all those hand-kissing foreigners around admiring them, and suave, pantalooned servants bowing and scraping. They had fun, of course they did, presiding as hostesses at their own party in the picturesque courtyard of the old school building that serves as their barracks. In honor of their guests, the Wacs contrived real party food—deviled eggs in a land where eggs are scarce, chicken salad, ice cream, *petits fours.*

Sometimes the Wacs go swimming in the Mediterranean and find it blue and beautiful, as advertised. They go dancing whenever they have time, with the Army.

But palaces and parties are only the frosting on the cake. The Wacs are doing a good, solid job of work, first of all, and they know it because everybody tells them so. Their all-round success is reflected in the "wish you were here" appeal for more girls to join them. The War Department is backing that appeal in its current Wac recruiting campaign, off to a good start this month. General Eisenhower himself has said of the Wacs, "They rank with my best troops."

The women soldiers have proved more efficient than men as secretaries, postal clerks, code clerks, telephone operators, photographic laboratory assistants, etc. They contribute their special skills, too, as writers, photographers, musicians.

Many jobs are highly confidential, and Wacs have proved they can keep their mouths shut. Those three girls who serve as translators on the many-language telephone switchboard know a lot they never can tell.

The daily routine is exacting. Wacs get up early and "go to the office" just as if they were holding down a job at home. They clean their own rooms, wash their own clothes. Except when an occasional late pass gives them time off for fun, they must be in bed at ten o'clock.

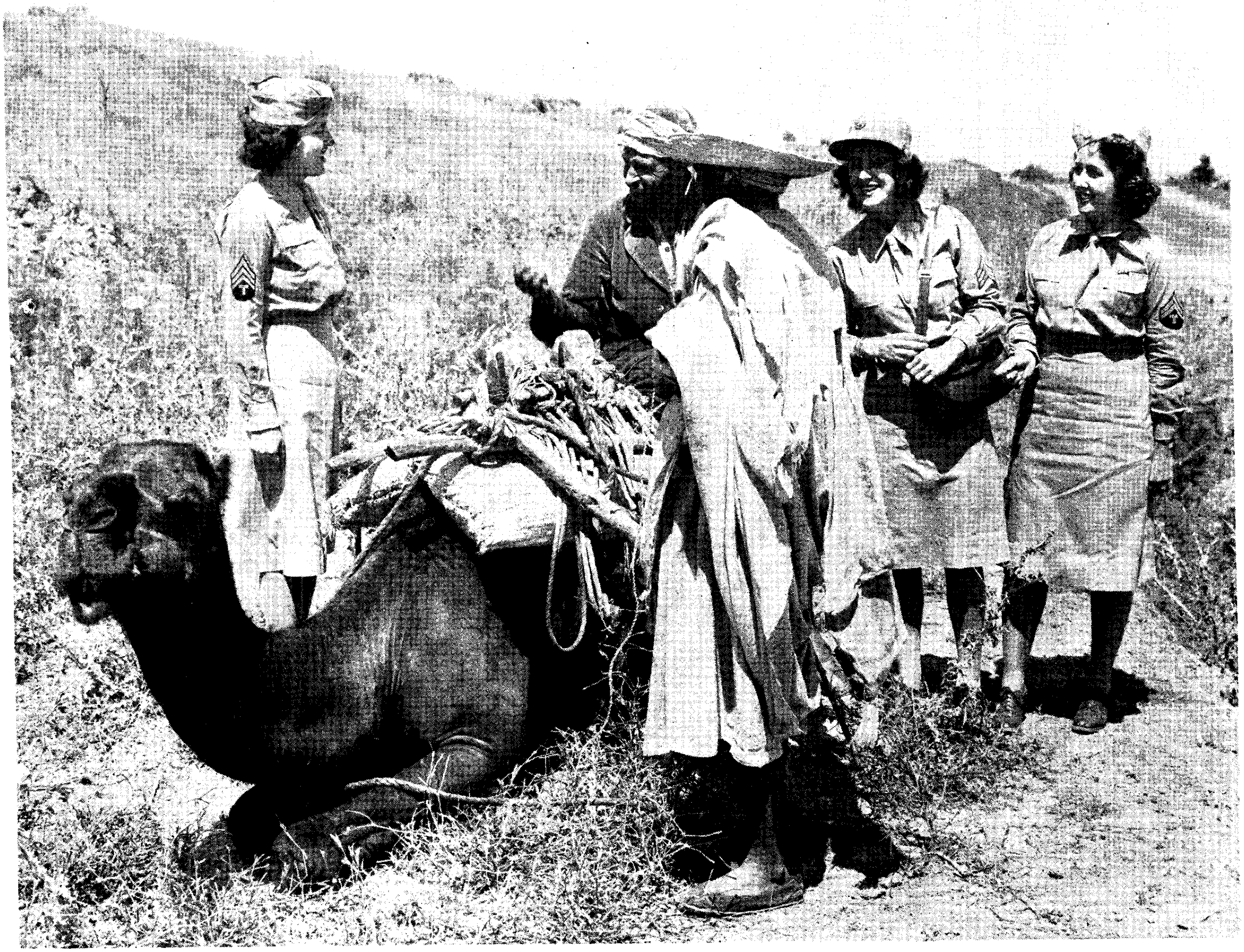
The men who are running this war go overboard in praise of the loyal, patriotic, hard-working Wacs. Major General W. B. Smith, Chief of Staff of Allied Force Headquarters and General Eisenhower's right-hand man, says, "We just had to have them. We feel we simply cannot get along without them. They work like the devil. They are no disciplinary problem. They don't complain and they don't fuss. It is vital that we have here (in Africa) a stable, trained and expert office staff. These women are our only answer—and they have done a magnificent job."

Generals everywhere say, "Send us more Wacs. . . . Our only headache with Wacs is how can we get more of them. . . ."

Recruiting centers in the forty-eight states are supplying the answer, as thousands of patriotic women join up. By December 7th, when the recruiting campaign ends, the Army hopes to have the "ten times as many Wacs" it needs. ★★★

Capt. Frances Keegan Marquis, commander of the first overseas Wac company, is made an honorary member of the First Zouave Regiment of French colonial troops

International harmony is achieved by Joyce S. Smith, who is the official bugler for the Wacs overseas, and a Zouave trumpeter. Pvt. Smith also works as a code clerk



Souvenir-hunting Wacs buy native shoes, hand-woven rugs, jewelry from a camel driver. Jewelry is their first choice, although they can't wear it with uniforms

Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower reviews the Wacs, pronounces them fine soldiers. He and other generals say the Army needs ten times as many Wacs

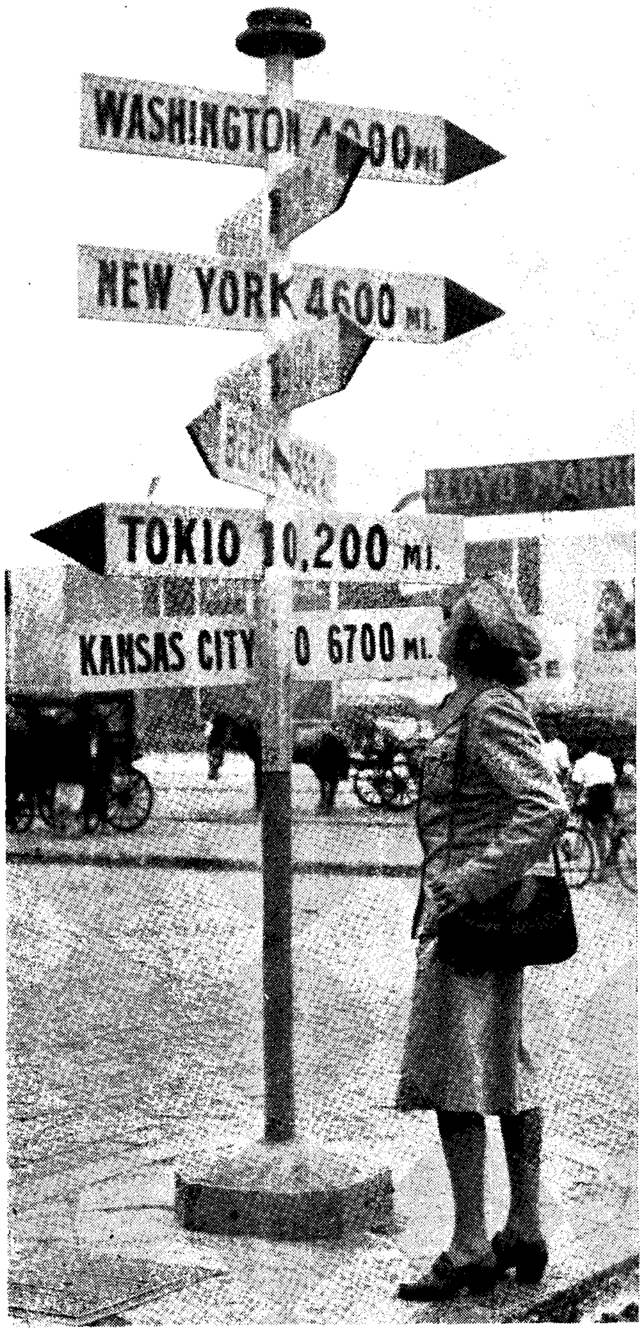
First Lt. Sarah A. Bagby works close to the front as confidential secretary to Lt. Gen. Spaatz, commanding the Northwest African Air Forces

Brother-sister reunions are frequent in Africa. Here ambulance driver David Briggs presents his sister, Capt. Ruth Briggs, with a German helmet

Many-language switchboards were a challenge the Wacs in Africa met with ease. Brigadier General Matejka, chief signal officer, says that service is "100 per cent better" where the Wacs took over. Virginia Quinton is a veteran operator

Wacs in Africa give a tea party for uniformed men and women of France, Great Britain, and the United States. Lieutenant Vivian Wood-Thomas, Sorbonne graduate, chats with General Henri de Goutel, commander of Algerian Cavalry

A Wac from Kansas City gazes at the "crossroads of the world" signpost in Casablanca. All overseas Wacs now live in "Wackeries" at Algiers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With eight brothers in the service, Pvt. Catherine Strong (below) of Iron Mountain, Michigan, values soldier mail. She works in the Army post office

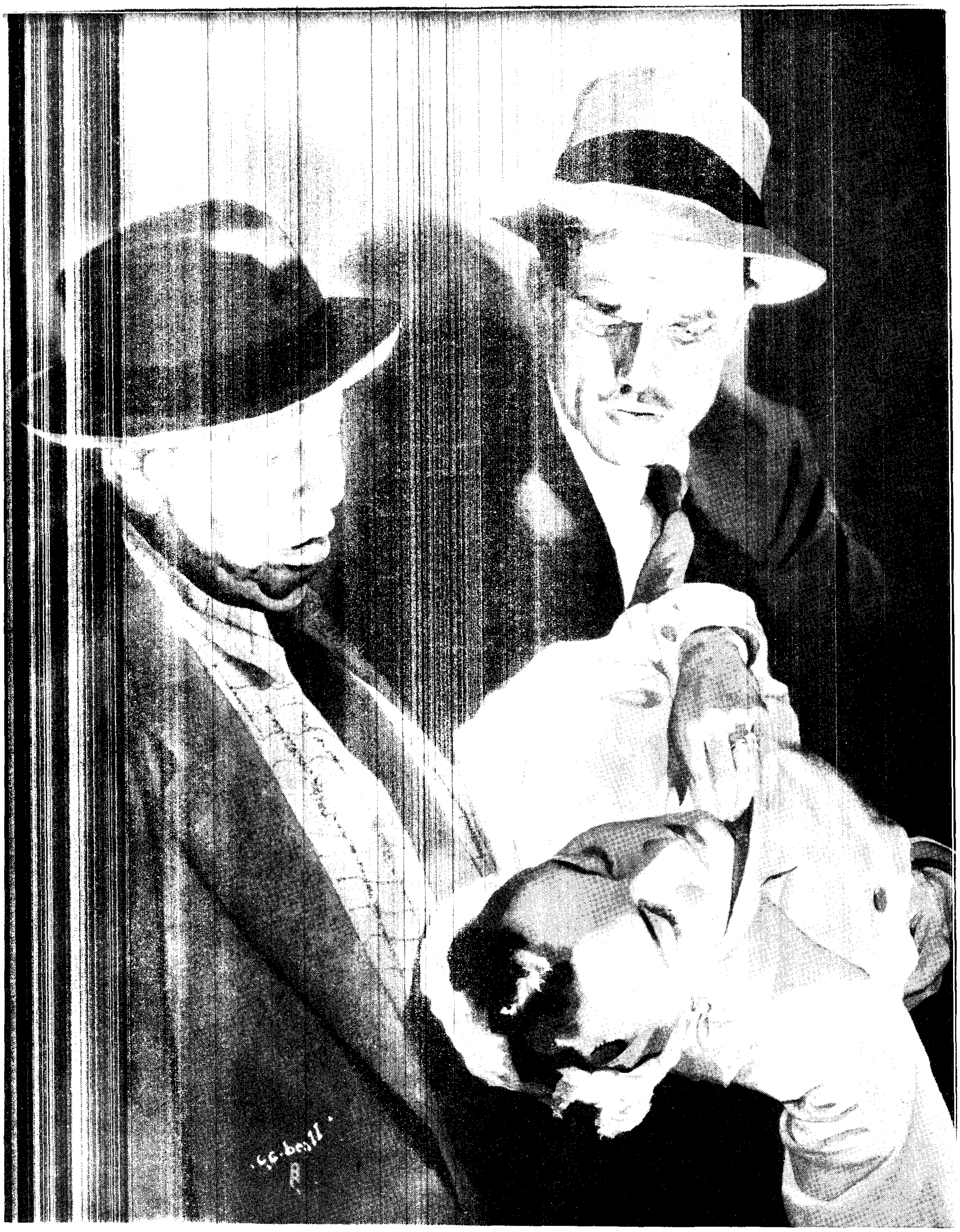
Wac Capt. Evelyn B. Nicholson of St. Louis, Mo., and Capt. Allan Peachey, R. N., of London, cement Anglo-American relations at Wac reception

Internationale: The hats below belong to guests at Wacs' African party—a French general and a French colonel, two British naval officers, Wrens, Ats, a Wac officer, and two American colonels

NOBODY LIVES FOREVER

BY W. R. BURNETT

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



The Story Thus Far:

MRS. GLADYS HALVORSEN, a wealthy widow from Minneapolis, is stopping at the Marwood Arms, a quiet Los Angeles hotel. Charley Evans, the manager, tells "Doc" Ganson (who, unknown to Evans, is a petty crook and a dope addict) that the widow is lonesome, bored.

Seeing a chance to clean up, Doc approaches Jim Farrar, a suave big-time crook who specializes in victimizing wealthy "suckers." Doc suggests that Farrar meet Mrs. Halvorsen, work her for what he can get and split the take with Doc and his pals: "Shake" Thomas, "Windy" Mather and "Pop" Gruber.

At first the idea does not appeal to Farrar. But, persuaded by his friend, "Johnny-the-Priest" Doyle, a crooked lawyer, and Tony Blackburn, his girl, he decides to take on the "deal." He leaves his friends at the smart Junta Beach house where he has been living (and where he has secretly cached $75,000 in case he has to make a quick getaway) and registers at the Marwood Arms as James Lloyd, a wealthy Texas oil man.

Meeting Mrs. Halvorsen proves easy. She is charmed by him. He, in turn, finds her unlike anyone he has ever known—gentle, sensitive, a lady. Against his better judgment, he follows the easiest course and marries her, takes her to Mexico for a honeymoon. The bride is ecstatically happy.

Back in Los Angeles, he uses his own money to pay Doc and the others the sums he had agreed to pay them; everyone is satisfied—except Doc. The little hophead insists that he be cut in on the widow's entire fortune: he demands a third of a million! When Farrar only laughs at him, Doc threatens to expose him to his wife.

Meanwhile, Tony Blackburn has not been idle. Feeling resentful and neglected now that Jim is married and has little time for her, she makes plans for her revenge; behind Jim's back, she starts an affair with his best friend, Doyle. . . .

Blissfully unaware of what is going on around her, Jim's bride is supremely happy. One night, as she lies beside Jim in their bed, she sighs and says, "I'm so happy I don't know what I'm doing half the time." After a moment, Jim falls asleep. But Gladys makes no attempt to sleep. She lies beside him, happy to be close to him, watching over him as a mother watches over her child.

Conclusion

JIM was in the barbershop when Shake got him on the telephone. Shake was crying and was so terribly agitated that Jim couldn't make any sense out of what he was saying, and besides, Jim thought the barber was looking at him strangely. He told Shake he'd call him back and abruptly hung up.

As soon as the barber finished shaving him, he went across the street to a drugstore and used a pay phone.

"Gosh, what took you so long, Mr. Farrar?" Shake demanded. "It's very serious. Honestly, I—"

"Is it about Doc?"

"Yes. Doc, he . . ."

"All right. Give it to me fast."

"Doc worked himself into a bad jam, Mr. Farrar. He got in a row with a couple of guys and a woman in a beer joint. Just plain citizens—see? You know—softies. I guess Doc got nasty. One of the guys didn't like it, so he clipped Doc on the jaw. Doc won't stand for nothing from nobody—least of all a softy. He had a cane, so he beats the tar out of these two guys with it. He even hit the woman—though I don't suppose he meant to."

"Wait a minute, Shake. If you want me to get Doc out of a jam, the answer is emphatically no."

"I [illegible] rar. [illegible] he's got [illegible] going to pay [illegible] wanted to tell y[illegible] right now—and M[illegible] mighty bad him [illegible] He's been [illegible] lately; and since they [illegible] at that hotel because [illegible] doctor [illegible] the junk he had [illegible] he's been [illegible] crazy man. Lucky he didn't take [illegible] on account of that junk. I tried to get Johnny Doyle on the phone [illegible] couldn't [illegible] him. I tried and tried—"

"Thanks, Shake." Jim hung up and stood for a moment, meditating. What a fine bunch of no-good so-and-sos he'd got himself mixed up with. He must have been crazy to think anything good would come of mixing in with scum like Doc and his broken-down mob.

He hurried out of the drugstore and started across the street. He had gone about [illegible] when he saw Doc. The little [illegible] as seedy and shaggy as he [illegible] past, had seen him and was coming at [illegible] undeviatingly, his face set and white. They met at the curb just in front of the Marwood Arms.

"Farrar, I want to see you."

"All right," said Jim. "Here I am. Take a good look."

"I'm leaving town," said Doc.

"That's fine."

"Yeah, but it's not that easy. Before I leave, we got to settle that little proposition we talked over."

"This is no place to talk."

"There's a little bar right back of the hotel. We can talk there. Come on."

Doc was loaded to such an extent that Jim was surprised that people on the street didn't turn to look at him. His eyeballs were yellowish, his face was white, and the right corner of his mouth moved slowly with a slight spasmodic twitch.

"Jim! Jim!" Gladys said. He caught her just as she started to fall and carried her to the divan. Shake stared openmouthed. "It's my wife," said Jim. "Get her a drink. Whisky"

Jim walked along beside Doc, watching him out of the corner of his eye, trying to figure out what it was best to do. Any man in such a condition is dangerous; Doc was doubly so, being a bad one to start with. Jim couldn't see what alternative he had; for the moment, he'd be forced to humor Doc.

They went into the dark little bar side by side. Doc, looking neither to right nor left, stalked up to the bar and asked the bartender if there was a room where they could talk business.

The bartender nodded. "Straight back through that doorway. Room on the left."

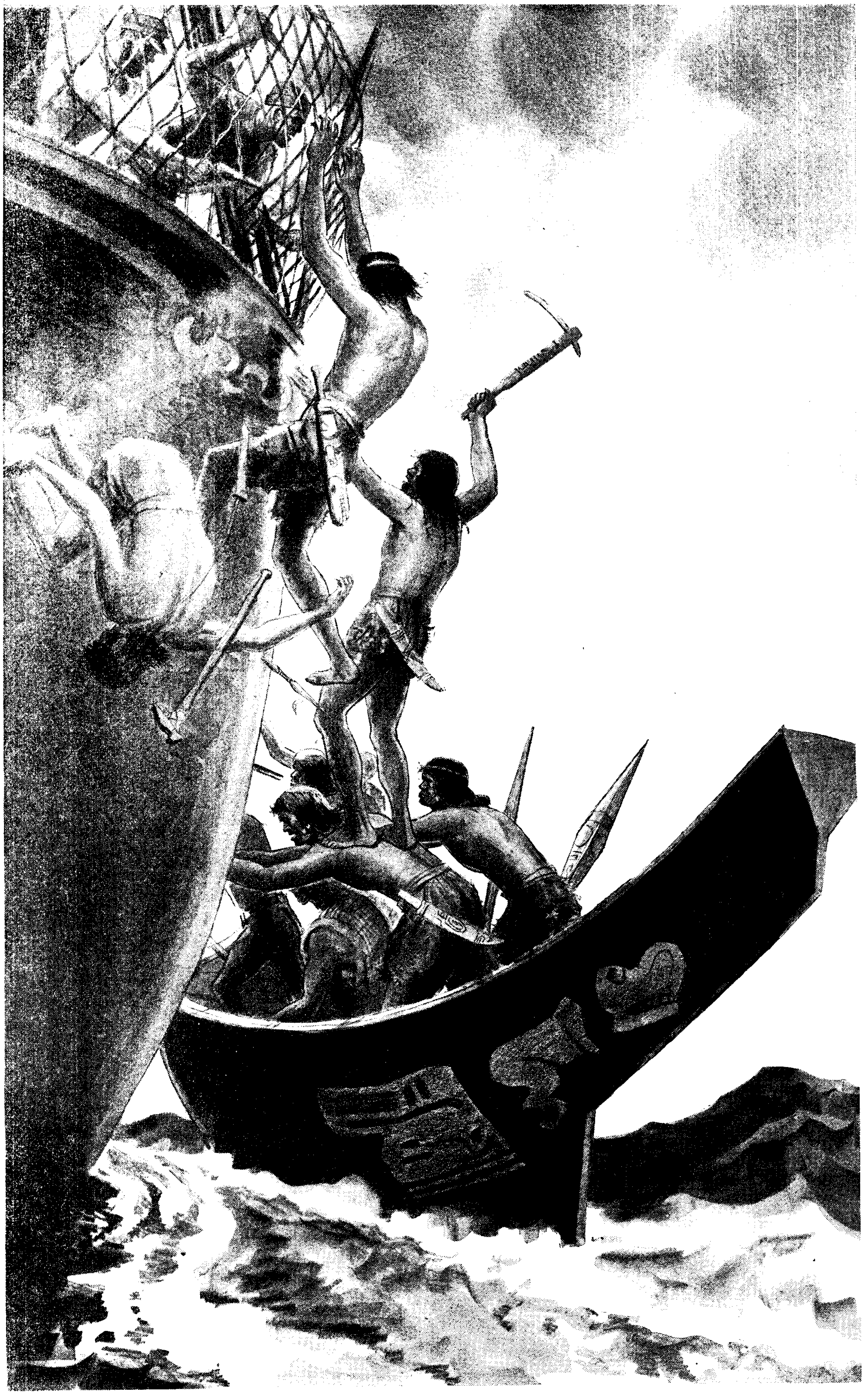
(*Continued on page 50*)

Mountain in the Sun

By Michael Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES E. ALLEN

Two years away from New England and his fiancée, David Merrill nosed the brig Sea-Fiddler into a strange harbor in search of sea-otter fur—and found a treasure that was not indicated on any of his charts



Suddenly the Haidas were leaving the nets, some turning to drop sure-limbed as cats, others crumpling with convulsive fingers clutching and slipping down

THE wind was dying with the embers of the wild North Pacific sunset as the brig lost way and the anchor went down with a thunderous splash.

For a minute or two David Merrill remained where he was, part way up the weather shrouds, where he had been clinging as he conned his brig into the unknown bay. Then he swung down and dropped to the deck with a nod for the mate who came slouching aft.

"Well, here's the place they said we'd meet him, mister," David said.

"M'mm. Aye," the mate rumbled in his chest. Blinking glumly, he looked at David. "If he ain't already gone through to the south'ard. If he ain't dead, somewhere in them snow peaks."

"We'll see," David said. "Come below when you've made the ship secure."

When the mate came clomping down into the cuddy, David had a litter of charts spread out on the table under the smoking lantern. He was bending over the smudged paper the old Portuguese had given him in a *cantina* at Monterey—an awkwardly drawn chart of the Strait of Juan de Fuca and a part of this cloud of wild islands to the north of it.

The old Portuguese, working with a spluttering quill by the light of a candle, had drawn only the memories of a voyage of his youth through these intricate channels. But David had found that the chart was surprisingly accurate, considering.

And here, with this bay just indicated, the chart left off. The old Portuguese hadn't been any farther, even when he was young.

"But, see," he had said, making a big inky X with an unsteady hand, "it is here, so, in this bay, that I have heard that this fur runner has a rest camp in these times. If it is the sea otter you must have, then it is this man who can tell you. . . ."

The mate stamped across the cuddy and sat down. "How are you going to know this whad'ye-callem when you see him?" he demanded. And added, "Sir."

David glanced up. "Why, who else would it be, if he comes, mister?" he asked. "Did you set a watch in the crosstrees as I told you?"

"M'mm. Aye," the mate said grimly. "To be relieved every two hours."

But the lookout in the crosstrees saw nothing that night, nor for more than a week.

EARLY the first morning David had himself rowed to the beach in the gig, and taking the bos'n and a couple of men with him he found concealed behind a flowering thicket the beginning of a dim trail. A hundred yards into the timber, they found a rough cabin of logs. Pushing open the door, David could tell by the moldy forest smell that no one had been in it for many months. A little way off among the trees was a cache, perched high up on crazy stilts. They came away without touching anything.

The next day David set a boat crew to work ferrying empty water casks to the mouth of the creek, scrubbing them out on the sand bar and bringing them back filled with new water. Without seeming to notice, he had observed signs that he had better keep the men busy, constantly under the authority of the mates' voices. Like most vessels which sailed out of New England towns for sealing in the Antarctic, the Sea-Fiddler was heavily manned, and by a hard-case crew. The frail or the unduly sensitive had no place in that trade.

They were all good seamen, largely from the fisheries and the whalers, and they were signed on for shares in the long voyage's profits. Having a stake in it, they were beginning to comment glumly, when lounging in idleness near the foremast, about this voyage which after a profitable season in the Antarctic was being astonishingly prolonged by their captain into what the older men were beginning to consider an escapade of impractical restlessness, of youth—a mere starry-eyed adventure for the sake of looking over the next horizon.

Still, unwillingly they were fascinated by the rumor of the fabulous trade to the China Coast with the bales of sea-otter fur which they had sailed clear out of the world to find—maybe. If some nameless man were still alive, or ever had been—if some mysterious chart they had never seen had brought them to the right place, on a remote edge of the planet. So *(Continued on page 73)*

ACTION THIS DAY

By Archbishop Francis J. Spellman

In the third installment of his letters, New York's Archbishop continues his journey, visiting statesmen from London to Cairo, talking to American soldiers, watching an air raid over Tripoli, and meeting American chaplains in the field. He had long talks with Winston Churchill, Premier De Valera, Premier Sikorski, General Gort and others

At Malta, Archbishop Spellman examines the George Cross scroll with General Gort. Later, he saw the heroic citizens who won it

London, England
March 28, 1943

My dear father: Last Wednesday I went to 10 Downing Street for luncheon with the Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, Mrs. Churchill, their daughter Mary, and Mr. Brendan Bracken, his former private secretary and present Minister of Information. Mr. Churchill's first question to me was, "May I without irreverence ask you if you are a 'short snorter'?" As I explained to you in an earlier letter, a "short snorter" is one who has crossed the ocean in an airplane. His certificate of membership consists of signatures on a dollar bill which must be always in a short snorter's possession. If the person challenged is unable to produce this certificate, he is penalized by being obliged to treat everyone to a short "snort," that is, a small drink. The price of the treat has now been stabilized at a dollar.

Bishop O'Hara once complimented me ambiguously by saying that he had never seen anyone who could dive into a large pile of papers and find the proper one with more luck than I could. So, too, was I fortunate on this occasion. Digging into my pockets crammed with various medical certificates, lists of persons, and letters of introduction, I produced my dollar bill which now bears the signature of men of considerable importance. Winston Churchill signed my dollar bill and I signed his; thus we began a most amiable conversation which lasted until three o'clock.

Everyone participated in the conversation, which naturally centered about the war and its progress. Mrs. Churchill shared in the discussion with great freedom and vivacity, her presence and that of Subaltern Mary Churchill, just home for a few days' leave, making it a family luncheon. Brendan Bracken is a member of the household and an important one, with his reservoir of knowledge and sparkling observations.

To describe the progress of the war Mr. Churchill, a year ago, coined the phrase, "the end of the beginning." Despite prevailing optimism, realists believe that we are still in the middle of the war and not yet near the beginning of the end. England's spirit is very high, and rightly so. Through the blackness of the night, when the inconceivable seemed inevitable, and all believed that England was about to be invaded, Mr. Churchill saw the streaks of dawn. And now it is morning in England.

It was fascinating to watch and to listen to Mr. Churchill, and to reflect. His complete and brilliant mastery of the English language is just as evident in his ordinary conversation as it is in his prepared speeches. What history he has made and is making! What history he is and will be! The King's First Minister must know geography, and Mr. Churchill knows it as few men do. He has "gone places."

The subject of religion came up. Mr. Churchill said that he is a man of faith. He believes that Almighty God has saved England on several critical situations. Notably, he remarked the failure of the Germans to follow up their success at Dunkerque, the calm sea which prevailed for the first day in many weeks at the time of the invasion of North Africa, and several other occurrences of like moment. With gratitude he spoke of the great and increasing contribution of America to the war effort, and with admiration and affection of President Roosevelt.

We discussed the rebuilding of parts of cities that had been destroyed, and the financing of these projects. I explained the plan of mutual insurance against war damage that is in effect in America, and illustrated the plan by telling Mr. Churchill that the annual premium for this type of insurance on St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York is ten thousand dollars. He offered to take the risk on damage to the cathedral if I would pay him the premium. I replied that I would not risk letting him assume the risk.

The Prime Minister brought me into the cabinet room, the same room in which England declared war on the American colonies. He gave me one of the little slips that he attaches to documents requiring immediate attention. The slip, which intrigued me, is bright red; stamped in black letters upon it is: "Action This Day." That was a day of action for me. But every day, during these days over here, is a day of action for everybody.

That afternoon I met many of the chaplains of the famous Eighth Air Force. I spoke to them as a group and afterward talked with them individually. Nothing in my trip gives me greater pleasure than these informal visits with the chaplains.

I met also that afternoon Bishop Day, military vicar of the British army, and vicar delegate of the American forces; Father Coughlin, principal Catholic chaplain in the British army, and Father O'Neil, chief chaplain of the Canadian forces. That evening I had dinner with Brendan Bracken in his apartment in the building of the British War Information Service. Among those present were the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Godfrey, and the Duke of Norfolk.

One afternoon, I called on Sister Gregory, of the Little Company of Mary Nursing Sisters, whom I had not seen since I was sick in the hospital in Rome twenty-nine years ago. In the meantime she was assigned to duty in South Africa where she labored for many years. Now she is stationed in a convalescent home, some thirty miles outside of London. She looks very well, and we had a most enjoyable time talking of the years when I was a student in the American College. I told her that I still have, in Whitman, the alb that the Sisters at the hospital gave me to use when I was ordained a priest.

London is now calm, peaceful, and safe. The ninety-two successive days of raids against the practically unprotected city seem long ago. One still sees the ruins, the concrete piles for antitank defenses, and obstacles in fields to prevent the landing of hostile planes. However, the street signs have been restored.

One of the many high lights of my visit to England was the time I spent with the Eighth Air Force commanded by General Ira C. Eaker. The general is the father of this Air Force, one of the first generals to demonstrate the practicability of precision bombing in daytime. His manner is quiet but convincing as he evaluates the contribution of airpower to victory. He uses graphs and photographs to show in the simplest, most effective manner the problems ahead and their solution. He was most cordial, hospitable and kind, and arranged for me to visit all the military installations in his command. He himself gave me much time, and I met many of his officers and men, including General Hansell, General Longfellow, Colonel Creighton and Major O'Hara.

I managed to see nearly all the chaplains stationed in England. I took a long trip by automobile to a place inaccessible by air to visit Father W. A. Irwin of Philadelphia, who was seriously ill in a

(Continued on page 34)

Archbishop Spellman has given the rights to these articles to the Military Ordinariate, and the proceeds therefrom will be used in their entirety for the welfare of soldiers and sailors of all races and religions who visit the Cathedral Canteen in New York City. This organization, among other things, provides luncheons and dinners without cost to servicemen

Wet and Dry School

IF YOU saw an Anti-Saloon Leaguer shake the hand of a saloonkeeper, and the two of them walk and talk together as thick as thieves, your first question might well be: Where am I? The answer would have to be: At the School of Alcohol Studies at Yale. Nowhere else, probably, has such an event taken place.

"We have here, I think, an interesting experiment," said twinkle-eyed Professor E. M. Jellinek, the School's director, who describes himself as a biometrician. "I measure life—life in plants, animals and people."

The School, established last June, constitutes the first new idea on the alcohol problem in a long time. It is doing something the ranters and ravers, both wet and dry, never thought of doing. It is bringing together persons of violently opposite opinions for the dispassionate study of the known facts about alcohol.

"Our object is not to convert anyone to any point of view," said Doctor Jellinek. "We wish only to explore the problems of alcohol for the information of seriously interested persons."

Yale, through its Laboratory of Applied Physiology, has for years done an outstanding job of research on the effects of alcohol.

"This was not enough," said Doctor Jellinek. "We knew quite a bit about what alcohol did to body and mind, but as to its place in relation to crime, poverty and other social ills, we could only make guesses."

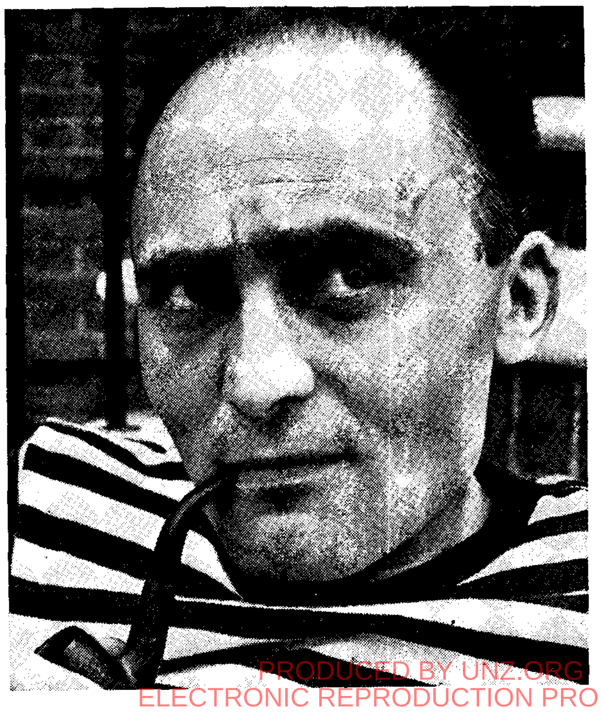
"You two should have much to discuss," said Professor Jellinck, introducing temperance worker Virginia Colvin, daughter of D. Leigh Colvin, 1936 prohibition candidate for president, to Merle Hagemeyer, a Seagram Distillers' employee

These five members of Alcoholics Anonymous, former drinkers who befriend and rehabilitate drunks, told fellow students they opposed a return to prohibition

Dr. Anne Roe, New York child psychologist, leads inform
discussion on how to teach temperance in schools. Mc

The Rev. W. D. Bayley, of Manitoba, says that society will be better off when every man who ever suffered a hang-over "dies of a cobbled liver"

"The School of Alcohol Studies can change the country's whole attitude toward temperance," says Nathan Adler, San Francisco social worker



O. G. Christgau, Iowa Anti-Saloon Leaguer: "I can't go along on education and control measures. Why try to reclaim drunks? Prohibition must return"

Charles Newton Ki
a Negro Bapt
preacher of Cinc
nati, Ohio, sa

BY AMY PORTER

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY KNOPF-PIX

The School has two objectives to replace guesses with facts gathered by its permanent staff of sociological researchers, and to disseminate those facts in an annual six weeks' course for persons trying to solve the alcohol problems in their own communities.

As Doctor Jellinek sees it, the stumbling block in the path to a solution has been the lack of scientific information among barkeeps and temperance workers, jailers, doctors, judges, preachers, teachers, war-plant bosses and Army officers—all of whom in the course of a day's work may have to make decisions affecting people who drink to excess.

The seventy-nine students assembled for the School's first session represented many of these categories and every section of the country Selected from three times as many applicants, they included perhaps a dozen extreme drys and a half-dozen persons connected with the liquor industry, with the rest from legal, educational and social service fields.

If serious interest was what the professor wanted, it was there and overflowing. After a classroom day lasting from 8:30 to 4, these avid students gathered in seminars for informal discussion, and met again after dinner in groups of threes and fours and fives for still more talk about alcohol.

"They are curious about one another, and that's a good thing," said the professor, happily performing introductions. "They need one another's ideas."

W.C.T.U. worker Amy Fackt strolled

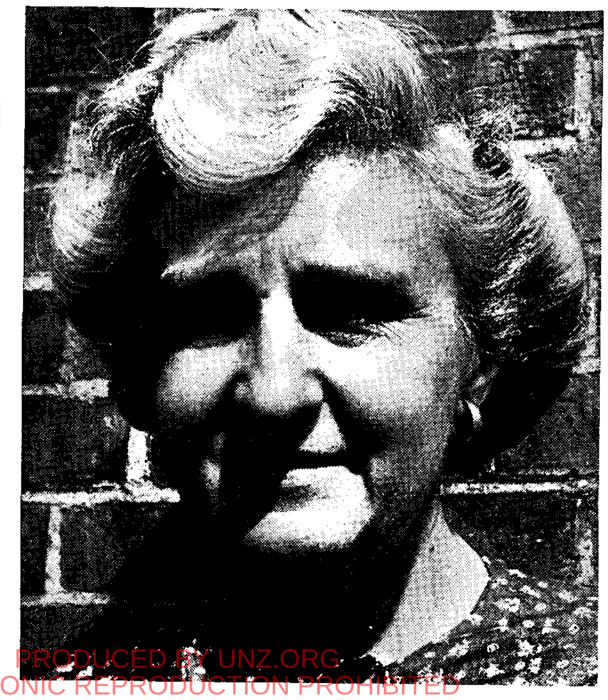
icators advise incorporating alcohol facts—not preachments
n regular courses on the subjects of hygiene, science, civics

Blind-drunk and dead-drunk rats aid Dr. Leon A. Greenberg in alcohol researches at Yale's Laboratory of Applied Psychology. Mixed drinks make rats no drunker

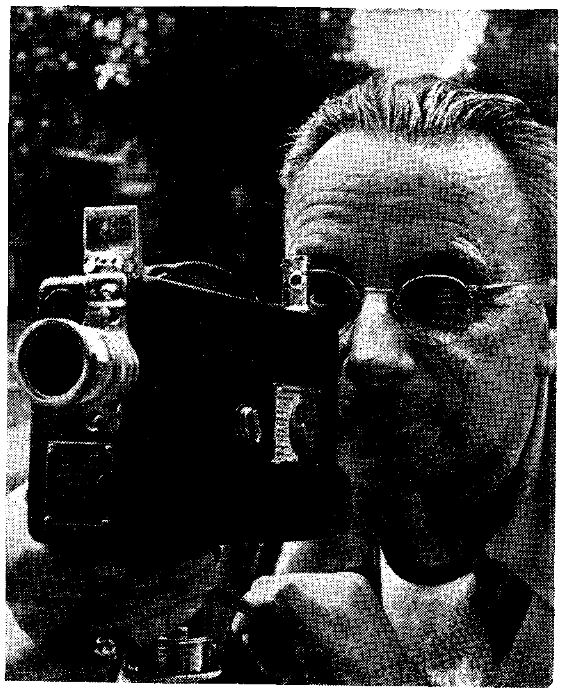
hite dives on the ige of our area are worst problem. Our iple drink noisily . . ."

Prohibition is the lifework of Deets Pickett, Washington lobbyist of the Methodist Board of Temperance. At present he works for Army dry laws

"Let's glamorize temperance," says Mrs. Annie Irhie Pou Wadden, in a soft southern accent. She is sole member of Voluntary Control movement



Frederick W. Smith, of Waterville, Me., took movies of fellow students, said: "We temperance workers need more information on how to help inebriates"



THE Guilty

KONRAD HENLEIN

XIII

KONRAD HENLEIN, Czechoslovakia's Judas, furnishes an even better example of treachery than Norway's Quisling. Not because he is any baser, but simply that his boasts give a complete exposure of fifth-column technique, and present a clearer picture of the manner in which a country can be betrayed by enemies within.

According to his own confession, Henlein went on Hitler's pay roll in 1933, employed to incite revolt in the Sudeten, a border area where the majority were of German descent—a shabby enterprise in the beginning, with small promise of success.

Henlein, an athletic instructor in Asch at the time, was generally regarded as a bumptious, strutting blowhard, and the Sudeten Germans had no quarrel with conditions. Their representatives sat in parliament and the cabinet, and the German language was allowed in both schools and courts.

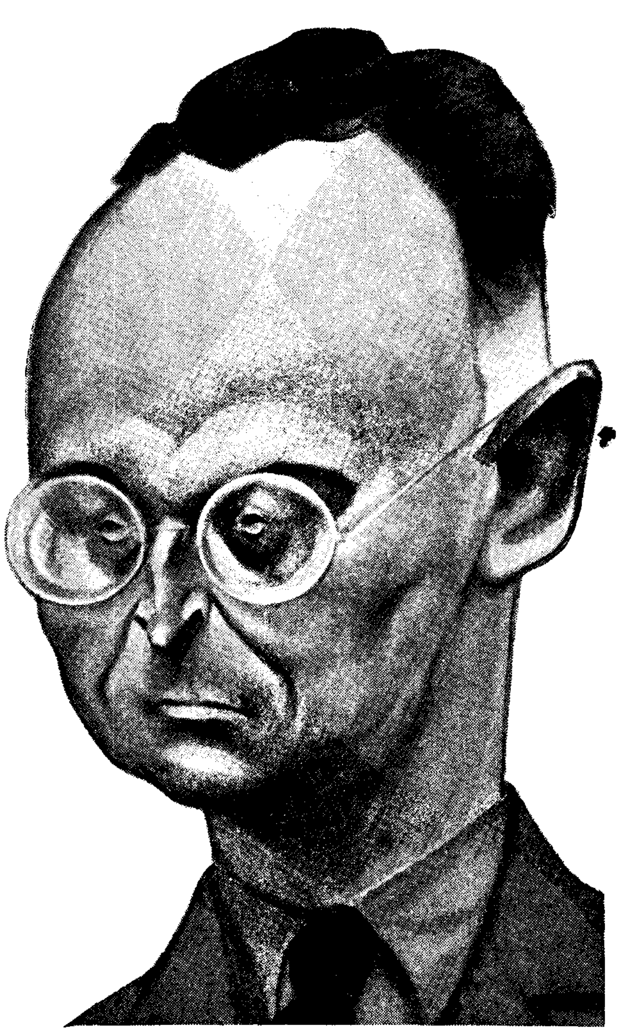
Henlein, however, had the Nazi treasury at his back, and soon purchased a following of gangsters, malcontents and political failures. Mass meetings were organized that protested "Czech tyranny," and his subsidized newspapers magnified every petty grievance into an "outrage." Prejudices were played upon, old hates revived, and Jew-baiting, murder and arson turned peaceful communities into bedlams. Germans refusing to take the Nazi oath were beaten to death or had their stores burned, Henlein indignantly bellowing that it was the work of Czech terrorists.

The venal were bribed, the ambitious promised high office, and the timorous kicked and clubbed. Under threat of bombing, factories shut down, disemploying thousands, and Henlein hailed it as proof that the Czech government planned to destroy German industry. All the while, through every secret channel, went the whisper that Hitler's armies were on the march, coming to make the Sudeten a "paradise for Nazis," and a hell for nonbelievers.

From first to last, Henlein let no day pass without protesting loyalty to the Czechoslovak state. That he was a Nazi or had any connection with the Nazis was a cruel lie. Not in all the republic was there a man more in love with democracy than Konrad Henlein. Lying at home he also lied abroad, for not the least of his job was to keep the British from suspecting Hitler's purpose.

In the course of repeated visits to London, where the Cliveden Set received him with open arms, he assured Prime Minister Chamberlain that he wanted nothing but "justice for an oppressed minority," specifically disavowing any thought of an *Anschluss*. Not until September 8th, when Germany was ready to strike, did Henlein come out into the open, bawling for "one Reich, one Fuehrer," and bragging how he had tricked the stupid Czechs and the thickheaded Englisher.

September 30th, when he watched the signing of the Munich pact, was Henlein's one and only Great Moment. Instead of being made Protector of Bohemia and Moravia, as he had hoped, the post went to a German, and Karl Hermann Frank, the sly, ferocious Carlsbad bookseller, was named Secretary of State. All that fell to Henlein was limited rule over *part* of the Sudeten, not the whole, with Himmler's Gestapo watching every move. A Judas not even paid his thirty pieces of silver! There, in that obscure post, he cowers today, deflated, despised and craven, as much in terror of the Sudeten Germans whom he swindled as of the Czechs whom he betrayed. Remember him! ★★★



CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

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across the grass with the reformed drunk called Pete.

"The way I see it," said Pete, "I don't ever expect to drink another drop, but I don't see any harm in it for other people."

"How can you feel that way after what liquor has done to you?" Miss Fackt wanted to know.

"Well, if you'll come home to dinner with me tonight," said Pete, "you'll see me mixing cocktails for my wife and our guests, and then you'll understand."

Miss Fackt didn't accept, but, by the look of her, Pete had given her new food, if not drink, for thought.

The School struck a snag when a rumor spread that it was financed by the liquor interests for the purpose of "whitewashing their nefarious trade." Some very dry students threatened to leave, but Doctor Jellinek soon convinced them the rumor was ridiculous.

Doctor Jellinek scrupulously avoids advocating any particular solution. "We present facts, and the student can make such use of them as he sees fit. Most facts can be used to bolster any argument, wet or dry."

Interviews with students, as the School's first session neared its close, confirmed the professor's words. Facts could and did bolster every argument.

"All I've heard made me doubly sure that prohibition must return," said O. G. Christgau, state superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League in Iowa.

"And all that I've heard," said Nathan Adler, of San Francisco's Mental Hygiene Society, "makes me doubly sure that alcohol in moderation will do you neither good nor harm. It is a pleasant social lubricant."

Christgau was still speaking: "I wouldn't want anybody to think I go along with these people who advocate control and education. It's all very well to talk about helping alcohol addicts, but they're hopeless anyway. Concentrate on taking alcohol out of the reach of all young people, especially men and women in uniform."

Christgau rejoiced that dry legislation is on the increase and called on Miss Laura Lindley, head of research for the Anti-Saloon League, for more on this point. Miss Lindley reminded the little group of listeners that the states of Mississippi, Oklahoma and Kansas are totally dry, except for wine or beer, and said her latest survey showed that seven local-option states were more than half dry. These were Kentucky, Texas, Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, North Carolina and Maine.

"And every time another town votes against Sunday beer or for an earlier closing hour," Christgau went on, "we're that much closer to total prohibition."

The Reverend W. D. Bayley of Manitoba went Christgau one better in disparaging the ideas that they had heard for rehabilitating alcoholics: "I am not interested in a man who has ever drunk so much whisky that he had a hang-over the next morning. The sooner that man and others like him die from a cobbled liver, the better off society will be."

A majority of students, however, said that the School had changed their ideas about alcohol somewhat.

It's Not Good for What Ails You

Alcohol facts elicited by Doctor Jellinek, Doctor Howard W. Haggard, director of the Laboratory of Applied Physiology, and a corps of distinguished lecturers were not necessarily new, but they surprised many students: Habitual drinking is a disease, and should be treated as such . . . most alcoholics desperately need Vitamin B_1 . . . out of 40,000,000 users of alcoholic beverages in the United States, some 2,500,000 or about five per cent are intemperates, and of the intemperates, 600,000 are chronic alcoholics . . . alcohol is an anesthetic, not a stimulant . . . to a limited extent, alcohol is a food . . . alcohol is the safest of all sedatives . . . it is not good for colds . . . drinking geniuses accomplish good work in spite of, not because of, alcohol . . . mixing drinks won't make one drunker . . . drinking is on the decline in America compared to preprohibition years . . . the trend is toward drinking beverages of less alcoholic content.

Lecturers urged care in classifying drunks for treatment. The "compulsive addict," who drinks to escape reality, may respond to psychiatric treatment. The "normal excessive drinker" may be running away from unpleasant home conditions which can be corrected.

Both types may respond to the "conditioned reflex" treatment, now in use at the Chicago State Hospital and elsewhere. Here a nauseating drug is administered with each drink, creating a temporary aversion to alcohol. The aversion may last long enough to permit rehabilitation.

Mental deficients and criminals who drink cannot be helped by any of these methods, and require institutional care.

Lecturers told of hopeful experiments in many communities where each person arrested for drunkenness is given dietary attention instead of simply being thrown into the drunk tank to sober up.

Student A. R. Howard, of Sumter, South Carolina, Methodist Board of Temperance lecturer to colored schools, said, "This is the first really scientific training I've had on alcohol, and I'm going to change my lectures because of it. I'll use less emotion and more facts. Up to now I declared that alcohol was a poison, but the professors have about convinced me it's a food. Not a very good food, though."

Michigan, a monopoly state, was well represented with James D. Dotsch, of the Table Top Congress, an association of liquor licensees, with E. C. Prettyman, of the Michigan Temperance Foundation, and with Lawrence McCracken, of the state liquor commission. Students from other states listened and learned as these three told how they co-operated to achieve temperance.

"I used to work with the Anti-Saloon League," said Prettyman, "but my Foundation succeeded it in Michigan, and its goals suit me better. We put the emphasis on temperance through education now. My own attitude has changed. I fought for prohibition for years as a Methodist preacher in Delaware and Connecticut, but now I fight for more alcohol knowledge for all the people. Legislation must not go beyond what public opinion approves."

Prettyman cheerfully works with Dotsch and McCracken. Out of the $20,000,000 Michigan makes annually on liquor, $20,000 is appropriated for education and control. McCracken consults with the other two men on how to spend it.

More Discipline Needed

"We find that where a drunken driver was involved in a fatal accident, usually some licensee was at fault," said McCracken. "Mr. Dotsch co-operates fully in disciplining licensees who violate the law by selling to drunks, or in any other way."

Nathan Adler, whose Mental Hygiene Society of Northern California helps any interested community set up its own clinic for the rehabilitation of drinkers, was exceedingly pleased with what the School had done and would do.

"It's the biggest step forward in a century," he said. "Within a few years, this School can change the whole temperance attitude of the country."

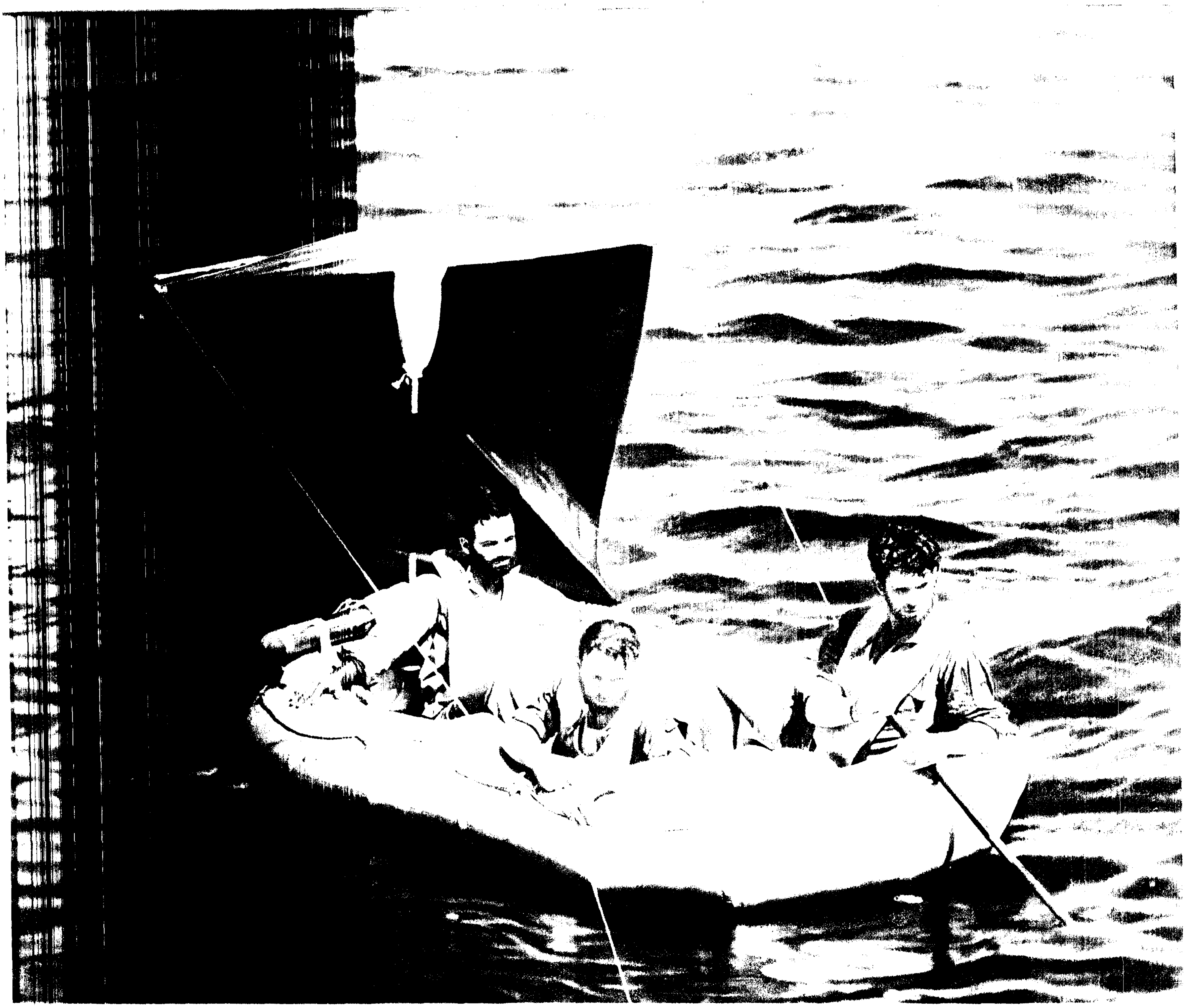
Adler thinks one more course should be added. "We need a course on dry drunks, these fanatics you hear demanding the death penalty for the man that takes a drink. An alcoholic and a dry drunk are two faces of the same coin, both unbalanced, both bad for the community.

"But there are only a few fanatics here. Next year, I believe they'll be fewer yet, as young and intelligent workers hear about the School, and we should make great progress."

A young woman social worker addressed Doctor Jellinek, "You've told us the bad effects of drinking. Can you tell me if there ever are any bad effects from not drinking?"

"Well," said Jellinek, "there's halo pressure—a very dangerous thing."

THE END



Open the valve and a ship comes out!

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

If America's fighting airmen are forced down over water, they have only to open a small valve . . . and in a few hissing seconds they are safe and sound in a ship that is both seaworthy and remarkably well equipped.

Deflated, the rubber rafts used by U. S. fliers are relatively light, compact little packages that take up hardly any space at all. Inflated, a raft becomes an ocean-going vessel . . . complete with oars, food, water, first aid kit, sea markers, smoke grenades—everything from a compass to a police whistle—even a sail! One Navy flier sailed a Goodyear life raft 650 *miles in four days and five nights.*

Many times in this war Goodyear-built rafts have taken part in epic rescues at sea. Goodyear rafts helped save Captain Eddie Rickenbacker and his companions. Another Goodyear raft enabled three Navy fliers to battle the Pacific for 34 days — and win!

Large numbers of these rubber rafts are coming from Goodyear production lines. Whether they will be used for 30 minutes or 30 days, Goodyear people build *every* life raft with all the skill at their command . . . backed up by the research of a company that for more than 40 years has constantly found newer and better ways of making rubber answer human needs.

A pioneer in rubber, Goodyear also brings to its war effort long and fruitful experience working with metals, fabrics, chemicals and other vital materials . . . discovering new ways to serve you better when peace comes.

If you love your country — buy more War Bonds

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Lady Square

Continued from page 13

"Oh, nothing," he said faintly, looking for his cap. He stood up, taut and swing-starved. He hadda get out of there before that old feeling had him hunting for a clarinet. "It's sorta hot in here."

Martha laughed. "You mean you can't stand that Ding-Dong Williams!"

He nodded. "I don't dig that jive," he said bleakly. "I dassn't."

Walking through the soft night warmth of the palm-lined streets leading to her father's parsonage, she said, "You're sweet, Charles. I was telling Tod only tonight how much poise you had." Her arm in his, she *smiled.* "You don't *like* jazz any better than I do. Somehow I just knew you were the kind who loved good music."

"I sure do," he said miserably. "I'm off that gut-bucket stuff."

Martha stared. "You're off what?"

"Gut-bucket. It—it's a word I picked up someplace."

He was so small and forlorn, the country's last line of defense, that her laughter died in her throat. When they reached the white frame house next to Casa Oro's only brick church, she began to suspect she had really been out with a sleepwalker. Lingering on her porch, trying to remember what Charles Boyer did the first time he took a girl home, Ding-Dong could only recall he always looked sleepy. The best he could do was to blurt, "Maybe I could see you again sometime?"

"Why, Charles," she gasped, and then began to laugh. "How would you like to take me to the church's lawn supper tomorrow night?"

MESS SERGEANT BRANNIGAN'S suspicions were confirmed when he observed Yardbird Williams was actually whistling as he lathered the dishes the next morning. "I told ya," he stormed to Corporal Berg, "only a screwball would be happy on this detail!" He was even more concerned when Ding-Dong failed to race to the window every time a Maytag Messerschmitt roared over the mess hall. Until today he had acted as if each Stearman PT-17 was something he had dreamed up himself. How was Brannigan to know that Ding-Dong was with deepest emotions? He was thinking of Martha.

"You couldn't let me off early today, could you?" he asked that afternoon. "I—sorta wanted to go to church this evening."

Brannigan grew even more leery of him then. He had heard about those nuts who went around slipping religious tracts in mess stew.

"Okay," he said finally. "But don't *think you're putting nothin'* over, see? Tomorrow I'm personally tasting everything goes outta here."

Taking the five-o'clock bus, Ding-Dong rushed into Casa Oro's only music shop just before closing. "You gotta long-hair album for a lady square?" he asked. "Something with lots of fiddles and slurp?"

The owner edged away. "Fiddles and slurp for a lady square?" He coughed. "I didn't think they let you soldiers drink that much," he added reproachfully. "It hurts us civilians' morale."

"You don't unnerstand," said Ding-Dong. "I gotta heavy date with a lady square who digs these long underwear combos. Some squares are right off the cob but not Martha. She's a slick chick For her I gotta have something with dignity. Stokowski even."

Numbly the proprietor thrust an album at him. "You just take this along. And the next time you're in town bring in a friend to tell me what happened. One who speaks English."

When he reached the lawn supper Ding-Dong found the church grounds crowded and the five-piece orchestra of the Cheerful Thinkers Club had Mozart whirling like a dervish in his grave. Half of Casa Oro was on hand.

The Reverend August Bates descended on Ding-Dong like a blimp, seizing his hand with a grip that moored.

"Glad to have you with us, brother," he boomed. "How do your friends call you?"

"Ding-Dong," the visitor admitted unhappily. He couldn't fib to a preacher.

HIS high good nature fading, Reverend Bates stared at him. Luckily Martha, bright and smiling in a gay print dress, came up before the situation could get out of hand. Her blond loveliness left Ding-Dong so stricken he could only push his present at her.

"I—I sorta thought you might like this. You know, to keep."

"Why, Charles," she cried, "you really shouldn't have! How did you know I had always wanted an album of Debussy? Wasn't that sweet of him, Father?" And as the Reverend Bates nodded uncertainly, she added, "Charles is such a music lover."

Reverend Bates decided his ears had been stopped up. He had just imagined the young man called himself Ding-Dong. "Why, that's splendid," he enthused. "A real music lover, eh? You wouldn't play yourself, now, would you? The Cheerful Thinkers could use a few more boys in the band."

Ding-Dong shook his head. "I used to mess around on a licorice-stick but I never touch the stuff any more."

Father and daughter exchanged quick glances. Then somehow Ding-Dong was shaking hands with him again, and Martha had him sitting over a long table sort of away from people. While he had a feeling he had laid an egg somewhere, it didn't matter now. True, three other families shared the table, but Martha, laughing at him over the deviled-egg sandwiches she had made herself, made him feel like they were on a desert island.

He was doubly upset then when, right in his second helping of coconut cake, he felt someone glaring at him. He stiffened, expecting at least a sergeant, and found it was even worse. Tod Mason was putting his leg over the bench and sitting down just as if he had been asked.

"Is this a private party," he asked Martha, shouldering Ding-Dong aside, "or can an old boy friend drop in?" And then, with great surprise, he discovered the little man on his right. "How are you, Williams?" he asked coldly. "Still pitching, I see."

"I beg pardon?"

"Skip it, Charles," said Martha. "Tod was never a man who could take his emotions or leave them alone."

Mr. Mason grew so red in his strangled fury that the battle broke out all over again. They had fought so long and so well, with no holds barred, that their murderous insults were as passionate as their long-standing romance. Ignoring Ding-Dong, they went at it hammer-and-tongs.

The coconut cake leaden in his stomach, Ding-Dong found he was forgotten in the melee. His harassed gaze, wandering over the crowd, settled on the corny ork now fighting it out on Keep the Home Fires Burning. Upset to the point where even his glasses were steamed, he suddenly realized there was one way he could make Martha appreciate him. Maybe he couldn't think of anything to say but where music was concerned he was real bright. Riffing it out there, he could impress anyone. He would, too, keeping it clean, playing a very dignified reed with no licks or anything.

"YOU wanna lay out a number?" he asked the fat boy perspiring over a clarinet he played like he had lost a bet. "If you want some cake I could sit in a while." Happy to escape the sweating muse, the fat boy disappeared. When his startled colleagues noted the soldier taking his place, "You fellas got nothing to worry about," Ding-Dong assured them. "I'm strictly union."

"Oh, a professional?" the lanky cornet guessed brightly. "I used to play a little ragtime myself. You want to try Roses of Picardy?"

Already Martha had missed him; was staring with wide blue eyes.

"I sure do," Ding-Dong said happily, ditching his glasses. Never had a reed tasted so sweet in his mouth. Being a ride-out artiste from away back, he just hadda take the first chorus, working it over lightly and politely. The plump lady pianist frowned, being under the impression she was the leader of the Cheerful Thinkers Orchestra. She hammered it out louder than ever then. Unfortunately, she played a clubfooted piano that Ding-Dong needed like a hole in the head. Wincing, he went into the upper register, covering her discords in a growing pattern of licks and riffs. Youngsters were crowding in, staring, and he added a few Jimmy Noone runs and trills for them. Other kids came running. He tried to hold back then as his eyes glazed, but it was too late. He had that old burning, forgetting his colleagues in his lovely torment.

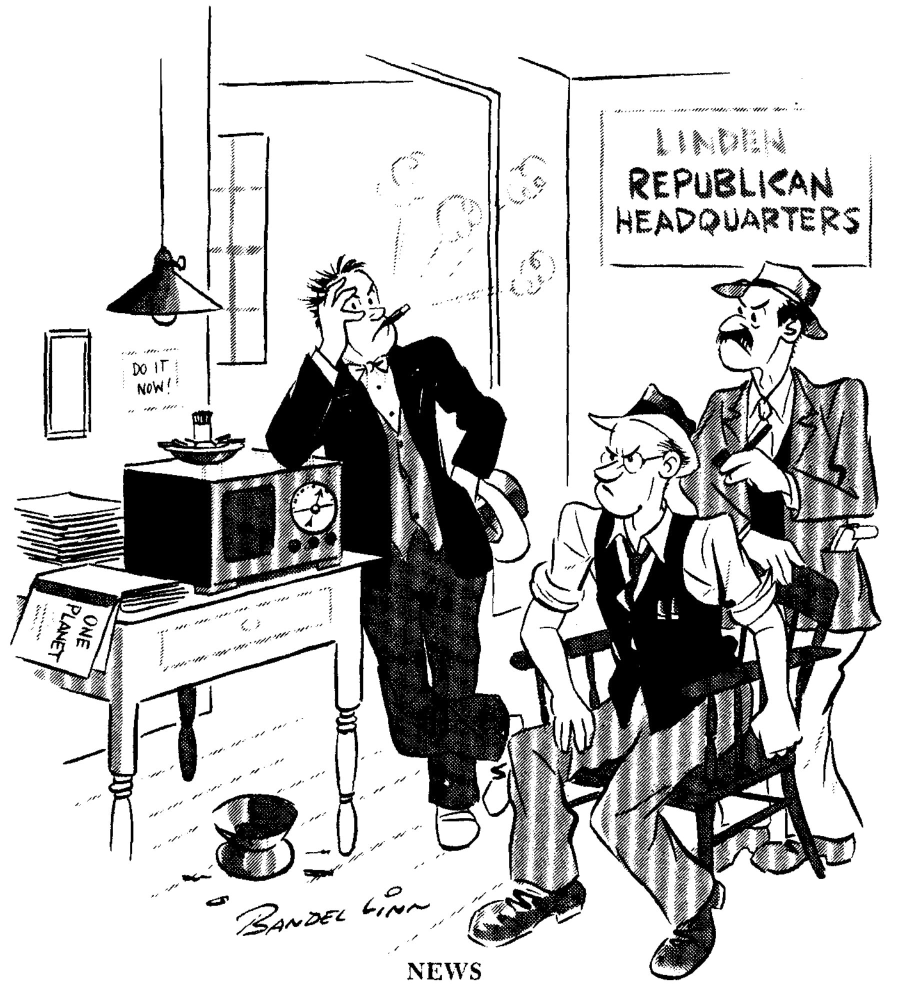
A high wailing riff screamed above the band. He was gone then and not even a pug-nosed girl's screaming, "Johnny, Johnny, it's Ding-Dong Williams!" could hold him. He didn't care what happened as long as they didn't take his reed away. Gone with his famous riff, he was knocking himself out on a jam version of Picardy that had Casa Oro reeling. When the dam broke he was so dry with want he couldn't stop. He hadda have more and more, louder and louder, wilder and nastier and faster. Vaguely he remembered the cornet trying to keep up with him and, just before the MPs dragged him away, the ruddy anguish of Reverend Bates when jitterbugging broke out all over the church lawn.

THE sun high and California-hot, Private Williams had no chance of explaining things to Martha. Her lovely eyes grew wild the moment he edged into the PX.

"You!" she gasped, thrusting his album at him. "You— Oh, if my dad wasn't a preacher I'd *really* tell you what I think!" Tod's wild laughter yet ringing mockingly in her ears, tears sprang in her eyes. "You'll be sorry you made a fool of me! Wait until Daddy gets through talking to Major Swain!"

Major Swain, a lanky Texan, was Casa Oro's commanding officer.

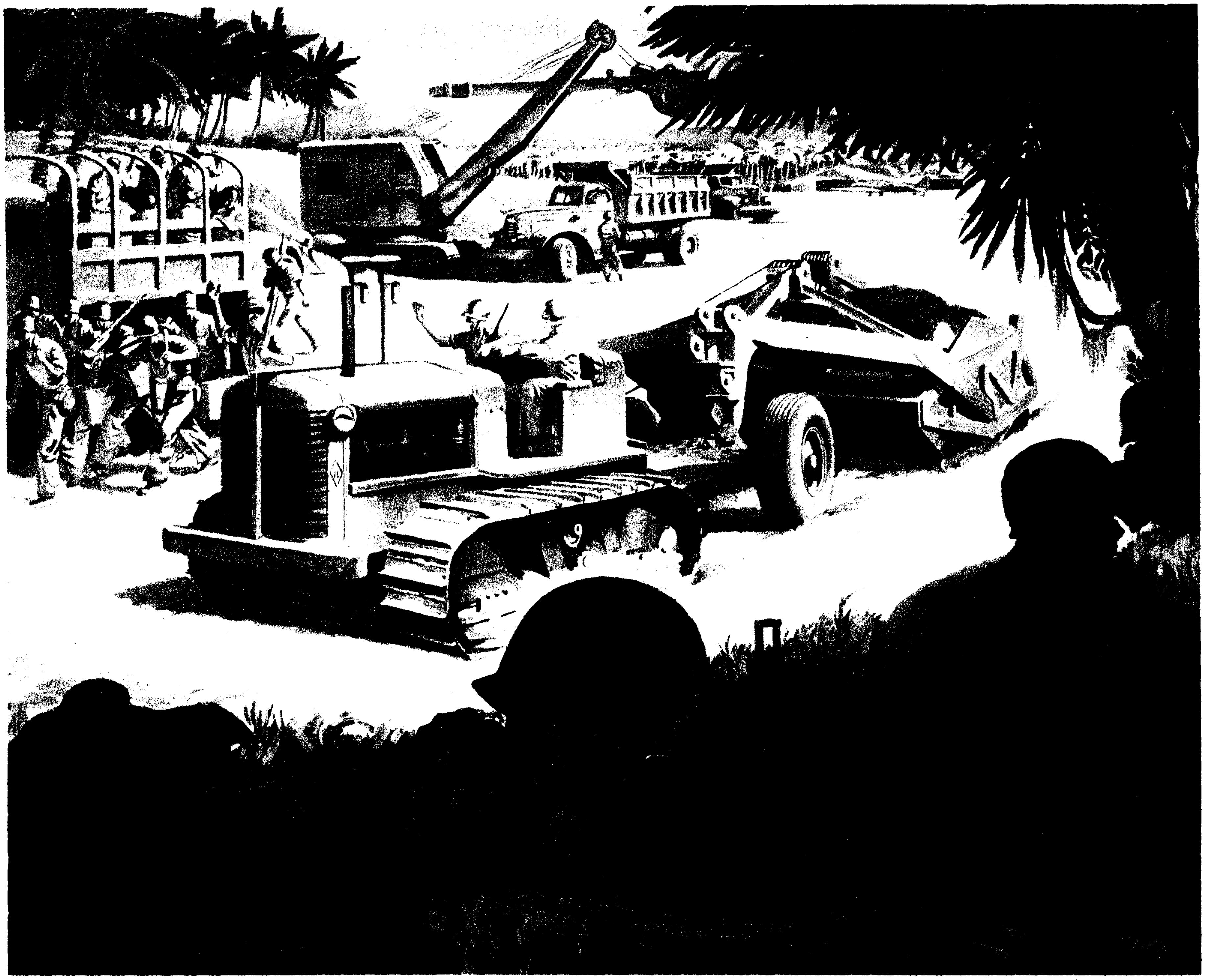
"He—he wouldn't do that, would he?"



NEWS

"... and I'd like to say a few words about the fourth-term prospects: At the White House press conference today I asked the President if he was considering running a fourth time. He only smiled and said that it was a beautiful fall day for hunting. Some correspondents took this to mean that Mr. Roosevelt was going hunting for another job, while others felt that it was a direct reply of 'maybe.' Personally, I feel that he will run, although, of course, he might not. Senator Bulge of Florida reminded reporters today that the President must be drafted for another term. 'What will become of us if he doesn't run?' asked Bulge. Meanwhile, in the Midwest, a group of influential men are said to be backing a dark horse, and ..."

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN



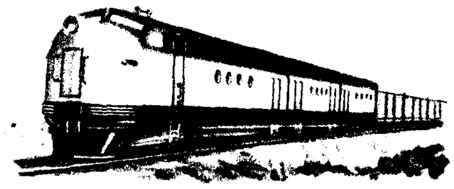
PREVIEW OF TOMORROW'S POWER

If you want a glimpse of how tomorrow's hard jobs will be done, look at what is doing the tough war jobs today—such jobs as building airfields in the jungle.

Look in tanks and trucks, in landing barges and patrol vessels, in tractors and auxiliaries. You'll find General Motors Diesel Engines packing them with power.

This grueling service is emphasizing the virtues of GM Diesels—highlighting their ruggedness—showing how little fuel they use, and low-cost fuel at that.

With the war won, our expanded facilities will be turned to peacetime needs, and these engines will be available for many applications where America will need dependable, economical power.



New eras of transportation follow in the footsteps of war. Another new era of transportation is assured in the wake of this war. General Motors Diesel Locomotives already are establishing new standards.

BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS

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LOCOMOTIVES..................... *ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, La Grange, Ill.*

Ding-Dong asked faintly. "Your father asked me to sit in himself. You heard him, Martha!"

"You—you—" she screamed, so loud he backed right out of there. He hit the sun-drenched company street just as Reverend Bates barged around the corner accompanied by a tight-faced man wearing oak leaves. Seeing Major Swain bearing down on his tent, Ding-Dong gave a piteous moan, dropped his album, and darted between the nearest tents. He just hadda get a moment to himself, thinking up some reason they shouldn't transfer him to the Wacs. A long line of dodoes had just emerged from the cadet barracks and were marching briskly toward the field. He had already learned that when in doubt, fall in line, and he was bringing up the rear when the new cadets wheeled sharply.

The next thing he knew a bulky corporal was strapping a parachute on him, and he was wearing a flier's helmet, with goggles and everything. He was wondering if he shouldn't maybe speak to someone about this when he hastily pulled down his goggles. Major Swain, grim from his fruitless search, had appeared. He looked even grimmer under glass.

He faced the dodoes, only two days ago graduates of Preflight.

"You new men," he said sharply, "are about to take your first flight. Your instructors will help you get the feel of a PT-17 today, showing you how to follow-through on the controls. You have no reason to be apprehensive. If you get a little airsick from the crosscurrents it's nothing to be ashamed of."

He nodded abruptly. The cadets filed out to the yellow biplanes.

WHEN he had his trainer air-borne, Tod Mason addressed his student through his gosport. The cadet had been strapped in the rear cockpit when he reached the plane. "Your first time up?" In the rear-vision mirror he saw his scholar was a Nervous Annie, fidgeting around and looking over first one side and then the other.

"I asked you if it was your first time up, mister."

"Yessir," his passenger said, "not counting Ferris wheels and things."

Tod scowled. That voice was something out of a nightmare. "Try following through on this stick." He was trying to place the voice as he automatically explained what every fledgling had to know about a Stearman.

"Couldn't we go up a little higher?" the voice asked. "I can't see the ocean from here." Wind cutting across his face, the hangars and barracks pretty miniatures against the earth's greenness, the sun hot and friendly, Ding-Dong felt better. He had even figured out what he would tell the major when they landed. He would explain he had amnesia like people did in pictures and he didn't recall a thing about giving out at any lawn supper. Climbing now, the engine's roar was brassy in its loudness, like kettledrums. Over on his right were the purple hills, and at two thousand feet he could see the ocean just as plain. A fog was rolling in.

"Now," Tod began just as Ding-Dong had a sudden idea. He gave the stick a little push and before Tod could regain control they fell off on one wing. "Why," Ding-Dong thought dazedly, "there's nothing to it. You just push the stick the way you wanna go."

Righting the ship Tod was so mad he loosened his strap and, forgetful of his gosport, jerked around, raging, "You little jerk, you haven't been listening to a thing I told you! Are you trying to kill us?"

His cadet was so hurt he raised his glasses, staring at him. In that one horrified split second Tod recognized Casa Oro's major mental case, heard him protest, "I have, too, been listening. You wanna turn, you just wiggle this little stick."

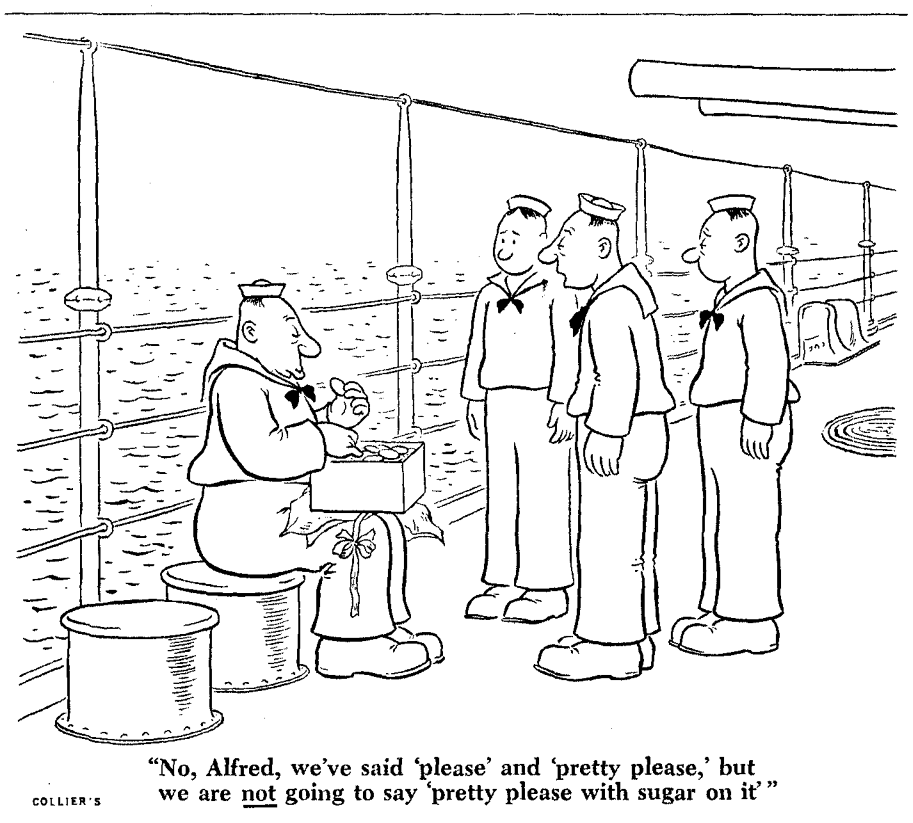
He wiggled the stick so vigorously he promptly found himself dangling upside down. Sky where earth and stucco buildings should be. In front of him Tod fought frantically to make his safety belt hold. But inch by inch he was slipping from the cockpit in his struggles. The plane lurched and, falling free, he hurtled from sight as the PT-17 righted itself. Very pleased with himself, Ding-Dong peered down at mountains that were again properly stuck to the earth. He was waiting for Tod's praise when he suddenly, numbly, gazed on the empty cockpit. His stomach leaping in his throat he looked down in time to see Tod's chute plume out, carrying him toward the cadets' barracks.

The two-way radio sputtered. A voice harsh with excitement leaped out at Ding-Dong: "Tower to Trainer 56. Tower to Trainer 56. What happened?"

"Nothing," Ding-Dong assured him. "The pilot just fell out."

The radio shrieked, "Who fell out?"

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"No, Alfred, we've said 'please' and 'pretty please,' but we are not going to say 'pretty please with sugar on it'"

"The pilot," Ding-Dong repeated. "Who do I tell?"

The yellow trainer was flying steadily toward the mountains. By pushing the stick ever so slightly he began to turn. His first fear gone, he came around in a wide, slow circle, enjoying himself very much despite all the confusion sputtering in on the radio. He was over the field again when it barked, "Fifty-six, this is Major Swain. Head your ship over the beach and bail out. Head your ship over the beach and bail out. A cutter will stand by."

"I can't do that," Ding-Dong said reasonably. "I might get hurt."

THE radio fairly crackled, "Don't tell me what you can do, mister! Keep on a level keel and fly over the beach. We'll pick you up. You hear me, mister?" Apparently Tod Mason dashed into the tower then, for the radio burst into such a torrent of questions and exclamations that Ding-Dong grew a little worried. Then Major Swain burst in again. "You, Williams," he spluttered before getting a grip on himself. "Get away from here before you crack up another plane. Head for the beach!"

Not wanting to argue, Ding-Dong shut off the radio. He couldn't very well quarrel with a major in trying to explain the great idea that had slowly rolled over him, much like fog stealing in on Casa Oro. Now, with nothing to think about except bringing the plane down lightly and politely, he had his big chance to show the Army he was real solid.

YELLOW trainers were dropping from the air like fat bumblebees. Having no wish to be part of a mass funeral the instructors brought them in so fast and smoothly Ding-Dong decided anybody could mimic them. Then, when the major saw how he had saved the plane, landing it just like in the newsreels, he would make Ding-Dong into a cadet. When he had wings of his own, Martha would be mighty sorry for the way she had acted.

Now, with all the planes out of the air, was his big chance.

"Look!" Major Swain cried. "He's heading right for us!"

He hit the floor as with one great scream of sound, Trainer 56, Private Williams at the controls, shot past the tower. He missed it, though he did get part of the pennant. When he recovered from his fright Ding-Dong found he was several miles past the field and in grave danger of hitting some oil wells. He pulled back on the stick so sharply he instantly regretted it. He was climbing so fast he couldn't even look down, what with the way it made him dizzy. When it appeared he was going to make a forced landing right in the orange sun he licked his lips and, squeezing his eyes tight, pushed the stick the other way. He went screaming earthward even faster than he had climbed. He pulled out of it at the far end of the field and, feeling a little faint, went zooming across the runways a bare ten feet off the ground.

Quite a few things happened in the next fifteen minutes.

While Martha paled in Tod's arms and Major Swain almost won the Purple Heart for apoplexy, Ding-Dong attempted three landings. The ambulance chased from one end of the field to the other while he evaded the attentions of the crash crew. The fog had nearly captured the runways in its gray grasp, which was quite upsetting, when he had just figured things out: You brought a plane in like the last eight bars of a schmaltz waltz, strictly diminuendo. Horrified instructors hotly argued as to whether he was the greatest ace since Rickenbacker or in the pay of the Japanese government as he gave the sturdy trainer a beating that almost took its wings off. He kept coming in on the downbeat and then the earth always spoiled things at the last moment by rushing past him too fast. He zoomed up like a frightened lark then, growing more and more harassed with the earth's speed.

On his last try the fog was so bad he almost clipped the PX. He was circling around wondering what to do next when he discovered he could no longer see the ground at all. He grew quite upset then, deciding he had flown in circles so long he was a little lost. He kept looking for the sun and when he couldn't find it he came down very cautiously. When he broke under the fog, he found himself thirty feet above the ocean. Huge, ugly waves slashed at his undercarriage. Frightened, he skitted right up and, not knowing which way to go, went straight ahead.

When his motor was last heard droning far out to sea the officers in the control tower looked at one another's white faces. A clock ticked.

"He had a lot of guts," Major Swain said slowly. "He gave it a try."

"YOU know I love you," Martha told Tod brokenly, "but now we'll never be able to get married. N-n-never!" Crying again, Tod put his arm around her in sorry comfort, sitting out there in his coupé. He knew now they were whipped. In the three weeks in which the Coast Guard gallantly sought Ding-Dong Williams, Martha had lost twelve pounds. Her white, anguished face had become known to every patriotic American as the lovely fiancée of the King of Swing, who had so bravely chosen death rather than endanger others. While this was entirely the editorial writers' dream, Martha was stuck with it.

"That—that's what's so awful about being a preacher's daughter," she sobbed. "You know how it would affect father if—if I forgot my place in the public eye."

"I know," Tod said grimly. Whether they liked it or not they were all celebrities now. The Last Flight of Ding-Dong Williams had gotten as much space as the Tokyo raid. The band industry's number one hero, pressure was already being exerted in Congress that when and if his battered body was found it should be proudly interred in Arlington. Half the fuselage had already been discovered swirling miles out at sea.

Not even Major Swain was left unmarked by the tragedy. From the moment the adjutant seeking Ding-Dong's next of kin had found the tragic notation that in case of accident they were just to notify Variety, he had been as interviewed as MacArthur. Feature writers and sob sisters and broken jitterbugs and magazine cameramen had torn Casa Oro apart in seeking the details of his last hours. The Reverend August Bates found himself the outstanding authority on the King of Swing's last jam session and was so heralded in Downbeat's Gold Star Edition. Three studios immediately announced they were rushing The Life of Ding-Dong Williams into production. Nine children and a jeep were named after him and, in Oakland, Henry Kaiser built the S.S. Ding-Dong Williams in three days.

Tod tried to smile as he took Martha up the steps to her door.

"Don't worry, honey. When another hero comes along we can be ourselves again. I only hope it's soon. I can't even kiss you good night for fear someone will see us!"

Had they but known it, their deliverance was only thirty miles offshore. At the moment Ding-Dong was nesting unhappily in a tree, waiting for the goats to go away. He had nothing against having crashed his

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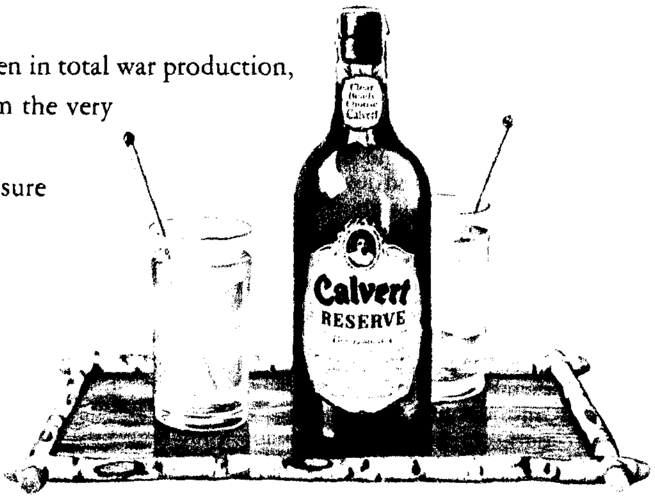
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ship on the rocky beach of this little island outside the Santa Barbara Channel, but the wild goats had been too much. When his motor had begun to cough like maybe it needed gasoline he came down again and, to his chagrin, was still over the ocean. He was investigating the little island in the lifting fog when a smashing wave ended his dilemma. Crashing against a huge, water-curled rock he had barely made it ashore as his ship broke up behind him. His three weeks since had been a long battle with the goats.

Having no other sport they chased him up and down rocks until he had found refuge in the craggy tree overhanging a cliff. While his cut eyebrow had slowly healed he was too dazed to do more than avoid them. But when he was himself again, though still distressed at the morning he awoke only to see a Coast Guard cutter chugging away from the island, he began to think about eating. All he needed was a goat. This he got by simply dropping a boulder on a querulous nanny with a gay beard. He had goat steak for dinner and pretended he liked it.

Unfortunately the goats took a very narrow view of this. The next day he found them chasing him like they meant it. He was careful not to bend over from then on. He kept near the tree and, while he was growing fretful at so much goat meat, he lasted it out. His whiskers grew until he felt like a real New Guinea flier and he kept marking the days on a stone. On the twenty-sixth day a fishing smack seeking barracuda appeared. Its captain was horrified at being hailed by a small bearded party who, not content with throwing stones to draw its attention, called, "You couldn't give me a ride, could you? I been kinda stuck here the last month."

HE WAS landed at Ventura on a bright Saturday morning and caught the first bus for Casa Oro, not even stopping for a shave. He needed his beard to convince Major Swain he had been stranded and not just going around A.W.O.L. He was very surprised when, on leaving the bus, he found the Primary School all decorated in red-white-and-blue bunting. Hundreds of cars were parked outside the grounds. Fighting his way through the mob, he saw a flag-draped platform had been erected on the field. Using his elbows in close, he finally came out near the stand.

"He is the true hero," Reverend Bates boomed, "who places others' lives above his own. His gallantry, befitting one who wears our glorious khaki, shall be remembered through the ages! His fame shall be burnished with the years!" He paused that the ladies in the vast crowd might compose themselves.

His own eyes filling, Ding-Dong stared around. He couldn't see General MacArthur anywhere. He was probably going to be undraped at the last minute. Only General MacArthur could fit this build-up.

"Now," Reverend Bates rolled on, "that he may be fittingly honored, we are about to hear one of the great musical aggregations of our time. From far and near, the skyscrapers of Manhattan and the plains of Illinois, these famed musicians, many of them leaders of world-renowned orchestras, have gathered in tribute. In this all-star band," he began to read, "Mr. Barrel-House Benny Barnes—"

Stricken, Ding-Dong knew now the war had ended while he was cooped up with those goats. How else could all the great hot men of the land have arranged to be on hand for MacArthur's homecoming? Filing onto the stand were the Messrs. Fuss Kelly, Fats Waller, Charley Barnett, T. Dorsey, Benny Barnes, Pops Kirby, Jimmy Noone and Eight-Bars Ellis. They had all brought their best men with them and glazed longing came over Ding-Dong's eyes as he counted twenty-eight men who represented all that was good and fine in swing music. If he had only gotten back a day earlier, he couldda been minus beard and sitting in himself.

"As a personal note," Reverend Bates intoned over the amplifier, "their first number will be the prime favorite of him whom we honor today. I give you the massed orchestra in their rendition of—ah—The Jazz Band Ball. I trust there will be no demonstration by the younger people."

His throat suddenly parched, Ding-Dong realized how much he had in common with General MacArthur. Jazz Band Ball was his favorite, too.

High in the shimmering heat came the wild cry of Eight-Bars Ellis' shining trumpet. With the combo beating it out behind him, Fuss Kelly's trombone socking it in there fortissimo, silence fell like a blanket over the crowd. Men removed their hats. All twenty-eight men were blasting it out, backed up by two great pianos and still nothing happened. Before they hit the first chorus Ding-Dong knew it in his stomach. His eyes blanked. Here his own best friends were laying an egg for MacArthur.

WHY, he thought brokenly, it's got no bounce. They're playing it like a dirge, yet! He was right, too. When Mr. Fuss Kelly stood up to take his chorus his lip went all of a sudden and he sat down, blubbering. Half the band couldn't keep going, faltering and fluffing. Not a man *was really sending it* away.

No longer caring what people thought of his beard, Ding-Dong climbed up the back of the stand. He hadda do something to help his pals. He dodged under the flag draping the rear and grabbed the nearest clarinet. The band was stumbling into High Society, the test piece of all great licorice-sticks, when the audience saw a castaway dart past Major Swain and take his place at the microphone. Frowsy in his tattered clothing, he put the licorice-stick to his lips. One wild lick, high and aching above that great ensemble, and he was away.

"Ding-Dong!" Benny Barnes croaked. "It's Ding-Dong with muff!"

The whole band came apart at the seams. While some cursed the stuff they had used the night before, in eight bars they all knew it had to be Ding-Dong Williams in the flesh. Nobody else could grab High Society and throw it away like that. He was so sent he never saw the rage that came over their faces. "The stinker!" Mr. Fuss Kelly roared. "Draggin' us clear out here just to show us up before people!"

Knocking themselves out, they all bit in then. The revetments of Casa Oro Primary shook under the onslaught. Women fainted. The greatest mass jam session in the history of music gave High Society the beating of a lifetime. Their wrath at Ding-Dong was so livid that each man had to personally show him where he got off. Not until they had taken seventeen choruses, shattering ear drums for miles around, did they end it in a Dixie finish that was heard clear down in Ventura.

"You guys sure gave," Ding-Dong cried rapturously. "You gave big!" And then, staring at the way they crowded in on him, "What happened?"

"What happened?" Reverend Bates thundered. "Young man, you have just broken up your own memorial service!"

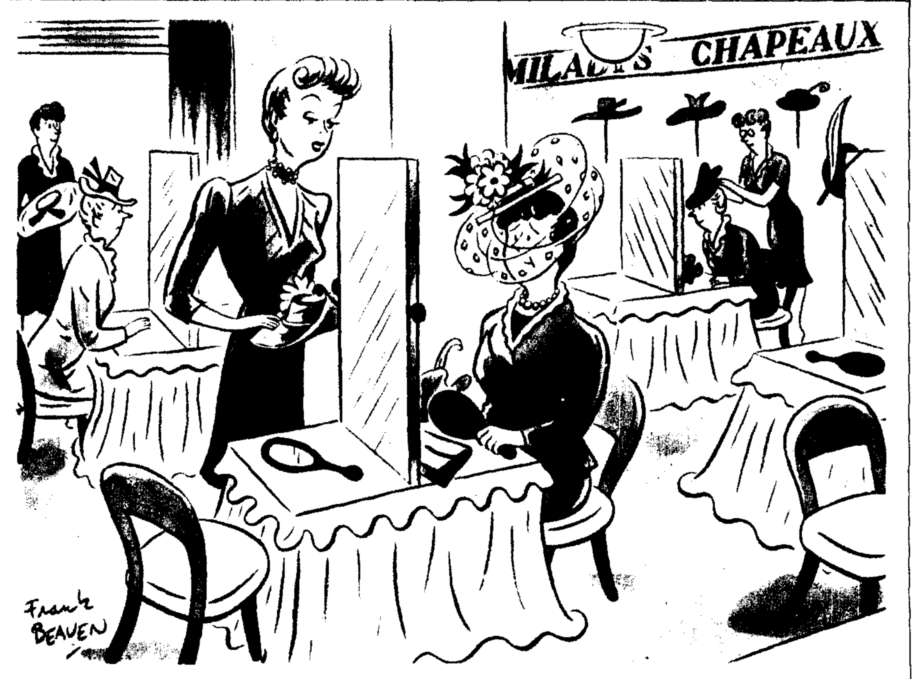
"*I beg pardon?*" *Ding-Dong* said nervously. Not until four hours later did he discover Reverend Bates had understated the case. He had to be introduced to the crowd again and again. Quite a few people insisted on pinching him, and he was black and blue by the time he finished proving he was alive. The thing that embarrassed him most was how glad Martha was to see him. "I hate to do it," he said bravely, "but I gotta tell you we're through. On the island I discovered my clarinet was what I missed most. I couldda kept the goats away with that."

Now standing in the C.O.'s office he could hardly believe his ears when the major didn't go right into that transfer business. Instead Major Swain was grasping his hand as if he was a real soldier. "Williams," he said, "no matter what else you did, you brought the Air Corps international publicity. In fact, I'm not even going to ship you."

"You mean I can stay?" Ding-Dong asked. "You mean after all these months I finally made my mark in the Army?"

"I certainly do," Major Swain cried warmly. "We're using you in a training film for the whole Air Corps—What a Pilot's *Not* to Do!"

THE END



"I'll just leave you for a few minutes while you get used to yourself"

COLLIER'S FRANK BEAVEN

Any Week

Continued from page 4

comes along with an unnecessary question I merely point to that cartoon. It saves a heck of a lot of superfluous conversation."

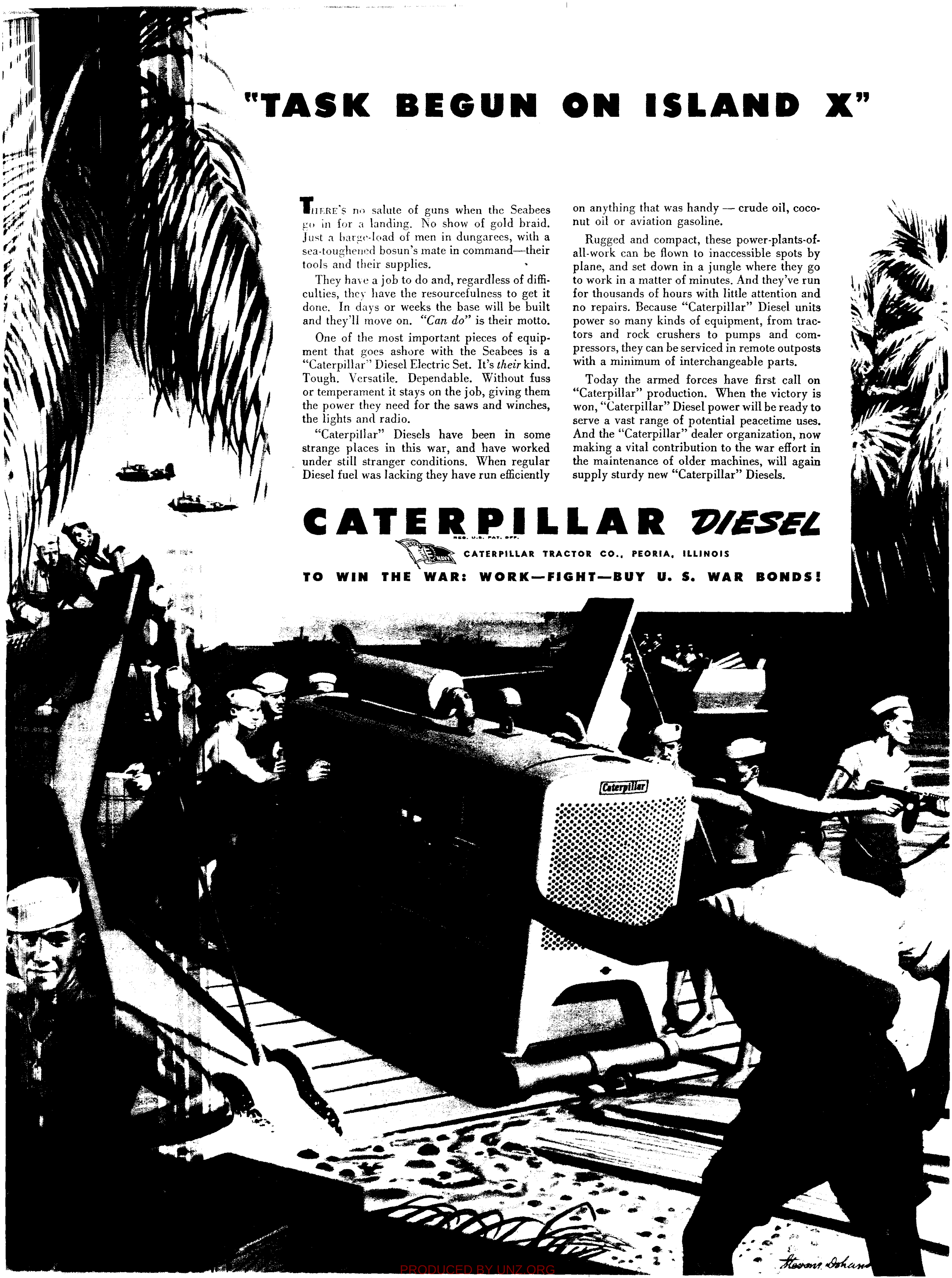
FOR years, Mr. Robert Cooke of Washington, D. C., has studied and even worried about the production and development of the human species. This is wholly within his right, being editor of the magazine of the American Genetical Society and, to boot, a eugenicist of international renown. But just at the moment, Mr. Cooke is quietly hoping that Vice-President Wallace and other large-hearted and openhanded Americans will not go too far, after the war, in their efforts to uplift certain hitherto dark-corner peoples abroad. For example, while Mr. Cooke deplores the high mortality rates in India, particularly among the young, he views with alarm the possible results were India's death rate from diseases deriving from bad or no sanitation to be reduced to our own relatively very modest rate. "Were we to do this," sighs Mr. Cooke, "there would be twelve billion Hindus in the world one hundred years hence. That is six times the present population of the world." He concludes, "That's too many Hindus."

IF YOU noticed a spell of excitement in India a while ago, it was because Collier's arrived there with that article, Here Comes Gabriel—Fighting with a Yank Tank Crew. We have just heard from Pfc. Arthur E. Fust, who, of course, never dreamed that one day he'd be in India. But there he is. That article was about Private Fust and his buddies and as we get it, was passed up and down India until that magazine just fell apart from sheer weariness. Indian politics are still something of a mystery to Private Fust and his fellow soldiers. In fact, says he, they simply can't make head or tail of it. "Collier's got there a little late, but don't be discouraged," says Private Fust. "We ain't."

WELL, that makes two of us who are having trouble with Indian politics. We've been getting a lot of letters about India. But we're none too bright; we have trouble even with these letters. But Mr. Ward P. Angram of Jersey City, New Jersey, bids us not to worry. "In fact," writes Mr. Angram, "don't pay any attention to all this international politics that Washington is trying to interest us in. That's merely an old dodge by the *Administration to* steer us away from thinking about our own domestic politics. In other words, they are trying to Lend-Lease our thinking!"

WHAT Mr. Tom Carter-Carter of Louisville, Kentucky, fears is that "One of these days an important Anglo-American conference is going to be broken up by a terse message from Joe Stalin: 'Gents, the Red army will be in Germany, Berlin-bound, tomorrow afternoon at four. Is there anything you would like me to say to anybody there?' " But it'll be more embarrassing, thinks Mr. Carter-Carter, if Mr. Stalin waits until he gets to Berlin to radio: "War's over. Regards, Joe Stalin."...

W. D.



"TASK BEGUN ON ISLAND X"

There's no salute of guns when the Seabees go in for a landing. No show of gold braid. Just a barge-load of men in dungarees, with a sea-toughened bosun's mate in command—their tools and their supplies.

They have a job to do and, regardless of difficulties, they have the resourcefulness to get it done. In days or weeks the base will be built and they'll move on. *"Can do"* is their motto.

One of the most important pieces of equipment that goes ashore with the Seabees is a "Caterpillar" Diesel Electric Set. It's *their* kind. Tough. Versatile. Dependable. Without fuss or temperament it stays on the job, giving them the power they need for the saws and winches, the lights and radio.

"Caterpillar" Diesels have been in some strange places in this war, and have worked under still stranger conditions. When regular Diesel fuel was lacking they have run efficiently on anything that was handy — crude oil, coconut oil or aviation gasoline.

Rugged and compact, these power-plants-of-all-work can be flown to inaccessible spots by plane, and set down in a jungle where they go to work in a matter of minutes. And they've run for thousands of hours with little attention and no repairs. Because "Caterpillar" Diesel units power so many kinds of equipment, from tractors and rock crushers to pumps and compressors, they can be serviced in remote outposts with a minimum of interchangeable parts.

Today the armed forces have first call on "Caterpillar" production. When the victory is won, "Caterpillar" Diesel power will be ready to serve a vast range of potential peacetime uses. And the "Caterpillar" dealer organization, now making a vital contribution to the war effort in the maintenance of older machines, will again supply sturdy new "Caterpillar" Diesels.

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TO WIN THE WAR: WORK—FIGHT—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS!

VALUE YOUR SKIN

BY MARY AINSWORTH

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PAGANO

This Persian lamb coat has the deep armholes and easy fit which make it wearable with every outfit and on every occasion. To test for these points put your arms above your head; if there is pull across the shoulders, tightness in the sleeves, the coat is too small for you. As final test, try it on over your sport suit

BOOMTIME in female pay envelopes makes 1943 a boom year in fur coats—that luxury dear to every feminine heart since the first queen trimmed her robe with ermine.

This year, furriers report with shocked incredulity, fur-coat customers are not so interested in being fashionable as they are in a good investment. This year, a woman wants her fur coat for good old-fashioned warmth and she wants it durable as well as glamorous!

This means that 1943's fur-coat customer is buying, more often than not, one of the so-called seven staple furs—known in the trade as best-wearing and most consistently favored. These, in order of customer preference over the years, are: *Muskrat, Persian Lamb, Mink, Beaver, Alaska Seal, Skunk* and *Raccoon.*

Good Persian lamb, mink, beaver or Alaska seal are in the higher price range—all the way from $300 to $3,000 and up. Muskrat, skunk and raccoon fall into a more reasonable bracket of $200 to $600 and up.

"And up," in both price brackets, allows for such things as special custom tailoring, your individual selection of perfectly matching skins, or other things which furriers can always suggest for women who have extra money to spend. "And up" does not necessarily mean better quality in so far as durability is concerned.

Certain furs are always higher priced than others because they become very fashionable. But just because a fur is high priced does not mean it's the most beautiful, most durable or best for you! Consider the chinchilla, for instance—a rumpled-looking little pepper-and-salt gray rat from Bolivia, so rare, that a coat made from his soft, perishable pelts costs around $20,000! And you'd be lucky if you got two seasons' wear from it.

It's better to buy the best quality in a lower-priced fur than a poor quality in a higher-priced fur. The best muskrat coat, dyed to look like mink, is actually handsomer, longer-wearing and more luxurious-looking at $300 than a real mink coat of poor quality selling at the same price. A really fine, long-wearing mink coat would set you back around $1,500 "and up" as high as $10,000.

How will the new fur-coat customer choose the best for her money? Even experts make mistakes on fur. However, there are some good general rules: First of all, go to a store or fur department in which you have the utmost confidence. Scrutinize the fur carefully and feel of it to be sure it is glossy or silky, is thick and evenly matched. Feel the pelt to see that it is pliable.

Concerning workmanship: Be sure that the coat skirt has a generous sweep so that you won't get "cold knees" when sitting or walking. As you walk toward a mirror, the skirt should not remain open but should open and close as you walk. If the closing is an overlap, the skirt should stay closed, except when you are sitting.

This season, of course, you should demand larger armholes since the duration style is an over-everything style. Better get your fur coat at least one size larger than your dress size—and, better yet, try it on over a suit.

Here's some detailed dope, compiled by the experts, on the seven "staples."

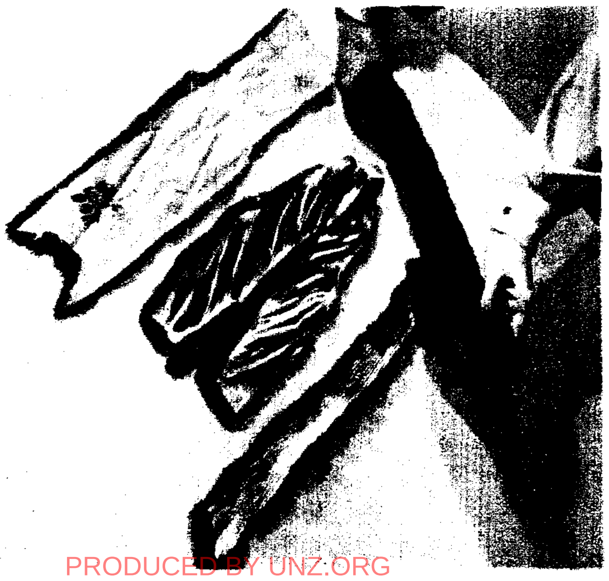
Muskrat: Considered by furriers one of the best buys. Good-quality Northern muskrat, left natural or dyed or blended to resemble mink or sable will start at $200 and wear five to six years. Southern muskrat, which will wear two to four seasons, starts at $150 for good quality—less for silver which is made of the bellies. When plucked, sheared and dyed to imitate Alaska sealskin, it is called Hudson-seal-dyed muskrat; it will wear for five or six years, and retails at a starting price of around $250.

Persian Lamb: Persian lamb, which comes from Persia, Russia and South Africa, is now scarce, due to the war. Persian has been known to shed when an occasional unscrupulous manufacturer stretches a skin too much, thus loosening the curls. If bought from a reliable furrier, a good quality Persian coat should start around $300 and go up to $1,000 and will wear five to six years. Quality in a Persian coat is judged by the tightness of the curl and its luster or gloss, as well as the softness and pliability of the leather. Tight, large curls will outwear the tight small curls although the latter costs more.

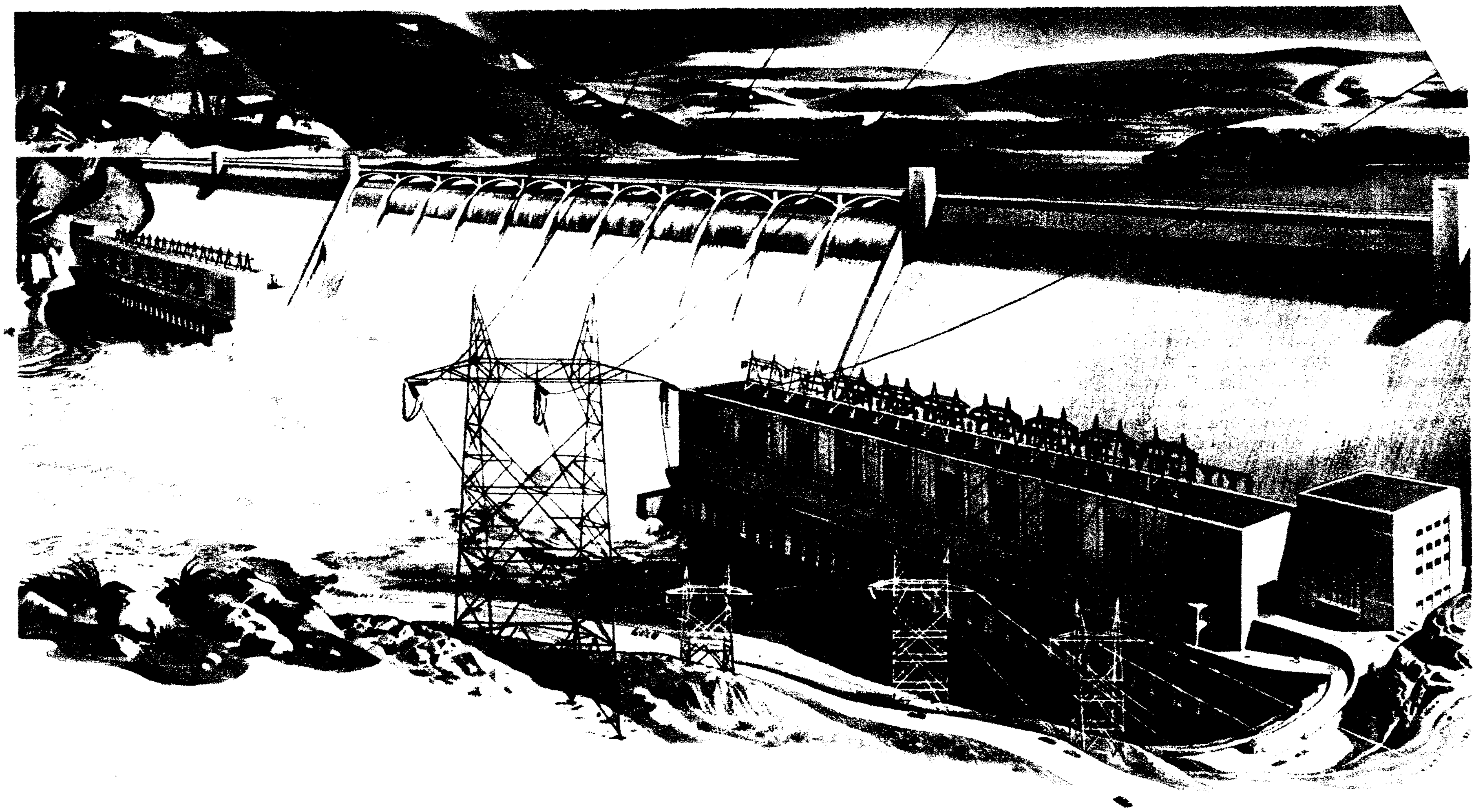
Coats made of the best Persian paws can be good-looking (resemble expensive

(*Continued on page* 42)

Left: The young lady is not so concerned over the fate of Yale as she is over her own chilblains. Her gray lamb coat has all the deficiencies that most novice buyers get stuck with—skimpy lining, narrow skirt, short sleeves. For fear of looking bulky most women buy coats which are too small and too narrow for them

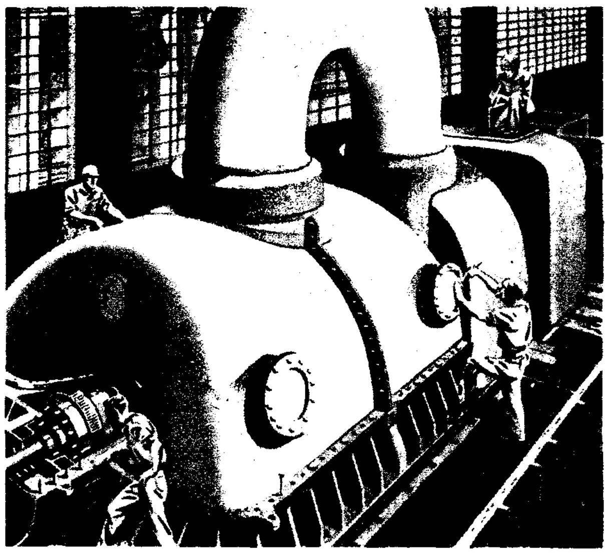


Below: This is how let-out skins are made. Reading from top to bottom are a mink skin, a skin that has been "sliced," and a skin that has been sewed together again. Purpose of the process is to make pelts stronger, more easily draped. Mink and sable coats have been let out for years; recently skunk, beaver, raccoon, muskrat, even rabbit skins get this treatment



Westinghouse generators make power for a nation at war...

From the world's largest water-wheel generators at Grand Coulee Dam—from Westinghouse steam-driven generators in power plants throughout the nation—flow billions of kilowatts of electric power to turn the wheels of America's war industry.



Westinghouse combines the power of a thousand human skills...

A workman at a lathe, a girl on an assembly line, an engineer on the test floor—theirs, and the countless other skills of 103,000 Westinghouse employes, are welded into a single great production force. Their vast experience and knowledge help to produce the vitally needed power-generating equipment to drive America's mighty war machine.

Westinghouse contributes the power of immense new knowledge...

When the incredible weapons born of wartime research are reforged for peacetime service, the daily miracles that electricity will perform are certain to create new and finer standards of living... while the cost of electricity continues to decrease as our nation's power-generating capacity continues to increase. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa. Plants in 25 cities—offices everywhere.

Action This Day

Continued from page 21

hospital. His first words well repaid me for the journey. "I was wondering," he said, "if you could get up here to see me." (Editor's note: Father Irwin has since died.)

My tour brought me to many parts of England that I had known in happier days. I went to Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon, Coventry and Bristol. The two last-named towns have suffered greatly. The ruins of Coventry Cathedral are tragic in themselves and in their significance.

Now that the Allies have the preponderance of airpower, there will be retribution and retaliation. If we could keep the spirit of revenge out of our actions, if we could continue to concentrate our operations on military objectives, if we could punish the guilty, responsible leaders who have brought disaster on their own peoples and on us, we should have an easier task of reconstruction after the war. But if we use Nazi tactics in their full malice with the full power that we are mustering by indiscriminately obliterating everything in every city, we are bound to suffer ourselves. This is my conviction. Let us win the war without destroying our victory.

So that I might have longer visits with some friends, the Apostolic Delegate invited them to luncheon and dinner. One of these was General Sikorski, that great figure of Poland, and great figure of the war. He remained for an hour afterward talking of his brave but stricken people. General Sikorski is more than Poland's prime minister. He is Poland. His people, his soldiers, his exiles, his country, place their faith in him. When he was in New York a short time ago, he was present at Mass in the sanctuary of St. Patrick's Cathedral on the Sunday morning of his departure for England. I had received some donations for charity and it did my heart good to be able to give General Sikorski a check for ten thousand dollars for his suffering countrymen. Poland's misery is so vast that this amount is only a little; but there was good will in the gift, which the general felt.

Answering the Call for Help

There are many appeals for help. In God's name and in the name of all who repose trust in me, I strive to answer all. Thus, when Prince Felix and his son Prince Jean came to luncheon, I took the opportunity to help Luxembourg. Since I last saw him in New York only two years ago, Prince Jean has grown from boyhood to manhood. He is now a student at Sandhurst and will be commissioned an officer in the Irish Guards.

Through Mr. Anthony Biddle, our accredited representative to Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Greece, Yugoslavia, the Netherlands and Norway, I was able to help the distressed people of those countries. Through Bishop Myers, I was able to help British war sufferers; and through The Stars and Stripes, the newspaper published by American soldiers, I contributed to the welfare fund of the British War Orphans.

Actually meeting people that one has long known through reading about them and reading what they have said, is fascinating. Admiral Stark was one of these figures. Meeting him the first time was like resuming an old acquaintance. So was meeting Miss Rathbone, who has been so prominent in bringing to the attention of the world the piteous plight of the Jewish people in Nazi-dominated lands. The demonstrated cruelties perpetrated on these helpless victims of racial persecution are something beyond the bounds of credibility, and rightly have aroused the indignation of the civilized world. Monsignor Shramek, the Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia, told of the conditions in his unhappy land.

I had two long talks with General Charles de Gaulle. We discussed the tragedy of France. Affection and gratitude toward France are early implanted in American hearts, and the present plight of France cannot but evoke deepest sympathy in the hearts of us all.

The last thing I did in London was to visit Bishop Amigo, the Bishop of Southwark. Bishop Amigo is very old. His lifework was the building of St. George's Cathedral. This cathedral has been completely destroyed, and it was heart-sickening to stand with him and look at the ruins, realizing his tragedy.

One conclusion of my visit to England is inescapable: The men over here are calm, determined, and sure about winning this war. No sacrifice seems too great to them if they can hope to resume the life they love in the country they love, after the war. The contributions of the lives of these men, our brothers, will be in vain, a mockery and a crime, unless we win both the war and the peace. We shall win the war by man, brain, arms and supply power. To win the peace we need the same powers plus the powers of the soul. The source and resource of all the powers of the soul is charity.

COLLIER'S "... and then sharp left again" VIRGIL PARTCH

Over the Irish Sea
April 2, 1943

My dear father: I had received many invitations to visit Ireland and, of course, I wanted to go. Colonel McChrystal, the military attaché of the American Embassy, had business in Ireland and we went along together.

Officials of Three Nations

The American minister, Mr. David Gray, met us at the airport, and brought us to the American Legation in Phoenix Park just in time for dinner. The guests were the Prime Minister, Eamon De Valera, Archbishop McQuaid of Dublin, the vice-prime minister, Sean O'Kelly, the Canadian high commissioner, John O'Kearney, the United Kingdom representative, Sir John Maffey, Monsignor Enrici and Colonel McChrystal.

Naturally, the first call I made the next morning was on Premier De Valera. Mr. De Valera is not so thin as he was the last time I saw him. He still has the appearance and the spirit of the ascetic that he is, and the manner of the professor that he was before he entered public life. In private conversation he is quiet of speech and calm in manner. He was born in New York City, and he told me that he once attended a public dinner in New York City at which he was the only born New Yorker. He is a methodical man, evidently accustomed to do many things himself which many men in similar positions would assign to others. His office is moderate in size and so is his desk, on which he has a miniature telephone exchange which he operates himself.

Southern Ireland has suffered from the war, although she is not a belligerent. Many people who criticize her because she is not actively on the Allied side, do not know perhaps that there are thousands of volunteers from Eire fighting in the British army.

In the afternoon, I went to see Archbishop McQuaid, lately appointed, of Dublin. He is very quiet, but like everyone whom I met in Ireland, was most heartily cordial. He accompanied me to the famous Seminary of Maynooth, the Foreign Mission Seminary of the Vincentian Fathers, and to his own Diocesan Seminary, the rector of which is Canon Dargan, a classmate of mine in Rome. In all seminaries I gave brief talks, asked for a holiday for the students and made a gift to the rectors so that the students might enjoy their holiday.

It was pleasant seeing the nuncio, Archbishop Robinson. I know him very well. He is an American citizen, a priest of the Franciscan Order and for many years was a professor in St. Bonaventure's College, Alleghany, New York, and at the Catholic University in Washington.

That evening a dinner was given by Premier De Valera at which were present the archbishop, the auxiliary bishop, the American minister, the vice-premier, the secretary for foreign affairs, several members of the cabinet and leaders of the various parties.

During my stay in Dublin I was busy seeing many people; some of them old friends like Mr. and Mrs. Cosgrave; some of them new ones including the president of Eire, Mr. Douglas Hyde and the Lord Mayor of Dublin.

For me, the visits that I made to the parish churches for morning Masses were most consoling. In no other place in the world that I know of, do people in such numbers regularly attend morning Masses. And many of them do not have transportation. They walk long distances, even in the rain.

I reflected upon the contrast in the hospitality with which I was received in Ireland and the way my two great-grandmothers and my grandparents left their homeland, impoverished and famished, herded like cattle in the hull of a sailing vessel. To America they gave every ounce of their strength and all their hearts' gratitude and devotion. From America they received opportunities to make homes and bring up children, teaching them love of God and country and obedience to God's Commandments and our country's laws.

When it was time to leave Dublin, Mr. Gray said that he would enjoy the ride to Armagh, a three-hour journey to the North of Ireland. I was going there to have luncheon and a visit with Cardinal MacRory. Ireland is a small country, but the differences in feelings between her people are vast and deep and sad.

An Irish Welcome

Cardinal MacRory had invited all the bishops of Northern Ireland to luncheon; and they gave me an Irish welcome! I was particularly glad to meet Bishop Farren, the Bishop of Derry, who is the vicar delegate of the United States Forces in Northern Ireland. He is young, zealous, intelligent, alert, and very much interested in the spiritual welfare of our troops.

The day was Friday, April 2d, and Cardinal MacRory told me had been fortunate enough to secure a fish for dinner. It was a large fish and reminded me of one I had seen mounted on a board in the office of a friend in the States. When some newspapermen asked me a great many questions which no human being could successfully and helpfully answer, I respectfully declined the opportunity either to be quoted or misquoted. When they still tried to press me, I pointed to the fish on the platter and told them of the mounted fish back home with its significant label which read: "If I had kept my mouth shut, I wouldn't be here."

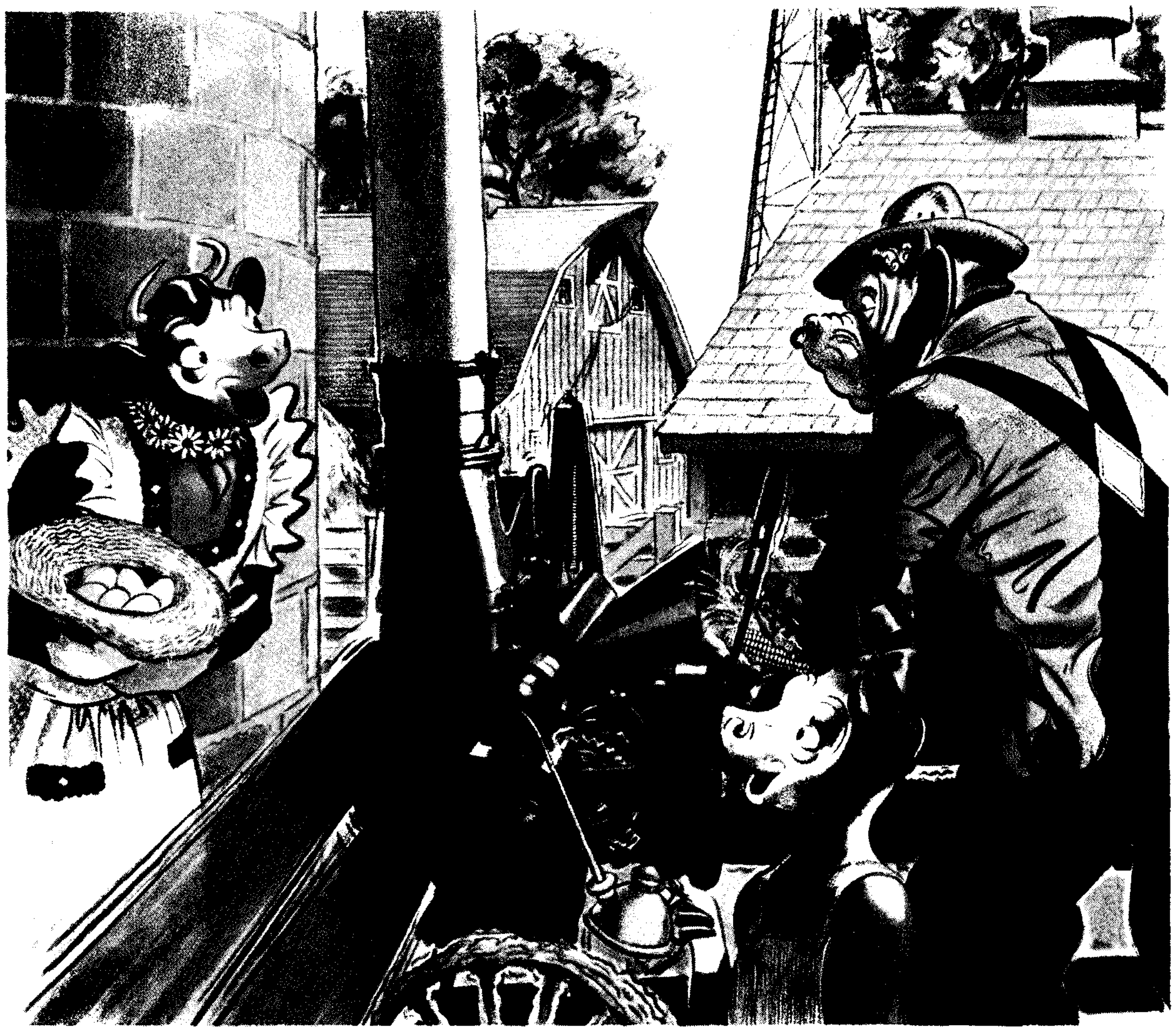
The governor of Northern Ireland, the Duke of Abercorn, had most courteously welcomed me to North Ireland.

General Edward Hill, who commanded the American Forces in Northern Ireland, invited me to his headquarters. It was teatime when I arrived and a large number of English and American officers and members of the government were present. General Hill asked me to speak to the officers, soldiers, nurses and civilian employees and I did so from the terrace of his headquarters.

Tripoli, North Africa
April 14, 1943

My dear father: It was a pleasant surprise to find real seats in the plane from Great Britain to Africa. We did not get started till midnight. It was my fifth trip across North Africa. At one stop, a chaplain helped to transfer my baggage to another plane that was leaving in seven minutes. It was late in the afternoon when I arrived at our North African Headquarters.

On Sunday, I was the guest at luncheon of Mr. Harold Macmillan, the British High Commissioner in North Africa; and in the afternoon I had an interesting hour with General Bedell Smith, General Eisenhower's Chief of Staff. Dinner on Sunday evening was at Mr. Robert Murphy's home, and the two guests with whom I had the privilege of passing the evening until late



"Don't be silly," laughed Elsie," we couldn't run a war without the farmer!"

"BUT I don't want to run a war, dawgonnit," complained Elmer, the bull. "I want to run a riveting machine. I want to do war work!"

"Well, there's no war work more important than farming," declared Elsie, the Borden Cow. "Farmers grow the food that feeds America. And that includes our fighting men. What's more, farmers turn out huge supplies of food for our allies. And they do it even though they're short of help and short of machinery. Farmers don't get the glory, Elmer, but they deliver the goods!"

"But for a man in my position to be filling a silo—" protested Elmer. "Woman, the blood of the sacred bulls of India flows in my veins and every drop of it is boiling! After all, I have my *dignity* to consider."

"Don't look now, dear," giggled Elsie, "but the stuffing in your shirt is showing. Think of it this way: the farmer you're helping is a Borden dairy farmer. And as you know, milk is man's most nearly perfect food. It's included in group 4 of the *basic* 7 food groups which the government says folks need every day. And right now, in spite of the fact that milk production last year was the heaviest in history, America is faced with a milk shortage."

BORDEN'S MILK—THE FOOD YOU DRINK!
Borden's

"Faugh!" snarled Elmer. "If it's milk this farmer wants, that's *your* job."

"Not entirely," explained Elsie. "Farm hands are what dairy farmers need most right now. You see, thousands of dairy workers are now in the armed forces and in war plants. But we need more milk than ever before, because tremendous quantities of milk are now going to our fighting men and our allies.

BORDEN'S POWDERED MILK SAVES SHIPPING SPACE!
BREADLAC BRAND POWDERED SKIMMED MILK
BREADLAC

"Incidentally, a lot of this milk is *Borden's Powdered Dry Milk*—milk nourishment so concentrated that you can put the equivalent of a quart of milk in your pocket."

"I don't want to put milk in my pocket!" yelled Elmer. "I want a job where I can use my brain!"

"It takes plenty of brains to do farm work," warned Elsie, "but, darling, I think *you* would be a lot more useful if you used your *brawn*. Just think, some of the milk and cream from this very farm may be used to make *Borden's Ice Cream.*"

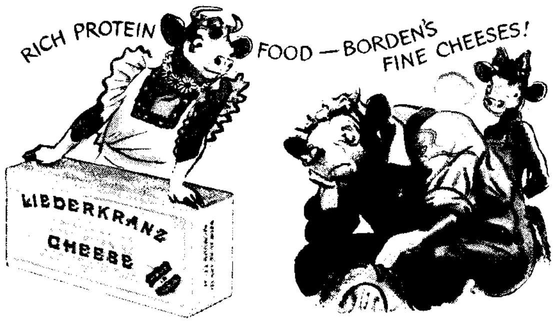
"Thunder and lightning," roared Elmer. "What kind of war work do you call helping to make ice cream cones?"

"I call it a wonderful kind of war work," said Elsie seriously. "Ice cream is not only a grand, nutritious food, it's a real treat. And it does wonders in keeping folks' spirits up . . . both in homes all over the country and in scores of army camps."

BORDEN'S ICE CREAM IS A GRAND DAIRY FOOD!

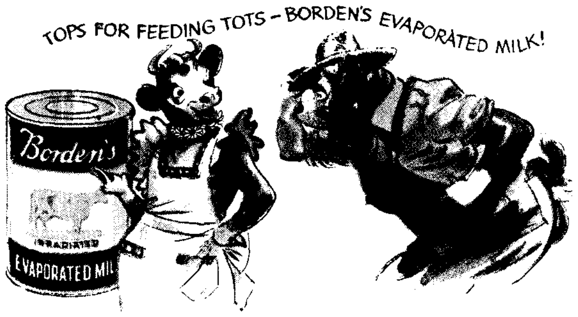
"Humph," grunted Elmer, "what does that make me—a commando in overalls?"

"Hardly," laughed Elsie. "Commandos are not only strong, they're *silent*. But I do wish you'd think seriously about the good you can do on this farm. For example, some of the milk from this dairy may be used to make *Borden's Fine Cheeses*. Cheese, you know, contains all the valuable milk proteins in concentrated form. So both soldiers and civilians need lots of it."


RICH PROTEIN FOOD — BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES!
LIEDERKRANZ
CHEESE

"All right," shouted Elmer, "all *right!* Now, if you've quite finished . . ."

"Oh, but I haven't finished," interrupted Elsie. "Do you realize how much milk is needed for *Borden's Evaporated Milk?* Or how many doctors approve this nourishing, digestible milk for the feeding of America's bumper crop of babies? Think, Elmer . . . little babies crying for milk . . . you've just got to stay on the job and help this farmer out."


TOPS FOR FEEDING TOTS - BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK!
Borden's
EVAPORATED MIL

"As I was saying when so rudely interrupted," bellowed Elmer, "if you've quite finished, will you please stand aside and let me get on with my work? If I can't fight for my country, I can at least help this farmer feed it!"

-if it's Borden's it's got to be good

ELSIE SAYS:

Buy those *extra* War Bonds, and help plow the Axis under.

© The Borden Company

All these fit in one small pocket

Take the tasty fruit in this porcelain bowl . . . luscious orange . . . tangy lemon . . . delicious pineapple . . . refreshing lime and wild cherry. Gather the flavors. Wrap in a handy, pocket-size package and you've got a Life Savers taste-treat called Five Flavor . . . TRY SOME!

If you can't always get the Life Savers flavor you want . . . it's because our soldiers and sailors and marines are getting all the Life Savers they want.

FIVE FLAVOR
LIFE SAVERS
LIFE SAVERS

Still only 5¢

at night were Admiral Hewitt, the commander in chief of our fleet in African waters, and Lord Rennell of Rodd.

We were fascinated by Admiral Hewitt's discussion of the Navy's part in the planning and the preparation for the North African campaign as well as the details of the landing. I was fortunate indeed to meet Lord Rennell of Rodd as he was able to give me very precise information and helpful advice concerning my trip to South Africa and the places that I will visit there.

Early Monday morning, April 12th, I had an all-day trip in a plane. The plane was very heavily loaded with men and materials, and there were two other civilian passengers, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sulzberger.

It is only a little more than two months now since the Italians were driven out of Tripoli, after having been there since 1911 and after having spent lives and fortunes in the development of this city and its coast-line territory. When the Italians left Tripoli on their retreat toward Tunis, they assured the population, "We will be back." They were right.

They have been coming back by the thousands. Yesterday I saw twenty thousand Italian prisoners, and several thousand German prisoners herded together in a barbed-wire enclosure. These prisoners were working at digging holes like shallow cellars, over which tents are placed to serve as hospital wards. These hospital wards are ingeniously made because the cellars are three feet deep and the tent placed above them gives more air space and also more working space. The patients are likewise protected because the beds are below the level of the ground, and thus the danger of injuries from the explosion of enemy personnel bombs is diminished.

First Aid for the Wounded

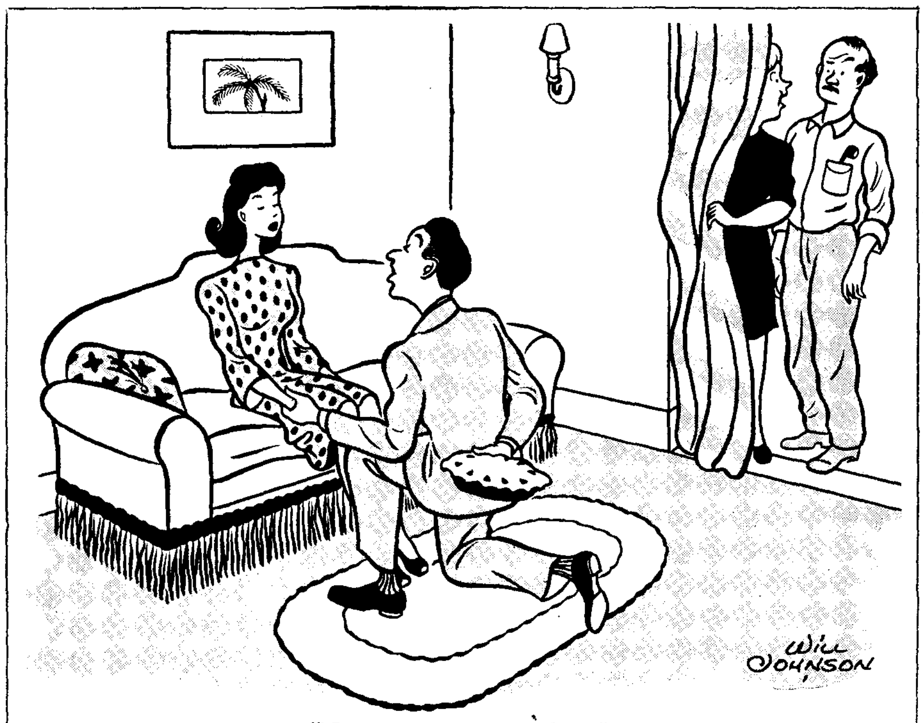
I have already told you of the wonderful system of air evacuation of our wounded. Serious cases, especially those with head or abdominal injuries, are evacuated to fully equipped, superbly manned base hospitals.

From dressing stations that are actually under fire, the wounded are brought in ambulances to field hospitals, which are as close to the front as is possible without being within shell range. In these field hospitals, which are in tents prominently marked with red crosses, emergency surgery, such as the setting of bones, is done. Out of one hundred wounded who arrive at field hospitals, approximately ninety-nine lives are saved. This achievement is due to the bravery of the men in the Medical Corps, the skill of the surgeons and nurses, and the use of the sulfa drugs and blood plasma. In this matter of saving lives, the home front, also, makes its contribution in many evident ways, not the least of which is the wonderful response that men and women have given to appeals for donations of blood.

At the Castel Benito airport I was met by an American officer and General Lush, the British Administrator of Civil Affairs of that area. General Lush lives in the house in which General Balbo resided.

We went to call on General Robertson, commanding general of Tripoli. He is a son of General Robertson of the last war. From General Robertson's office one gets a full view of the harbor of Tripoli. Like Casablanca, it is a sorry sight with sunken, half-sunken and damaged ships of all types. A convoy had just come to Tripoli. Sfax had been taken only a few hours before, but its harbor was not yet in use, and Tripoli was still the base for supplying men and materials to General Montgomery.

After his brilliant successes at El Alamein, along the Egyptian coast and in Libya, General Montgomery reached Sousse yesterday on his way to Tunis. The achievements of the famous Eighth Army and Montgomery are already legendary. But they are also very actual. He does not move until he is fully prepared to move and certain of success. When his army starts, it is an irresistible moving wall. He says quite openly what he is going to do, and then does it. His forces are co-ordinated with the Ninth United States Air Force, under command of Major General Lewis H. Brereton.



"He must expect a refusal"

COLLIER'S WILL JOHNSON

I mentioned that a convoy had arrived in Tripoli harbor. In all probability it meant an air raid. We had been told that, when the raid came, we would go outside the city along the water front to see it. After supper I went down to the cathedral to arrange for Mass the next morning. I had just returned when the warning sounded. We got into an automobile and started away to watch the raid.

Suddenly the sky became streaked with powerful searchlights sweeping across the darkness. Antiaircraft fire began immediately. Our planes were already in the air, for the raid was predictable. Even if it were not, they would be on patrol.

This raid was comparatively insignificant. There were only fifteen enemy planes involved in the attack. At them were thrown a hundred tons of antiaircraft fire.

War a Contagious Disease

But there is nothing about all this business that is insignificant to me. I have seen the victims of the rain of fire and steel, and I have seen war's devastation. I have also been gripped with anguish as I tried to keep on counting returning planes that did not come. I know that the contagion of disease and sin is the worst disease which can attack the world. War is a contagious disease. I do hope that America and Americans will have enough of the spiritual and enough spirit to win the war without contracting the diseases of war.

But I am forgetting—or am I?—that I am watching an air raid. Now a searchlight picks up a plane. The plane tries to evade. Other lights streak on him. He is caught. Shells burst above, below, beside, before, behind, all round the plane. The plane is hit. Sparks trail behind. The plane begins to fall, gradually at first and then the final plunge. The raid is soon over, and the general and I go back to town.

CAIRO, EGYPT
April 21, 1943

My dear father: We flew to Malta in a small Lockheed plane manned by boys from Ontario and Alberta in Canada, and Sydney, Australia.

Malta has always stood for something good in history and in courage. The Knights of St. John, of Jerusalem, driven from Rhodes by the Turks, took refuge in Malta. And in 1565, Malta's name and Malta's fame first became a symbol of courage. The Grand Master of the Knights, La Valette, with six hundred of his companions and five thousand natives, successfully held Malta against the Turks until aid came from Sicily.

Malta has suffered the most intensive bombing of the war, approximately seventeen hundred attacks up to the present. On two occasions it was in the direst peril. To think that when the war broke out, there were only three fighter planes on Malta, which the inhabitants named Faith, Hope and Charity! To think that day after day, from out the sun, came hostile planes to attack; and that the closest friends of the island were more than one thousand miles away either in Gibraltar or in Egypt! To think of all this and to consider that Malta still remains unbeaten and untaken is to realize that Malta has given us one of the great stories of the war. Fortunately for Malta, all her houses are of stone construction and, even though destroyed, they did not burn. Three out of every four houses in Valletta have been damaged, and the other two cities of Vittoriosa and Senglea are glaciers of ruins.

Because of the character of the construction and the strong shelters, the casualties were comparatively few. Fifteen hundred people have been killed in Malta, which amounts to slightly less than one person per air raid. This fact is surprising when one realizes that, with the exception of the small principality of Monaco, which has more than 5,000 people to the square mile, Malta is the most densely populated of any country, with 2,227 persons in the same area. Belgium has 702 persons per square mile; Great Britain, 468; Japan, 376; and the United States, 36.

I was happy to have this opportunity to visit Malta. Long interested in that island, I had often traveled around it, but had never before reached it. Lord Gort is the governor general, and both His Excellency and his staff made me feel completely at home.

Somehow or another, Lord Gort seems to me to be the embodiment of Malta's spirit never to surrender. He is above the age of commanders of armies in combat service, but any one of them would find himself pressed to equal in activity this man who has not only the military responsibility for Malta's defense, but also for the administration of Malta's civic affairs. Lord Gort is a reserved man, but nevertheless a friendly man. He plans everything with the greatest detail. As soon as I reached Malta, he handed me a two-page schedule of a suggested program for my two-day stay in Malta and asked me if I approved of it. Of course I did. And he accompanied me in the carrying out of most of it. He did his own work in snatches while he was so generously giving his time to me.

The 15th of April was George Cross Day in Malta, the day on which the civilian Victoria Cross was conferred by the King, not on an individual or individuals but on a whole people, "to bear witness to a heroism and devotion that will long be famous in history." I said Mass that morning in the cathedral, the church of the Knights of Malta. In this Mass, naturally, I prayed for the members of the American association of the Knights of Malta, both living and dead, every single one of whom I know or knew personally.

After breakfast at the governor's palace, I visited the dockyard. When I spoke a few brief sentences to the assembled workers, they all greeted me most warmly. Because of the frequent air raids, these workers and their families live in tunnels that they have themselves hewn or that were hewn in past, forgotten ages. There are chambers cut in the tunnels, and families live in them; in every niche there is a little shrine, generally of Our Lady of Victory. For three years this has been going on.

Everyone is Rationed

Malta is taking no chances. While I was visiting the dockyards, there was a drill with gas masks. Everyone donned them and kept on working. Malta has every possible bit of its land under cultivation, for Malta knows the value of food. Everyone from Lord Gort and the archbishop is strictly rationed for everything.

It was most impressive to hear the story of the defense of Malta from those who had participated in it, to hear from them about the raids averaging four each day for well-nigh two years, to hear of the turn in the tide, when finally fighter planes arrived in Malta from English and American carriers, and offered the first opposition to the surprised attacking forces, which lost three out of four of their planes. The Battle of Malta was won then and there, and for long periods since, there have been only "nuisance raids," as they are called.

Archbishop Caruana brought me to several churches and religious institutes and also to visit the bay where St. Paul was shipwrecked. Never in any place in this world, with the exception of Ireland, have I seen such large numbers of evidently devout people as in Malta.

In taking leave of Malta, I knew that the Knights of Malta in America, whose chaplain I am, would wish me to do something charitable in their name and with their means, so I gave Lord Gort and Archbishop Caruana a check for five thousand dollars to provide extra rations of milk for the children of the island. Once more I was back in the transparent nose of the airplane looking down on Malta and reflecting on the epic of Malta, a symbol of knighthood, charity and courage. Soon the rim of Africa appeared. We passed over Homs, with the ships sunk in its harbor, trenches bitten into its sands, and gardens sweated into the desert by Italian peasants. Along the shores of the Mediterranean, we flew back to one of its jewels which is Tripoli. I made quick connections for Medenine, then went on to Sfax where Father McGarity, chaplain of one of our bombardment groups, and I occupied one of the few rooms in the town that were left intact. Of course, there was no electric light in Sfax but

Father McGarity and I had some candles. The room was another one of those in which Rommel had slept but this time he or someone else had taken along the bed, so we both used sleeping rolls, which were fine.

We visited the harbor area, and then flew on to the most advanced airfield in operation. From there we went forward in an auto over roads but lately used by retreating German troops. All bridges had been blown up.

It is amazing to see the tremendous number of mines that have been used to slow up the Allied advance. They are very dangerous to handle.

At the Advanced Headquarters of the Desert Air Task Force, I was the guest of Colonel Thomas Darcy, who lived in All Saints parish, Roxbury, when I was stationed there.

We were encamped not far from Sousse, which is a completely devastated city. It is also a deserted city, as the Germans had just recently abandoned it and the Allies were moving up.

Tom Darcy drove me to Sousse on Palm Sunday and was one of those in attendance at the services. The Liberator plane in which I flew to the airfield nearest the front was called "Old War Horse," and the bombing force to which it belonged is called "Earthquakers." One readily admits the aptitude of the name when one sees the damage wrought in Sfax and Sousse, with boats sunk and overturned, buildings crumbled, trains overturned and destroyed, and with streets a mass of rubbish and rubble. I have seen many ghastly sights—in harbors filled with broken ships, some of them still smoking, some ships over on their sides like the Normandie, others with masts just protruding, some with prow up, and some stern up: all bizarre monuments to man's great ingenuity in construction and destruction.

The camouflage for the airplanes in the western desert air forces is pink instead of the green with which we are familiar in the States, as pink blends softly into the desert colors. These planes are called "pink elephants."

Evidences of war and war's ruin are everywhere, even in the desert, for war has passed through this area so recently that the sands have not yet covered its wounds, its scars and its debris. The honored dead are laid to rest, sometimes gathered together in little cemeteries, sometimes placed, as in the case of airplane accidents, upon the site where the plane crash occurred.

These crashes occasion most trying tasks for the chaplains. Just today I learned of one performed by Father Francis J. Early, of the diocese of Indianapolis. A plane that had crashed was undiscovered for over six weeks.

It was finally located high on the side of a precipitous mountain. Father Early and those with him climbed the mountain, with loose shale and narrow shelves for footing, and finally reached the bodies of the victims. They were identified and buried, and crosses were placed over the graves.

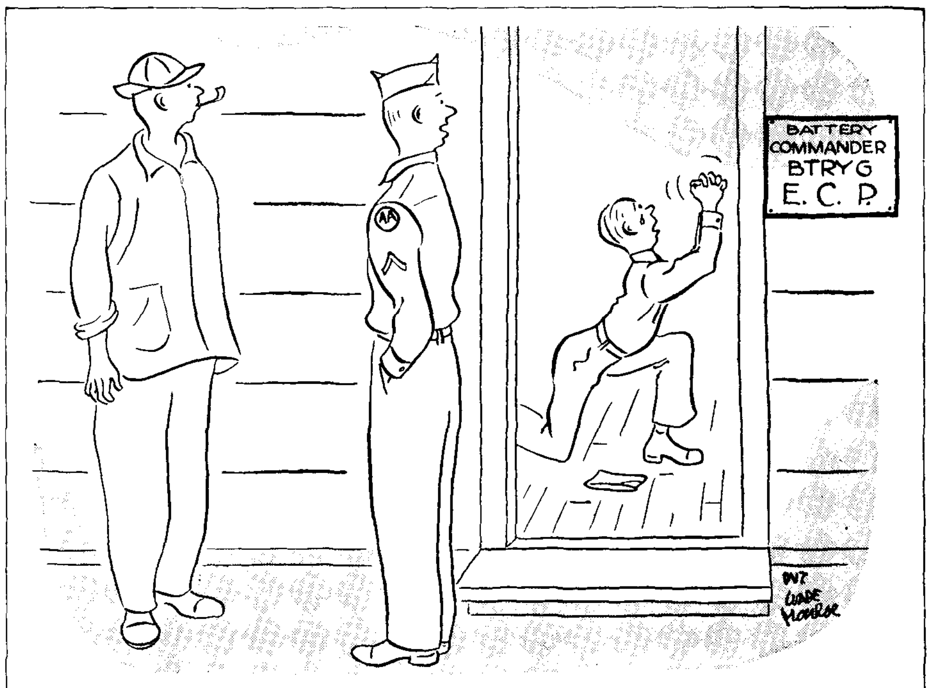
As the Germans and the Italians retreated into Tunisia, they abandoned great quantities of material. This fact and other indications reveal that the Germans are in a desperate condition and cannot resist much longer. One of the things showing that all is not well with the German and Italian war machine—at least not as well as it was formerly—is the fact that among the abandoned supplies are bombs made of concrete. These crude bombs with metal fins bolted to them are uneconomic in a military sense because they do not cause damage proportionate to the danger incurred. In the earlier days of Nazi war domination all bombs were of machine-tooled steel.

Special Treat for Dinner

By jeep, peep, auto and plane, I returned to Tripoli for one night. I met Major General Lewis H. Brereton. General Brereton has been stationed all over the world. At present he commands all the Middle East. He is a general who goes about everywhere to see conditions for himself. He is small, stocky, alert, incisive and seems full of energy—compressed energy! In honor of General Brereton's visit, General Strickland had a special dinner with flower decorations on the table in the form of a propeller. We also had ice cream, the first I had since leaving the States.

Once more I am in the air on my way from Tripoli to Benghazi, following the Mediterranean coast line, seeing occasional convoys of ships in the water and trucks on the roads, seeing the sand dunes of the desert in ripples, in waves and in mountains, seeing occasional groups of nomads that, somehow or other, have escaped destruction in the onrushings of armies, seeing great stretches of sand, great patches of salt, occasional splashes of vegetation.

We went along the line of march of Rommel and Montgomery. The plane flew very low, and it was easy to recall different stages and different stories of the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**FOR MOST STYLES

TO A LADY WHO'S NEVER KNOWN THE WONDERS OF PEACE...

You don't remember those Sunday drives . . . those picnics at the beach . . . you were too little.

You don't remember your father without a uniform . . . he looked nice in sports clothes.

You don't remember the days when people enjoyed good living, wholesome pleasures . . .

. . . Things like music—that wasn't made for marching! Like a symphony filling the night with rich and magic sounds.

You've been cheated, dear lady . . . cheated by greed and hate and ugliness.

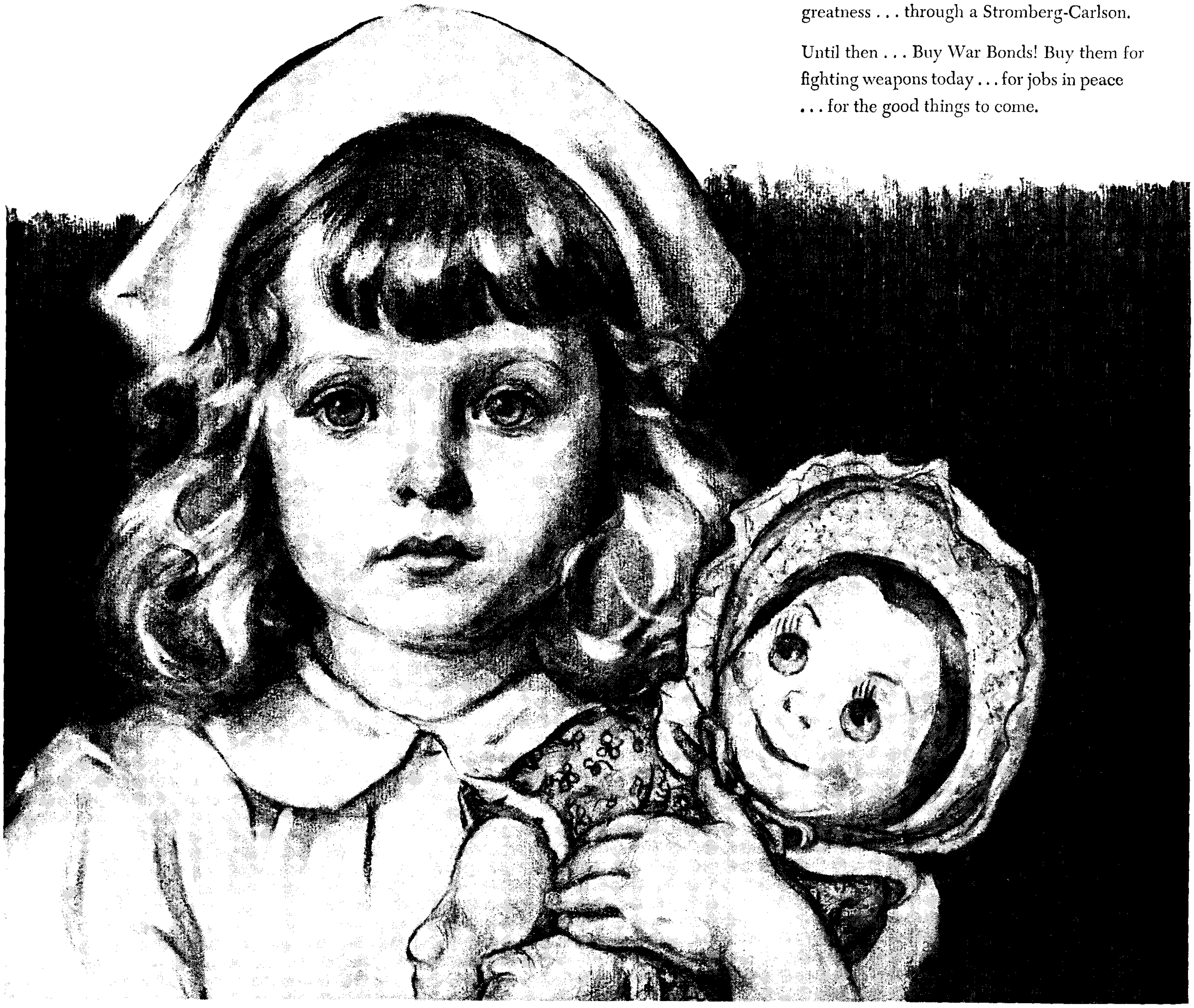
But we'll make it up to you . . . somehow . . . sometime . . . when it's all over.

Today, more than ever, thoughtful parents realize the need of fine music for their children.

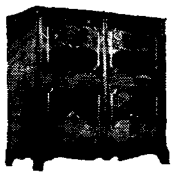
Right now, we at Stromberg-Carlson are making only communications equipment for war. Tomorrow, we'll bring you the finest radios we've ever made.

When that "tomorrow" comes, we hope you'll think of us . . . we hope you'll give your child the benefits of fine music in all its greatness . . . through a Stromberg-Carlson.

Until then . . . Buy War Bonds! Buy them for fighting weapons today . . . for jobs in peace . . . for the good things to come.



When you consider your postwar radio, it will be good to remember that a Stromberg-Carlson gives you the benefits of half a century of experience . . . The skill that pioneered in the magic of FM Radio . . . plus new developments that have come out of our research and work for war. Today we're proud to be among those who have won the Army-Navy "E." Tomorrow we'll be proud to make fine radios and communications equipment for you.



In War and Peace . . . there is nothing finer than a

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long advances and long retreatings of El Agheila.

In Benghazi, it was interesting to see the American chalk marks over the German chalk marks, indicating quarters of various officers. The Americans would not bother to rub out the old marks indicating that this was the office of the commanding officer of such and such a German organization. They simply wrote over, in chalk, the corresponding American command.

My flight to Cairo was a most interesting experience, for the pilot of the plane, Colonel Chris H. W. Reuter of Florida, was extremely familiar with the territory and its history. He was considerate and informative. We circled over the city, over the site of the "River Styx," and over Derna. We flew at low altitude, and saw everything with almost as great detail as if we were in an automobile. We circled several times over the harbor and city of Tobruk, over Sidi Barrani, Matruh, El Alamein and all the places that we read about during the several back-and-forth advances made along the North African coast. Finally we were over the Nile and Cairo where I shall leave you temporarily.

In the fourth installment of Archbishop Francis Spellman's travels, *to be published next week*, New York's ranking Catholic prelate leaves Cairo for an Easter visit to the Holy Land and the Middle East

The Week's Work

George Creel

COLLIER'S editors were curious to know how George Creel happened to meet up with Mr. B of Poland's underground (whose story, Revenge in Poland, appears on p. 11), but that is Creel's own secret. We do know that Creel has a wide acquaintance among the influential and the well-informed. His background is rich with the stuff that good articles are made of. He was the vigorous editor of three newspapers in Kansas City and Denver before President Wilson called on him to head the Committee on Public Information in World War I. He is the author of eleven books on public affairs, one of which, Uncle Henry, is a compilation of his popular series of Washington articles in Collier's.

Reviewing his busy career, Creel said, "That I'm still able to go at top speed—at least I call it that—is largely due to the fact that I travel light, carrying neither prides nor regrets over from the past."

Writing about anybody or anything in Washington, Creel says, "is not a job but a gamble. Before the article can be put to type, the chances are that the man *will* have disappeared or the policy changed. I've worn out three ouija boards already, and am now trying to borrow a crystal globe from Henry Wallace.

"Now and then, fortunately, sanity is saved by a foreigner. As when I met the young head of the Polish underground."

Part II of Revenge in Poland will appear next week.

Frank D. Morris

MORE firsthand information about the Pacific is contained in Frank D. Morris' newest (Surprise Party, p. 14). A Collier's staffer for years, Morris had a taste of the sea when he attended the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and he's getting more than a taste of it now, bouncing around on the ocean wave as a Navy correspondent. Unlike many correspondents, tall and handsome Morris looks as if he were born to wear a uniform.

He is going to get some good news out there on the Pacific. His newly published book, Pick Out the Biggest, got glowing reviews as one of the most fascinating stories to come out of the war. It tells of the grand career of the cruiser Boise, whose hearty skipper, "Iron Mike" Moran, loved to shout out his famous words, "Pick out the biggest, then start firing." That's what his crew did, to the devastation of the Japanese.

NAZI-INFESTED Argentina, the subject of Edward Tomlinson's current article (p. 15), is the only one of the Latin-American republics that has not yet seen fit to co-operate with the United Nations.

Tomlinson placed a bet on Latin America in 1922—and his winnings are still coming in. In that year, when few Americans were interested in the countries to the south of us, he made his first visit to South America, became convinced of its importance to the United States, and decided that disseminating information about it was to be his career.

Since then he has lectured, broadcast and written thousands of words (including 13 Collier's articles) about the 20 republics in that other America. To gather information he has flown more than 200,000 miles, has covered every Pan-American conference since 1928. He actually serves as an unofficial envoy from this country.

On one occasion, when he resumed his Other Americas radio program, Secretary of State Cordell Hull wired his congratulations and L. S. Rowe, director general of the Pan-American Union, praised Tomlinson for his contribution to an enlightened public opinion. ★★★

"Surprise Party"

Continued from page 14

warming up. There was no trace of the sun when the first bomber roared across the deck and climbed into the air, leaving a trail of fiery blue behind it. The last plane to join this rendezvous high above the task force completed an arrowhead formation which then sped toward Marcus Island, a hundred miles away.

The erstwhile friendly weather was superfluous, almost dangerous now. During this entire operation, not a breath of wind was stirring, which made launchings hazardous for the heavily bomb-laden planes; the haze that surrounded the task force blotted out the horizon, hampering the pilots' efforts to get their bearings. However, they all got off without mishap, and before the first wave had disappeared from view, a second squadron was warming up on another carrier. From then on, an almost endless chain of bombers, fighters and torpedo planes carrying bombs connected the carriers with our island objective.

Vengeance Strikes at Dawn

"There it is, boys—on the port side! This is Dave attacking. Follow me!" A squadron leader spoke into his radio transmitter. The time was 6:03 A. M. Five minutes later, with sunrise a half-hour away, the dark stillness of Marcus was broken by a cascade of incendiary bombs. The fires started by these lighted up the surrounding targets for succeeding waves of planes to smack with explosive bombs. Then all at once, the tranquil island became an active volcano, erupting hunks of buildings, landing strips, trucks and flaming fuel tanks high into the air.

All this provided a fitting background for the debut, in combat, of a new American fighter plane—the Grumman Hellcat. "Sitting up" above the little island, directing the attack, Commander Jimmy Flatley saw seven twin-engined Jap bombers lined up on a runway and he ordered the fighters to go down and strafe them.

Immediately, four Hellcats swooped low over the parked Mitsubishis, sprinkled them with .50-caliber confetti, and circled around for another strafing run. The sleepy Jap pilots and ground crews were trying frantically to get their planes into the air when a deluge of steel descended on them. Within ten minutes, the seven Mitsubishis, their gas tanks riddled and set afire, were transformed into geysers of flame and smoke.

The attack continued through nine hours of daylight. For most of the pilots, this was their first crack at the enemy and they made the most of it. Some three hundred runs were made by the Hellcats and more than 150,000 rounds of ammunition were expended.

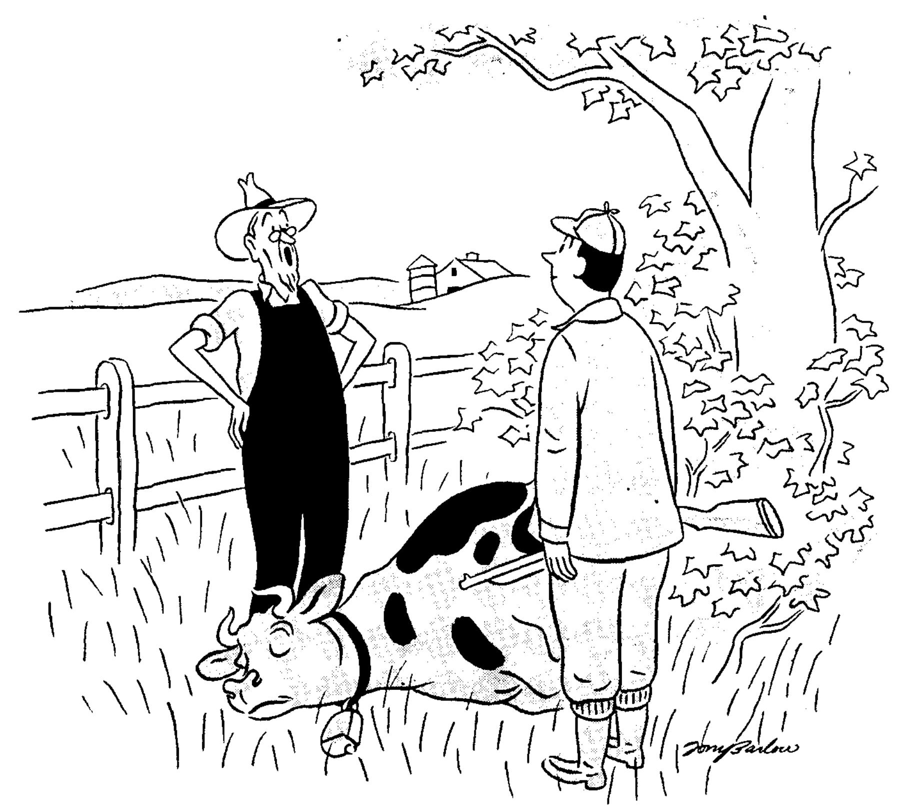
The bombers got in their dibs, too, spilling 150 tons of bombs where they would do the most harm. Most of these were dropped by the Dauntless dive bombers and they included a liberal amount of delayed-action bombs, which would detonate hours later to confound the surviving Jappies. The Avenger torpedo bombers also carried surprise cargoes in their fat bellies—one-ton blockbusters. It was the first time bombs of this size had been used by carrier-based planes.

It was strictly a one-sided battle. Although antiaircraft batteries on the island opened up shortly after the first planes attacked, most of them were quickly put out of action by strafing Hellcats, and succeeding waves were met by only sporadic ack-ack. There was no fighter-plane opposition, either. Our low-flying pilots could see revetments which, from their size, obviously were built to house Zeros, but were unoccupied.

This absence of fighters showed clearly we had caught the Japs with their guard down. The only enemy surface craft encountered was a trawler patrolling offshore, with a Japanese flag painted on its bow. News of this reached us when the pilot of a torpedo plane radioed he was in trouble.

"This is Andy," he reported, "I'm making a forced landing near the patrol boat they're shooting at."

This forced landing, incidentally, gave Mathilda and her crew their minor bid for glory. The rest of the show had been going off smoothly, but our ship, as part of the supporting cast, had done nothing spectacular. Although there was plenty of time for the Marcus garrison to sum-



"Well, young feller, that'll be $140 and about 5,000 points!"

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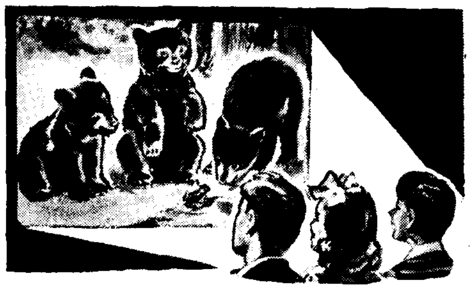
"THREE LITTLE BRUINS"



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mon bombers from near-by bases, none came out to face our poised guns. As the hours went by, all was as quiet as Sunday in the First National Bank.

Finally a message arrived from the flagship to break this monotony. Our captain was ordered to launch our two SOCs (scout observation planes) in an attempt to rescue the Avenger's crew. They had taken to their rubber boat, and our SOCs, which are slow-flying seaplanes, were to land on the water and pick them up.

In short order, the two planes (which Mathilda's crew fondly call their Luftwaffe) were shot from catapults, and the pilots laid a course for the spot where the rubber boat had last been seen. For more than an hour they searched the area, but found no trace of the boat or its occupants. Dejectedly they returned to the cruiser and were hoisted aboard.

Late in the afternoon, the last plane landed back aboard the carrier. Then Task Force Zero, its job completed, started to high-tail it back to base thousands of miles distant. Again the elements were kind to us. Thick black clouds rolled out of the west and wrapped us in a cloak of driving rain to cover our withdrawal. This storm continued until well after nightfall.

"Secure from general quarters." This welcome call was sounded at 8:30 that night. For more than seventeen hours, Mathilda's crew had been glued to their battle stations, eating catch-as-catch-can meals and voicing futile challenges to the unseen enemy to come out and fight if only to relieve the boredom. There was no need to sound taps; men drugged with fatigue crawled into bunks and promptly passed out. They didn't even hear the hollow booming sounds later in the night, as one of the destroyers reported a submarine contact and dropped depth charges.

The next day our flagship announced the box score of the raid, based on reports and aerial photographs submitted by the pilots. Four fifths of the island's equipment—barracks, administration building, runways, fuel-storage tanks, radio station, planes and trucks—had been destroyed, and a trawler sunk. The Jap human casualties were judged to be proportionate. Task Force Zero had lost three planes—two fighters and a torpedo bomber.

Promise for the Future

From an analysis of the day's operations, the more significant facts can be gleaned: Japan's frontier, extending thousands of miles, is vulnerable; the nonexistence of planes in quantity and of surface ships at Marcus indicates how thinly Japan's air and sea power is spread to defend that frontier; President Roosevelt's recent promise of an Allied attack on Japan from four points of the compass is no idle boast; the accelerated growth of our naval and air strength will hasten the date of such an attack.

Radio Tokyo has contributed one more item to this summary—an item which proves that the raid scared hell out of the Jap high command. While the attack was still in progress, the radio loud-speaker in Mathilda's wardroom brought us the clipped words of a Tokyo announcer: "Many enemy planes raided Minamitori Shima at dawn today. They could have raided the mainland if they wanted to. So the people of Japan must further solidify their defense against the enemy."

THE END

Value Your Skin

Continued from page 32

Persian broadtail), cost around $125 or $150 and last two to four seasons.

Mink: A good mink coat with well-matched skins will give you from seven to ten years' wear.

All full-skin mink coats are made with let-out pelts and sometimes blended to bring out the full beauty in coloring. Whether natural or blended, a mink will fade after three or four years and have to be reblended for about $150.

Don't turn up your nose at mink coats or jackets made from paws, gills (brown and white side pieces of neck), sides and tails. Although lacking the lovely stripes, softness and texture of the full, let-out skins they will wear almost as well as the best mink coats and cost only $300 or $350 and up for good quality . . . even less for the bushy, hardy coat of mink tails.

Beaver: A good beaver coat wears eight years or more, is extra warm and will cost around $600 to $1,000 and up. The best beaver, caught in the right season, and from Labrador, Eastern United States or Quebec—will have dense, dark-colored fur. All beaver skins are let-out. The smaller the skins, the more labor cost, shown by more stripes in the coat—and a higher price. Beaver is considered by the furriers an excellent investment.

Alaska Seal: A fine Alaska sealskin today will cost you from $595 to $1,000 and up, and should wear from seven to eight years. Look for a sealskin with considerable luster, as against one with a dingy dull look. Alaska sealskin must be United States dyed and dressed or it is "bootleg" seal.

Skunk: Don't look down on the good old skunk. It has no scent except a slight one due to the dye when it gets wet—and this lasts only a short time. All skunk coats wear about equally well—seven years or more. A good one starts at around $250, and is natural or tipped. With natural skunk, the short white stripe is cut out and the leather sewed up and lightly dyed so it won't show through. A tipped skunk is one in which the white stripe is also cut out, but the inferior quality of the brown color requires a light dye for the fur as well as the leather. The white stripes that are removed are made into plates, dyed black and used for cheap "skunk stripe" coats.

A dyed skunk coat is made up of skins that cannot have the stripe removed because it is too large, or of poorer skins, which are dyed solid black.

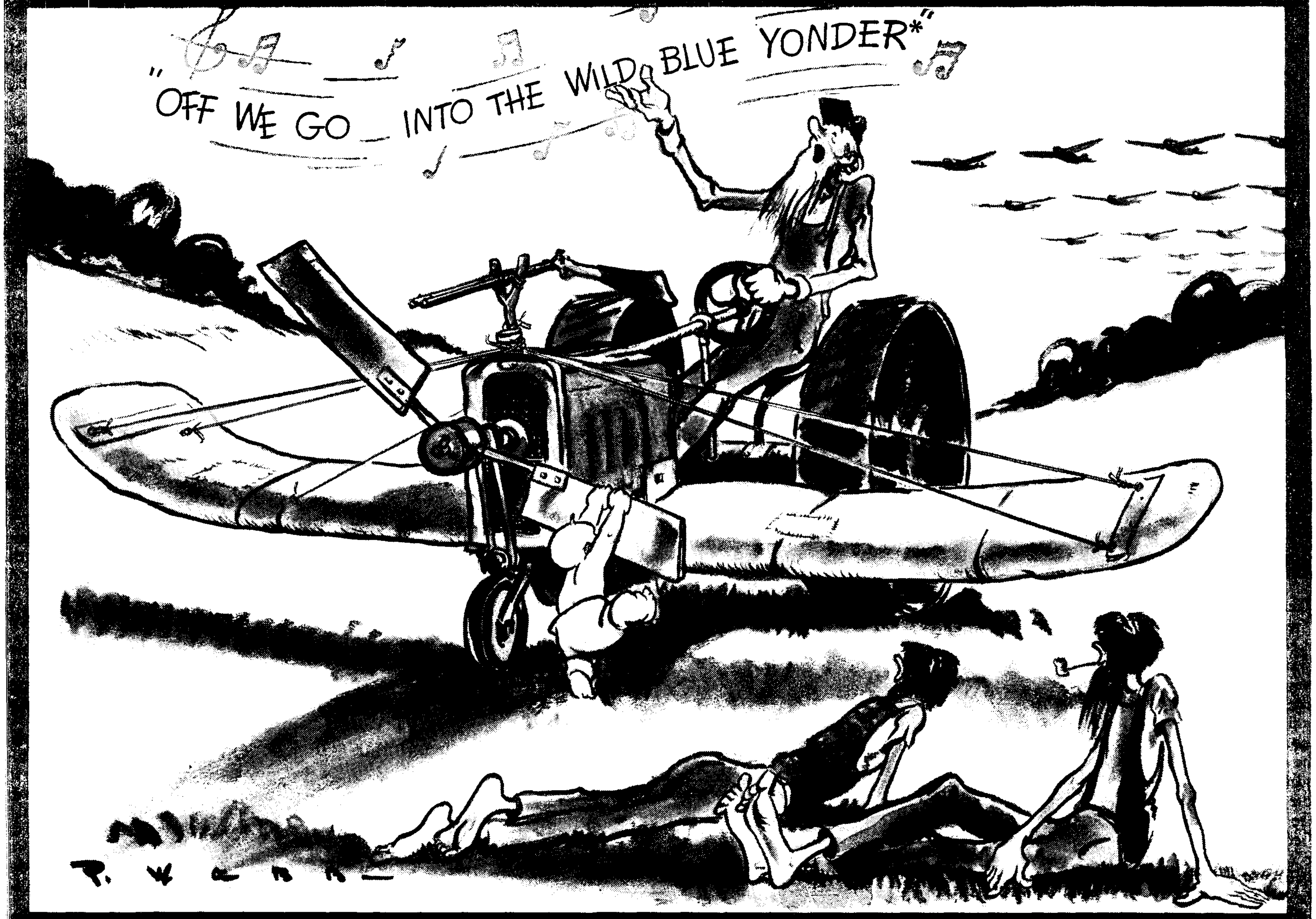
Raccoon: Raccoon coats now have less bulk and more style—due to let-out pelts. The best pelts are dark with silvery contrast as distinguished from the yellowish type. The finest skins also have a fullness of fur and compact, silky hair—whereas the unprime skins, caught out of season, tend to shed, and have a flatter, less compact hair with a strawlike feel. You can buy a good raccoon coat from $250 and it should give you seven years' wear.

Besides the seven "staples," upward of fifty kinds of peltries will give good wear for the money invested. One of the newest is the Baby Hair Seal. It's a comer in the more reasonable bracket—selling for around $195. The rabbit (called Coney in the trade) creates lovely puff-weight coats for the young crowd. Another "young crowd" favorite, for those who can afford the investment, is a silver fox jacket which costs from $400 and will last three to four seasons. The finest skins are blue-black sprinkled with bright silver. There should be no trace of yellow in the silver and no suggestion of brown in the fur.

These tips will be helpful when you go shopping for that new fur coat. But the most helpful tip of all is this: Know your furrier and his reputation.

THE END

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS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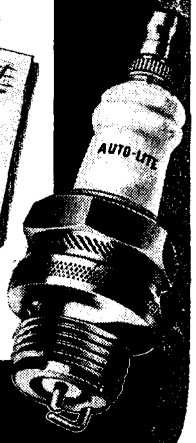

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*Based on documents in our files

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch a companion product of unusual merit.

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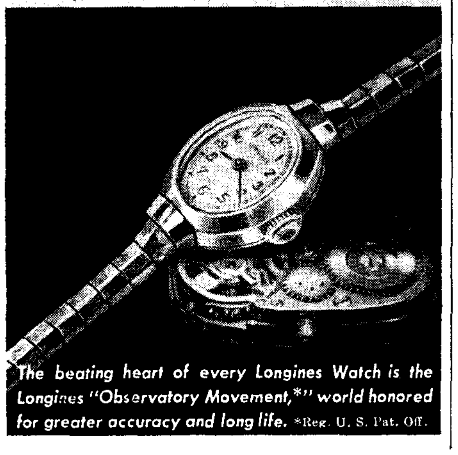
The beating heart of every Longines Watch is the Longines "Observatory Movement,*" world honored for greater accuracy and long life. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

People Like Jo

Continued from page 12

"I was thinking—" Jo began with difficulty. "Maybe you have a little time off Sunday."

He did not make it a question. "Why, yes," Leah said. She pushed at her hair, a smooth wheat-gold circle swept high without bows and flowers like the other waitresses wore and that gave her a kind of dignity. She was not pretty. She had dignity and the wide, pulsing patience.

Jo said, "Maybe you would like to see the farm next Sunday." He grinned. "Before noon maybe. It wouldn't take long."

Pleasure welled in her. She smiled, letting him see her pleasure; because she knew he was lonely also. Then a thought came. "But wouldn't it be an awful bother for you?"

"Busman's holiday," Jo answered. "I'd like to show you. It is"—Jo made a gesture with his shoulders—"like a swimmer showing his stroke."

She laughed. "Oh, Jo," she said, "that would be nice. I've—"

She did not need to turn to look. She knew instinctively that Gil had come up behind her. The music came back; the music was very loud again, and the rattle of dishes and the voices screaming, having fun.

"Look," Gil said, "I need some kale."

Leah was stricken. "Again! Gil!"

He knew she would do that, as if he had put his hand at her throat. He hated the look that came in her face when he talked to her. He was a tall, straight boy, exceptionally tall for fifteen, with a sullen, drawn face without color except for the eyes which were blue, set wide, and the straw-yellow hair clipped very short. He could not show emotion; it was impossible; Gil wanted to be gentle with his sister and it was impossible. Gentleness was a weakness. He was not weak.

"I got me a girl," Gil said. "We're going places."

Leah gasped, "This late."

THAT was wrong, and she knew instantly. She ought to treat it calmly. She ought to take his words matter-of-factly, without astonishment. A small, reasonable part of her knew that many of his actions were intended to defy. Nothing else. Defy. Why, she did not know. She did not know that he had to prove over and over to himself that he was not weak.

"I need me five."

"Five!" Leah said. "Five dollars."

"Well, look," Gil said. "I got to have me some fun, don't I?"

"Yes. Oh, Gil, yes."

Leah reached into her uniform pocket and brought out some change and the crumpled five-dollar bill. He must have known. Resolutely Leah put the thought away. Money did not matter. She put the money in his hand and closed his fingers gently over it.

"Don't wait up," Gil said. "I'm not a kid." That was important. She must not think him a child. She must not look after him. He wanted fiercely to look after her.

"No," she agreed. She made her voice gay: "Have a good time."

He shrugged and flicked a certain warning glance at Jove Fillipi and was gone. She did not understand him. She felt helpless and baffled and, seeing the expression that lingered in Jove Fillipi's eyes despite his effort, she was proud and ashamed.

"Please," Leah said, "he is not bad."

Jo looked at her. "Sure," Jo said. "But after all, five bucks—"

Her pride crumbled into ashes. She had to say it; it was a thing that had been in her too long. "He would steal it," Leah said softly, "if I did not give it to him. He is very young. He has been in reform school. This is his first free summer."

She turned away and she did not look again that night at Jove Fillipi. She should not have told him. Perhaps he would make trouble. Not even Pelly knew, and she did not want Pelly Smith to know.

WHEN Jo left, having eaten even the last crumb of biscuit, Leah went back to the table and cleared the dishes. Under the plate she found a note, written in a heavy, bold hand that was more used to a plow than a pencil. The note said:

"You must not expect too much. He will grow up."

She wanted to cry; the tears rushed upward in her throat. It was such a nice thing for him to have done, such a really beautifully nice thing for Jo to do. . . .

Strangely they did not mention the subject again. She saw him twice a day, at breakfast, which was early and at supper, which was very late. They did not talk much. Shyness was a part of their friendship, and weariness; they were never rested.

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HOTEL BERLIN, 1943

BEGINS IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

Leah resolved not to pry; she did not ask Gil what had become of the five dollars.

In the afternoon of the next day during a lull of customers Gil brought the crumpled bill back to her. "I didn't need it." He smiled engagingly; and the smile touched her heart like gypsy fingers touching a violin. "I just wanted it in case, see?" Gil said.

She did not see. She wanted nothing for herself. It was not a selfless thing with her. It was the only life she knew. She wanted only that Gil should be adjusted and happy. He was mysteriously absent sometimes. He went around with a gang of boys who were gay and loud and scrubbed clean; when he was absent she covered with Pelly for him, and Pelly closed his eyes to many things such as surly answers and broken cups.

Sunday mornings Leah Sharron slept late because the Golden Goose did not open until noon; but that Sunday she came awake with a start. Excitement made a softness in her. Careful not to wake the other waitress with whom she shared the room, Leah bathed from the china basin of tepid water and slipped into clean things. She wore a slender blue dress with patches of bird's-egg green for pockets, and it was a luxury to wear anything but a uniform.

Arriving at the huge barnyard gate, she stood uncertainly. She had no idea where she would find Jo. He had said eleven o'clock. Perhaps she was early.

"You're early."

She swung around to meet his slightly mocking eyes. She was startled by his appearance. Jo had on a gray suit, a really elegant gray suit that was somewhat too small for him so that his hands hung awkwardly and his white socks showed. He wore a fancy bow tie. The tie caught her breath. She had not seen Jo with a tie before.

"I know," Leah said hastily, remembering manners. "I hope you—won't mind."

He laughed at her. It was a kind of laughter Leah had seldom heard, not forced, not covering anything, happy laughter, freely surrendered.

"I'll show you the fields first," Jo said. "Would you like to see the fields first?"

The heat was a physical thing; the earth was an oven in which the harvest baked. But finally they reached the knoll top with deep lush grass around their legs and a drooping ancient oak for shade. Leah stood against the tree, her body pulsing against the rough trunk, exhausted.

"Like it?"

She nodded. She could not trust her voice. A willful breeze moved the grass at her legs. She had a peace and a calmness. She drank in the quiet like a thirsty child drinking milk, in gulps. Jo took off his coat and spread it in the grass for her.

"Want to rest before we start back?"

She did not move. An overwhelming silence held them. Jo shifted his weight.

"Don't," Leah said. "Please don't spoil it."

His eyes were shadowed with sunlight. He said gravely, "I won't."

She put her hands on his chest. "No. No. No."

He kissed her. It was not the first time she had been kissed; and she held herself rigid, not wanting it, not liking it, because all the other times had been a greedy desire, someone wanting something. This was Jo giving her something. She drew in her breath and, when she could see, he was smiling at her a kind of tucked-in smile. She was trembling, and he held her wrists for her, to steady her.

She could not think of words. She was meekness and mildness before him and the thing in her was not chaos.

"Jo." She tried; she made a valiant effort. "Jo—"

AND this time he took her in his arms and held her so that the flood of the day could not quite drown them together. There was safety in togetherness; the tide swelled high and low and whirling and they were secure; and Jove Fillipi said thickly against her hair, "I haven't any manners. No one ever taught me how to be nice to a lady."

She did not say, "I am not a lady."

"Leah," he used her name seriously. "Are you angry?"

"Oh, no. No. I liked it."

He laughed. He backed away and, his eyes hungrily on her face all the time, picked up his coat and put the coat on. "I'd better take you home."

Leah said, "Yes."

She did not say, "Where is home?" She did not say, "Please it is so nice here. Please I want to stay."

Taking her hand, Jove Fillipi pulled her along after him in the hot blinding, breathless heat with the sweetness of clover and the dryness of earth everywhere, and they went so fast that they were almost running.

But he talked. He needed to tell her things. Haltingly his words came in little

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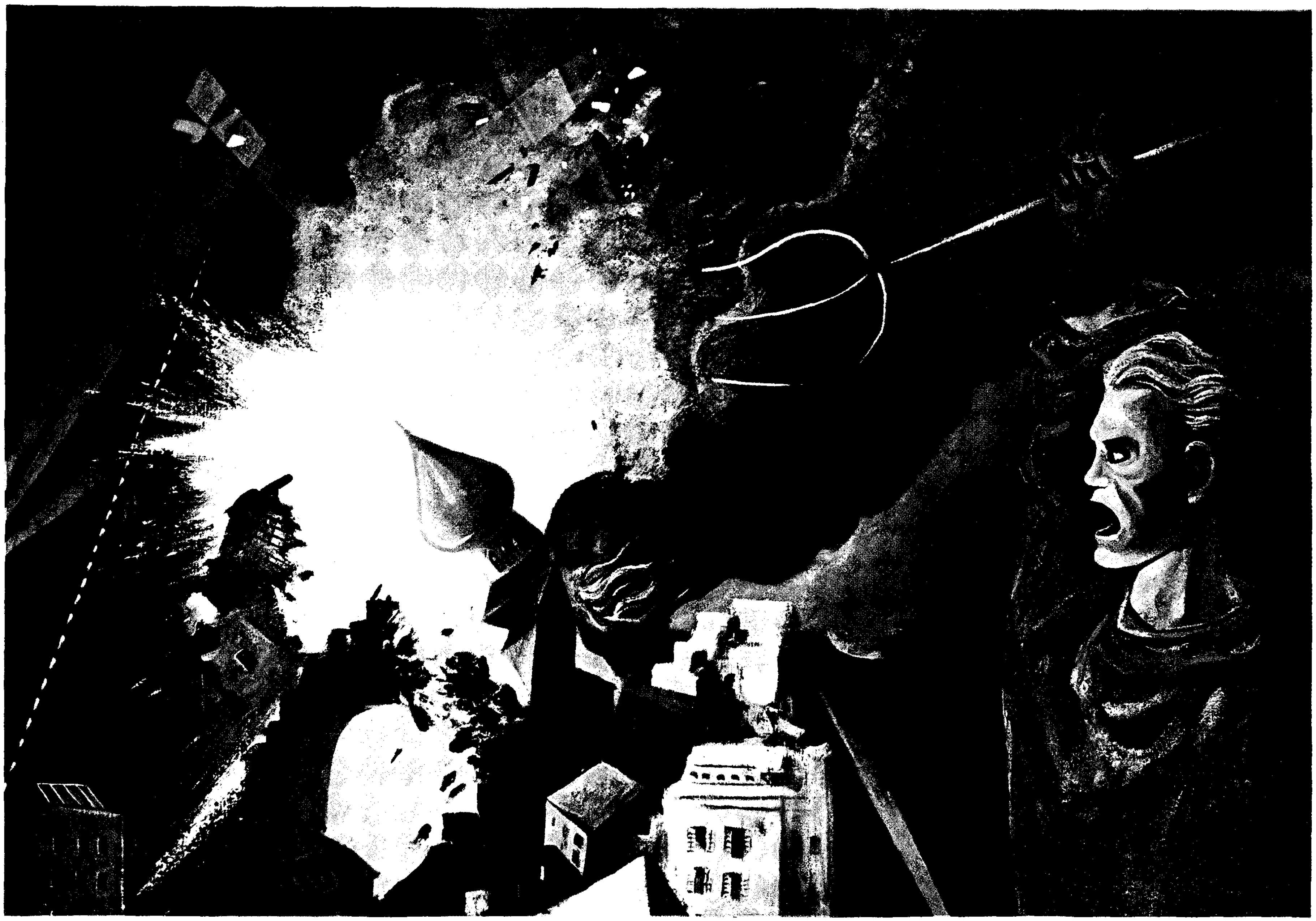

The Shostakovitch Seventh Symphony, painted by William Gropper for the Capehart Collection

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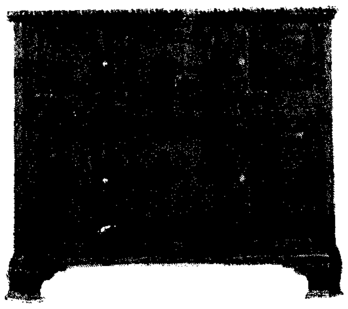

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gusts, like the wind against the cornstalks. "I was brought up in an orphanage . . . in a home. . . . Maybe you've wondered about my name. It isn't my name. I haven't a name. A matron thought it up."

She halted. She looked at Jo and all of her understanding was in her face.

"I don't mind," he went on. "I figure I can make this name as good as the next one." But he did mind. It was there in his eyes, the hurt, the never belonging. "Gosh, Leah. You're pretty."

She flushed; she could feel the delight swamping her. And it was nothing; he meant nothing; it was the day and the quiet. "I'm not. You must not lie."

"I tell you the truth."

They were in the lane. They were in sight of the Golden Goose. They were talking against time and the need to go back to their work.

"I didn't get to show you hardly nothing." Frowning, Jove Fillipi repeated, "Hardly nothing."

She said, "There's Pelly."

They looked at Pelly. They were awkward and wordless. They gazed with great interest at Pelly Smith motioning from the small back porch of the Golden Goose. Pelly could not tolerate people standing idle.

She said, "I'd better go."

"Yeah."

Leah had one last glimpse of the fancy bow tie. "See you at supper?"

"Sure. At supper." He smiled at her. He made it easier, smiling.

SHE saw him at supper; she saw him every day; and that was the trouble. Leah could not escape him.

Suddenly her whole existence turned around Jove Fillipi. She depended upon him, seeing him, the words, the abruptness, the shyness that was almost a boldness. He was kind; he regarded her with a deep reserve and each time that he looked at her she wanted to say, "Please, I want you. Please, now, now."

But she was not a fool. Any moment the enchantment would end. Leah knew. Love was not for her. Love was a mirror that reflected what you wanted to see. Love was for people with money and possessions and time to look in the mirror. Once in a restaurant where she was waiting tables Leah had seen a girl looking in love the way Leah felt in love. That girl's face was not Leah's face. That girl was young with a cloudy white dress and tiny diamonds for her ears, and the boy sat stiffly with very clean hands. Jo's hands were earth-stained.

A day got by, two days. The happiness within her was guilty as if it did not belong to her, as if she had stolen it, and Leah hid the warmness and tenderness within herself.

On Wednesday it stormed. The oven heat broke. Thunder sounded loudly, ringing the end of summer and now the harvest was ripe and summer done. Rushing to close the windows Leah felt the rain-laden wind in her face. It was early afternoon. This was her shift alone, and Leah, struggling to close the windows, got thoroughly drenched.

The Golden Goose was deserted of customers; there was a kind of peace. Leah snapped off the juke box. Wearily she pulled a chair out from under a table and sat down to watch the rain.

A magnificent silence from the kitchen startled her. She waited. Not a sound, not a voice, nothing more. Instinct overwhelmed her. She knew: It was Gil.

It had been like that other times. She always knew when Gil was in trouble. Her heart was a drumbeat in her ears. *Gil. Gil, what have you . . .*

Standing there with the kitchen door swinging against her, Leah saw Pelly Smith first of all. He had his hands up, his face to the opposite wall. The muscles of his bare, skinny back quivered.

Then she saw Gil. He was backed in a corner and his eyes were wildly bright like polished brass, with the yellow glow of polished brass. He held a gun. Gil had a gun.

"Leave him be."

"Gilly, I—"

The same voice without emotion repeated, "Leave him be. Hell, sis! Why you got to come butting in?"

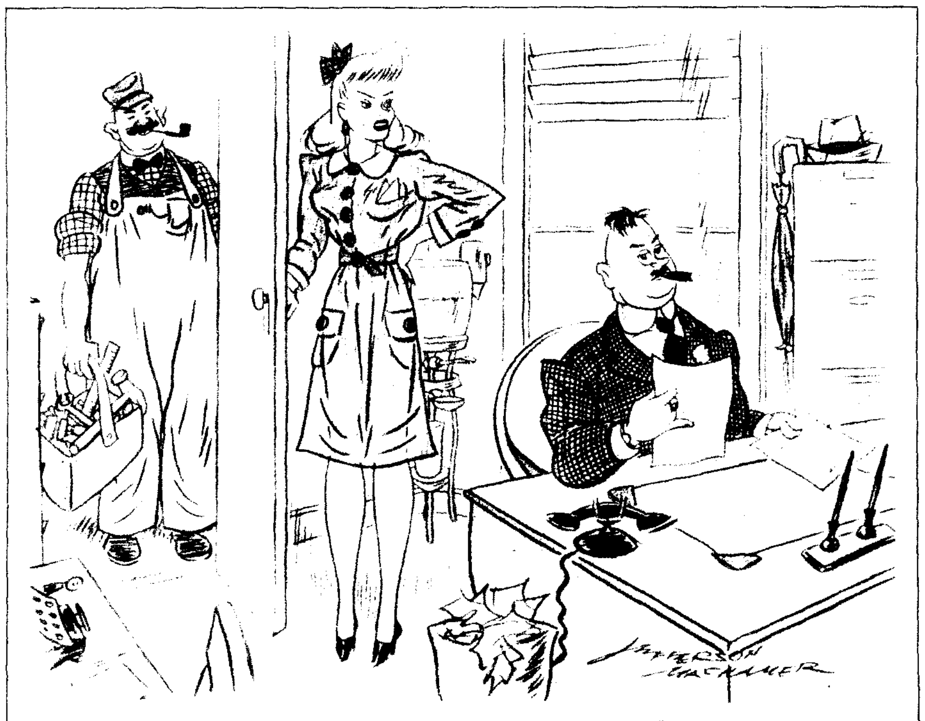
"Oh, Gil; this is wrong. Don't you see? Can't you understand?" She moved step by step toward Pelly, the words faster than the steps. "Gil, put that gun down. Stop playing."

He wasn't in a hurry. He had that terrible fearless poise. "Think of what you and me could do with five thousand dollars, maybe six."

"Where—" she began, completely surprised.

"Right here," Gil said. "Old Skull and Bones has got it hid in his sugar or spice. I saw him counting it the other night. You've always wanted to go to California. I'll take you out there. I know some guys. How about it, sis? Wouldn't you like that?"

Leah heard her heart. Leah did not hear the rain.



COLLIER'S "It's the man to straighten our paper clips" JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"No." He had not found the money yet; he had not actually harmed anyone. "Gilly, no."

She was inadequate. She knew. His eyes did not focus; they were black and staring and with the sound of the back door opening, Gil, swinging round, clicked the trigger of his gun. Nothing happened. Absolutely nothing happened.

FILLIPI stood in the doorway laughing at them. He closed the door behind him and walked over and took the gun away from Gil.

Jove Fillipi managed his face soberly. "Don't you remember? I told you this gun wasn't loaded the other day?"

The boy looked at him defiantly.

"Can't even get shells for it any more." This was serious. Jo said, "It sure takes guts to rob a man with an empty gun." And something changed in Gil's face; Jo watched carefully for the change in Gil's face, waiting. A triumphant mischief came in Gil's face. "I ought to beat you and bully you—" Jove Fillipi laughed again, helplessly amused.

Silence hung heavy in the kitchen, like musty black curtains in an unused theater.

Quietly Jo said, "Get out to the barn, Gil."

Gil pushed at his nose with his sleeve. He was fifteen and a boy, a not very certain boy. A need was satisfied in him. He had proved that he was very brave. "Yes, s-sir," Gil said, and sliding out the door, vanished in the general direction of the barn.

Nobody moved. Pelly Smith was speechless. Leah sank down on a straight wooden chair, her hair in a tumble.

JO BENT over her. The rock of his face shone for her. He was wet with the rain, his shirt, his coveralls, the bare of his arms. He said gravely, "You'd better go to your room."

"But Gil—" She beseeched with her eyes. "I—"

Firmly he shook his head. "I'll handle him."

"And Pelly! Pelly will have him locked up and it will all start over again." Her words cascaded. "Gil isn't bad. I tell you he has never had roots, never a home, never anything wholesome a boy should have."

Jo said, "You have been so unselfish that you have been selfish."

She thought about that, standing close, seeing the way Jo breathed. She thought she understood; she had a sudden understanding that she had given Gil all things and expected nothing in return, allowed nothing in return.

"Jo, I was so scared. I thought he would kill you. I thought you were hurt. Jo—" the words came; it was simple; it was there and right and for Jo. "I wish I'd never see you again and never want to see you again. Jo, why have I got to love you?"

He took it calmly. He did not say anything because this was not the place to say anything, and if she did not remember that she was a lady he remembered that she was a lady.

"Leah," he said; he cast a distracted glance at Pelly who was beginning to be loud and excited.

He could not be bought. He could not be sold. Shame came in her face, and the color of shame was vivid red.

She went to her room and waited. She knew that she must go away. She could not face Jove Fillipi again. She would pack her bag. Yes. Tonight she would leave. She thought of Gil and of herself and there was nothing for them, nowhere to go.

A white-faced waitress came to ask if she wanted anything. She wanted nothing. Leah wanted only the dark to hide her leaving. She planned clearly. If they had Gil in jail she would get him out somehow; they would go to a new place even though all new places were soon old places and they would start again though there was no beginning and no end for them and she would never think of Jove Fillipi as long as she lived.

The waitress came again and Leah would not open the door and finally Pelly Smith came himself. "Leah?"

"Go away. Please go away."

The rain had ceased, the storm cleared, and from her window a patch of sheer golden sky burned, with the sun a giant lantern in the mass of black cloud. Leah sat on the sagging bed with her back to the window and a kind of numb emptiness pervaded her.

"Gil wants to see you."

A moment, and Pelly Smith's footsteps receded. Caught by an impulse, the protectiveness in her still very strong, Leah Sharron, clenching her fists, ran down the outside steps and across the uneven lane to the barn.

Not seeing anyone, Leah heard the mooing of cows and headed for that. Her breathing slowed; she blinked coming into the barn out of the sunlight. The cows were being milked.

"Not so fast!" Leah sensed the secret amusement in his voice as Jove Fillipi confronted her from the shadows, stopping her with a touch on her arm. She pulled free, wanting escape; but Jo blocked her way of escape, solid and sure and there.

SHE could not think. She was lost before him. They stood by some baled hay, and Leah peering around the edge saw that Gil was milking. Gil milking cows. She turned startled, stupefied eyes full upon Jo.

"I been teaching him," Jo said with the touch of amusement lingering. "Twelve cows night and morning for the last week. He likes it. Only he's still a little sensitive about it. You won't give him away?" Jo pushed back his hat, the better to regard her.

"But I don't—" Leah floundered; Leah looked at Jo's shoes and was very interested in Jo's shoes. She asked in a choked voice, "Isn't Pelly—"

Jo said, "If Pelly's greedy enough to keep that much money around he ought to be able to take the consequences. I guess he'll put it in the bank now. Good gosh! You didn't think I just walked in and told Gil to stop and he stopped? Like that." Jo kept the words low: "A boy is like a country, kid, he's got to have some laws. I been making a few for Gil."

"But then why . . . ?"

Jo said, "I told him he owed you things. So it got working in him—in a funny kind of way. He was stealing one last time for you."

She looked at him. She looked at Jo and it was people like Jo who made the world good and a place to live in hopefully. "Jo, I said things—I really didn't mean—"

Jo had given her respect and help, and in return she had behaved badly, saying, "I love you," saying, "I want you." And now she could not deny it; now Leah fell back on the only thing she knew.

Leah said hastily, in his silence, "I must get to work. Pelly—oh, Pelly will be furious."

He caught her by the elbows, her elbows pressed hard against his ribs, and he said, "But look, kid. You must have meant it because I wouldn't know how to say it and"—Jove Fillipi spoke very gravely—"you're like the sun in me and mellowness and moonlight." Jove Fillipi fumbled with embarrassment, fumbled and won. "Leah, kid. . . . How can I tell you?"

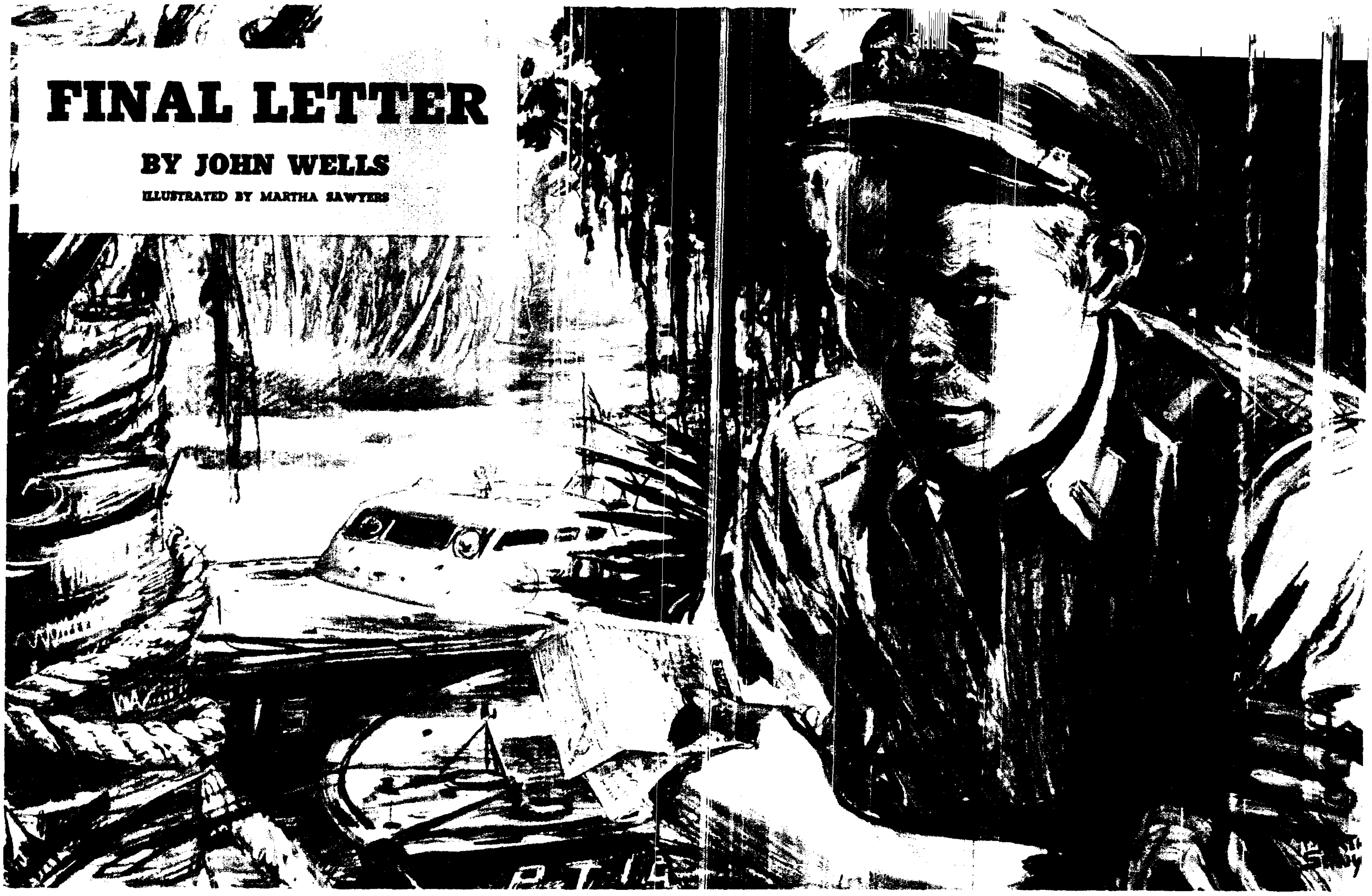
He told her; he kissed her, and oddly he was home for her and it was not only Gil who needed him: it was Leah Sharron also. Leah Sharron coming home at last.

THE END

FINAL LETTER

BY JOHN WELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS



BORDEN was feeling fine the morning of the day he died. He sat on the small dock to which the PT was tied and looked with affection at the compact, chunky job that reminded him of a bunch of tensed muscle. She didn't look bad. She wasn't pretty, but she worked hard.

Gibbon and Williams, the machinist's mates, were still fooling with the engines, and Rumson and Hawes were cleaning guns. Flado, the torpedoman, fussed with the tubes. They were a fine crew, he thought. They had seen a great deal of unpleasantness together. They were credited with a destroyer and three merchant ships, and on the destroyer job they had darned near lost the boat. Wilson and Sherstein had been killed. It had been a tough night.

You learned a lot about men when you lived with them on a ship as small as this and censored mail as well. He knew so much concerning Gibbon's girl and Williams' wife that it seemed silly he had never met them. He had a good outfit. He knew they liked him and he was proud of it.

He sat on one of the dock piles and took from his pocket his wife's letter which he had received earlier in the morning. He hadn't seen her in a year, and in his mind there was no set picture of her, nor had there ever been. Her eyes and her mouth were lovely and intense, and their mobility had prevented his memory from forming any still and passive image of her. They had been married for two years before he came out here, and two years had not been sufficient time in which to tell her of the tenderness for her that was in him. He wrote frequently, and the letters were much alike. *Had a letter from you today. Everything's about the same. . . .* Or, *Haven't heard from you in some little while, and wonder . . .*

And from there it was effort, trying to say things that really can't be said; trying to find words and phrases that do not exist; trying to tell her what one woman meant to one man. He had never written her a satisfactory letter. He was always sure he could do it on the next try. Just one more letter would let her see some of the things that were in his heart.

And in the letter he read now, he saw his efforts duplicated. He smiled a little sourly. It was difficult to live a life on paper.

And just then a messenger came onto the tiny dock and told him that Commander Crandal wanted to see him immediately. There was a stir of excitement in him, a sense of impending trouble. He looked at the PT again and mentally checked over a long list. She was all ready to go.

As he turned up the hill to the small house occupied by the C.O. of the base, Williams called, "Hey, Mr. Borden. Check that mail again, will you?" There had been no letters for Williams in the batch they had received that morning.

Borden waved his hand. "Okay. I'll look again." . . .

Crandal was a man who didn't waste your time. He pointed to a spot on the map on his desk. "Two heavy cruisers," he said. "They came in last night, and this morning we had word about them from the natives farther down the island. Bakur Bay. They're laying under those overhanging cliffs where a plane would have a hell of a job getting at them. Probably taking on fuel and water."

Borden said, "Bakur Bay." He knew all about it. Fifty miles away. A very narrow entrance to the harbor, gun installations crowded on the entrance shores. Inside, a sizable enemy base. He said, "Two heavy cruisers." What a hell of a job!

Crandal nodded. "We've got a tenship supply convoy coming here. Not two hundred miles off. Let those cruisers out and you know what'll happen." Borden knew. He knew, too, how they needed the supplies.

Crandal said. "We can't get planes, and if we could, it isn't a job for them. There's you and Babcock." He lit a cigarette. "I don't like to ask a man . . ."

"It's all right," Borden said. He knew how it would go. His boat and Babcock's. Fifty miles. Go most of the way hugging the shore, easily and slowly, then smash into Bakur just as the sun was setting behind you. They'd probably get in. At least one of them. But it was silly to think of getting out. Absolutely silly. Those guns on the harbor mouth. To say nothing of the cruisers.

He told Crandal, "We'll shove off in about an hour, sir. That'll make it just about right."

Crandal said, "I've seen Babcock. He'll follow you out. You've worked together before." Borden nodded. Babcock was all right. A good man who knew his business. There was no use seeing him now. They could do their talking with a signal light once they were out of the base.

Crandal started to say something, fumbled with it, and finally said, "Good luck, Borden."

Borden grinned and said, "Thank you, sir. We'll make out." He left the office. There were a lot of things to do in an hour.

HE STOPPED by for another check on Williams' mail, but there was nothing. He went down the hill to the boat again, and told Quell, his quartermaster, "We're shoving off in an hour. Have evtrything ready."

Quell said, "Aye, aye, sir." He grinned. Borden had always suspected he was a little crazy. "We gonna have fun?"

Borden said, "Don't we always?" He couldn't tell them now where they were going. A lot of the natives were sitting on the fence in this affair. He couldn't take a chance. He went into his tiny room, and he knew what he was going to do. He got a writing pad and his pen, and he started immediately. *Dear Marge . . .*

Borden had never written his wife a satisfactory letter. He was always sure he could do it on the next try. Just one more letter would let her see the things that were in his heart

This was it. This was the one that had to say everything. He had an hour to put his soul on paper, then bring it up to Crandal's office before they shoved off. He thought he could succeed in this letter, for he was just as certain as a man could be that it was his last. And the last one *had* to be right.

Williams stuck his head in then, and said, "How did we make out on the mail, Mr. Borden?"

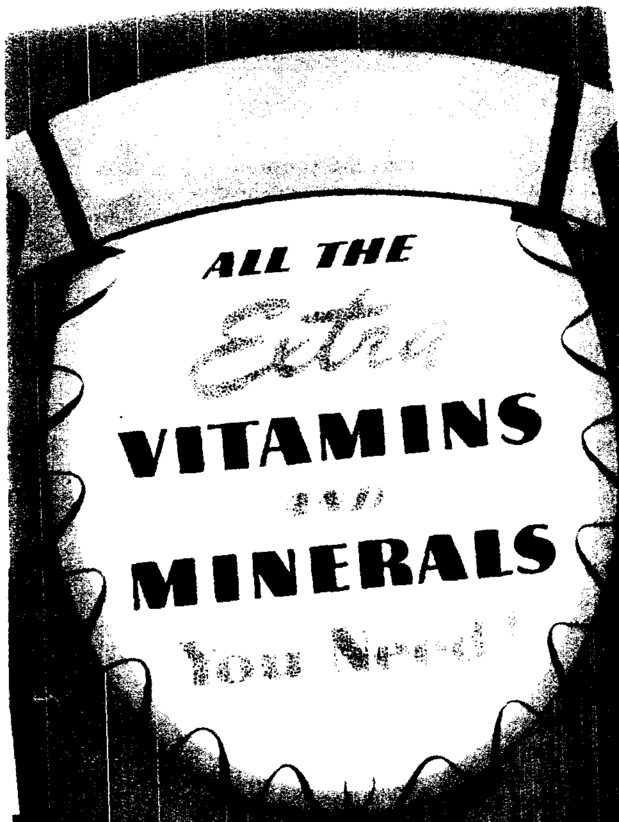
Borden shook his head. "Nothing doing." He saw the disappointment settle in the man's face and said, "Maybe a plane will bring us something tomorrow." Tomorrow. It would be a strange tomorrow.

Williams said, "Yeah. I sure hope so." He went out.

And Borden suddenly thought of the many letters of Williams he had censored. The things the man had said and tried to say. Like himself. Gibbon and Hawes and Flado. All of them. And he couldn't tell them about the evening's work. He couldn't give them a chance to write that one big last one. They all had things to say, but his own voice was the privileged one of many. He could write, but not they.

He thought of the night they'd banged the destroyer, and of some of the trips they'd been on. They were a fine outfit. His own bunch. He sat there for a bitter time, and the unmoving pen in his hand was alive with the things that were in his heart. Then he capped the pen and placed it with the writing pad on his bunk and went up on deck. There was nothing to say. There was nothing for any of them to say.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



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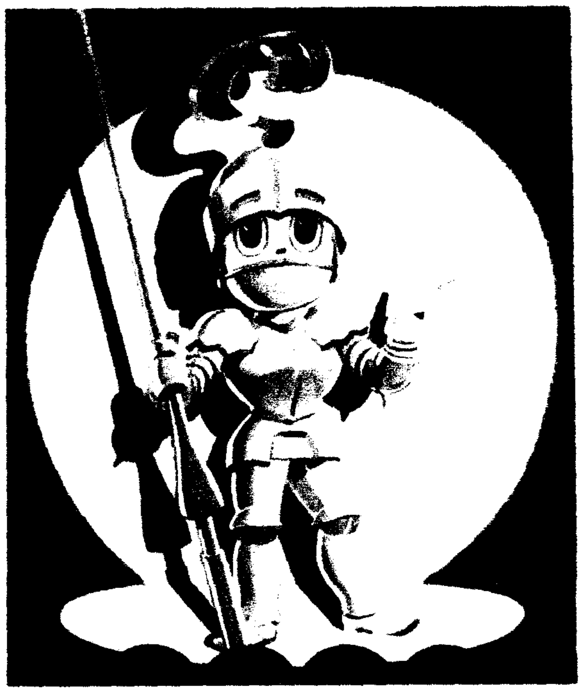

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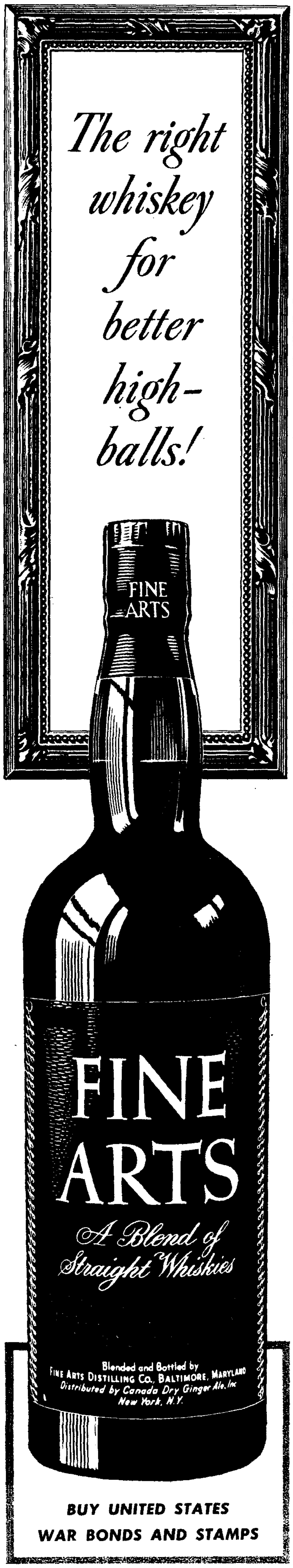
In fact, if you just drink 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day—and eat three average-good meals including fruit juice—you get all the vitamins and minerals you need. *All you can profitably use*, according to experts—unless you're really sick and should be under a doctor's care.

So why worry about vitamins and minerals? Rely on Ovaltine to give you all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you can use—along with its many other nutritional benefits. Just follow this recipe for better health . . .

3 GOOD MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE NIGHT AND MORNING

Authorities say you can't completely trust "good" meals to supply *all* the vitamins and minerals you need for good health—even with careful meal-planning—because shipping, storing and cooking reduce the vitamin-mineral values of food. Today's food shortages make it more important to rely on Ovaltine for all your extra vitamins and minerals.

OF COURSE *Ovaltine* gives you much more than vitamins and minerals. It is prescribed the world over by doctors for those who are thin, nervous or under par.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A Blend of Straight Whiskies
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Distributed by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc
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BUY UNITED STATES
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Nobody Lives Forever

Continued from page 19

"Bring us back a couple of bourbon-and-sodas," said Doc.

Jim followed Doc back through a narrow passageway, and into a little room in which there was a table for two, a leather couch, and a slot for the juke box.

Doc sat down abruptly and tilted his hat over his eyes. Jim sat opposite him.

"I got myself in a little trouble," said Doc, "so I'm leaving this fair city before some stupid flatfoot catches up with me. There's an out for you; you can always yell copper."

"You're the rat in this outfit," said Jim calmly. "I never yelled copper in my life, and never will."

"Well—I was figuring maybe you were getting so respectable: married to this rich dame and all." Doc chuckled mirthlessly.

The bartender brought their drinks and, as Doc made no move to pay, Jim tossed some money on the table, and told the bartender to keep the change. The bartender went out, grinning.

"Always the big shot," jeered Doc. "Can't help trying to impress the yokels." Doc compressed his lips and leaned toward Jim. "A guy who does that is nothing but a yokel himself. And that's what you've always been to me, Mr. Jim Farrar—a big yokel."

JIM'S fingers had begun to twitch. His cold rage was growing. In a little while, if something wasn't done, he was going to twist this junky's head off.

"Doc," he said, "you're a little, sick guy. But you presume on it too much. Now moderate your tone and speak your piece, before I forget myself."

"If you forget yourself, Farrar, it'll be the last thing you ever do. I got a gun on you under the table and I'll blow your guts out."

"I sometimes wonder about you, Doc. You make a lot of shooting talk. Did you ever shoot anybody?"

Doc smiled grimly. "You got guts anyway—that's something. Look, Farrar; nobody's going to shoot anybody, as long as our play is completed. I want my dough."

Doc sounded more reasonable now. Jim decided to stall. "How much?"

"All you can get your mitts on. I was going to ask three hundred grand. But that's silly at the moment. I know it takes time to raise that kind of dough."

"I got maybe three hundred bucks on me."

Doc laughed. "That won't do. Don't you get it? I want real money—five figures."

"No," said Jim.

"All right," said Doc, decisively. "I'll go up and get it from the missus."

"Are you crazy, Doc?"

"No. Are you? I think maybe the missus might pay off. That is, when she finds out what kind of information I've got about you."

"Go ahead. There's the door. It's your word against mine—and you wouldn't stand a chance."

"I might—if I told her about the broad at the beach."

JIM didn't move a muscle. There was a long pause. The little room became so still that the creaking of Doc's shoes as he shifted uneasily sounded loud and startling. Jim's face was grim and rigid. Doc watched him warily.

"That's a horse of another color," said Jim, speaking in a hollow voice, and moving his lips with an effort as if they were almost too stiff for him to handle. "I guess I better go get you some money."

Jim stood up. He had reached his limit and he wanted to get out of this dismal place, this trap, this cheap, sad little joint which had stabbed him with a premonitory fear the moment he'd stepped into it. He didn't know exactly what he was going to do. He wanted to hurry back to the hotel and see Gladys; he wanted to stall until things blew over; most of all he wanted to erase Doc from the human scene—Doc, the stinking rat; Doc, the junky, the disappointed big shot, who couldn't make the grade, no matter which way he tried it; Doc, the evil little man, eaten up with envy and greed; Doc, at the end of his rope, striving furiously to cause as much trouble as possible before his last long jump into oblivion.

"I don't trust you, Farrar," said Doc, a little undecided.

"You'll have to."

"Wait," said Doc. "I didn't tell you you could leave. I'm still holding a rod on you."

"It's not going to do you any good to shoot me," said Jim coldly.

"If you double-cross me . . ." Doc began, then paused uncertainly for a moment. "I can see a double-cross in your eyes, Farrar." Doc laughed with a touch of hysteria. "Don't do it—you'll regret it."

Jim opened the door. At that moment somebody put a nickel in the juke box; it began to play a hot swing tune, the small loud-speaker overhead filling the little room with jumping rhythm. Doc winced at the sudden sound and got half off his chair.

"Wait here," said Jim. "I'll get you all the money I can lay my hands on."

Doc rubbed his hand over his face; a look of bewilderment showed in his black eyes; for a moment he stared like a somnambulist. He shook his head slowly.

"I'll never see that money," he said, his voice rising shrill above the jump music. "This is it, Farrar."

Jim stared. Doc was talking wildly.

"Wait for me, Doc," Jim said. "I'll be back."

Jim went out, closing the door behind him. He hurried through the bar and out into the sunshine. He felt sick. A minute more and he'd've killed Doc or been killed by him. He was so upset that he hardly knew where he was or what he was doing.

He walked mechanically into the lobby of the Marwood and stood waiting for the slow-moving elevator. It seemed hours before the grilled doors opened and admitted him.

The elevator boy grinned and said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Lloyd. Nice day, isn't it?"

Jim mumbled something and the boy glanced at him, wondering what was wrong.

A STRANGER met him when he opened the door of his suite. The stranger looked like Gladys, but obviously wasn't. He'd never imagined that Gladys could look so pale and stricken, so weak and helpless as if the world had been cut from beneath her feet.

"Jim," she said slowly, "I just talked to a man on the phone."

"I know," said Jim, who didn't feel at all surprised.

"He told me some horrible things about you. He said he was Dr. Bright and that he'd just talked to you and you were on your way up here."

"That's right," said Jim.

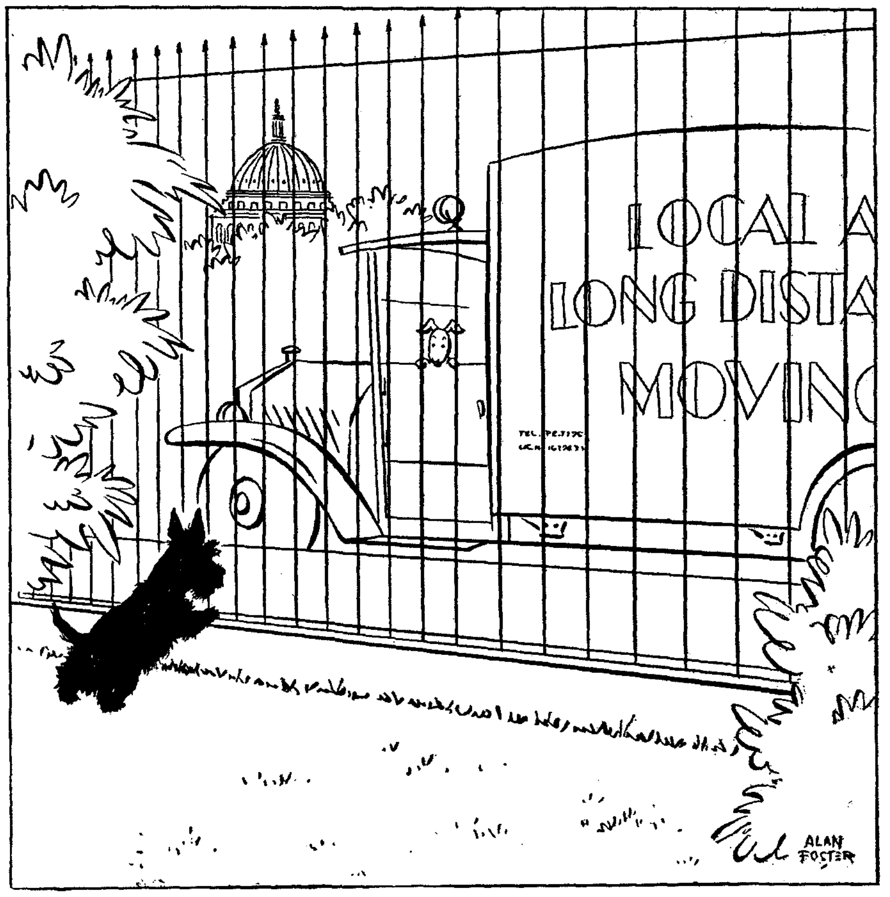
He pushed past Gladys, went into the bedroom, took a small bag down from a closet shelf and, lifting a false bottom, extracted a .45 automatic pistol, which he slipped into his coat pocket. Then he turned and started back into the living room. Gladys tried to bar his way, but he brushed her aside.

"Jim," she cried, "why did that man call me? Why did he tell me those horrible things about you? Why should you have a girl at the beach? I don't understand at all."

She was pale and shaking, but Jim looked at her unmoved, crossed the liv-

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S "No—the President hasn't said anything to me about moving"

Yesterday - Nobody's Darling

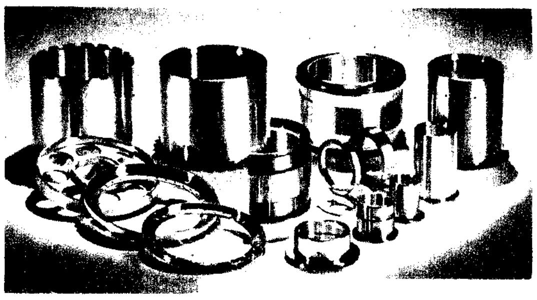
But TODAY !

SILVER is a precious metal with a chequered history of ups and downs. For centuries it has been used for jewelry and coinage, particularly in the Orient. In America, its value has suffered at the hands of political oratory, monetary experts and economists. For a long while, silver was nobody's darling in the world of metals.

But today, Industry, stimulated by War's demands, has given silver a rebirth of reputation, right at the top of the heap. Approaching 25% of the world's silver production now is devoted to a use almost non-existent two years ago—silver-lined bearings for aviation engines.

Through its Mallosil* Process of bonding dissimilar metals, Mallory has developed the silver-bonded bearing to precision quality that plays a big part in the magnificent records established by the fighters and bombers of the United Nations' air forces. Engine manufacturers have come to rely on Mallory Bearings for their dependability under the toughest conditions, their closer tolerances, their longer wear, their ability to meet the most exacting specifications.

Mallory engineering has pioneered this great advance in bearing quality and gained recognition as the most advanced in this new technique. Mallory facilities, multiplied by war-production needs, have won their spurs as the reliable sources of supply.



What this means to commercial aviation is obvious—the big transport planes that presage the commercial carriers of tomorrow employ as many as 54 silver-bonded bearings. But progress does not stop here.

Wherever heavy duty engine bearings are used, Mallory Bearings have a gain to offer to design engineers—for the ability to take high peak loads. That means much to the automobilist, to plant production men, to manufacturers who seek higher quality.

Mallory Bearings facilities now are concentrated on war production. But we are ready to cooperate in planning for the future. Mallory engineers are at your service to discuss your problems.

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*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Who wouldn't fight harder for a girl like that!

Dearest:–

It is late and in the soft whispering of the night wind I hear your voice saying the things I long so much to hear.

Although you are far away, tonight somehow, you seem so near. I can almost feel the tender warmth of your lips and the thrill of your arms.

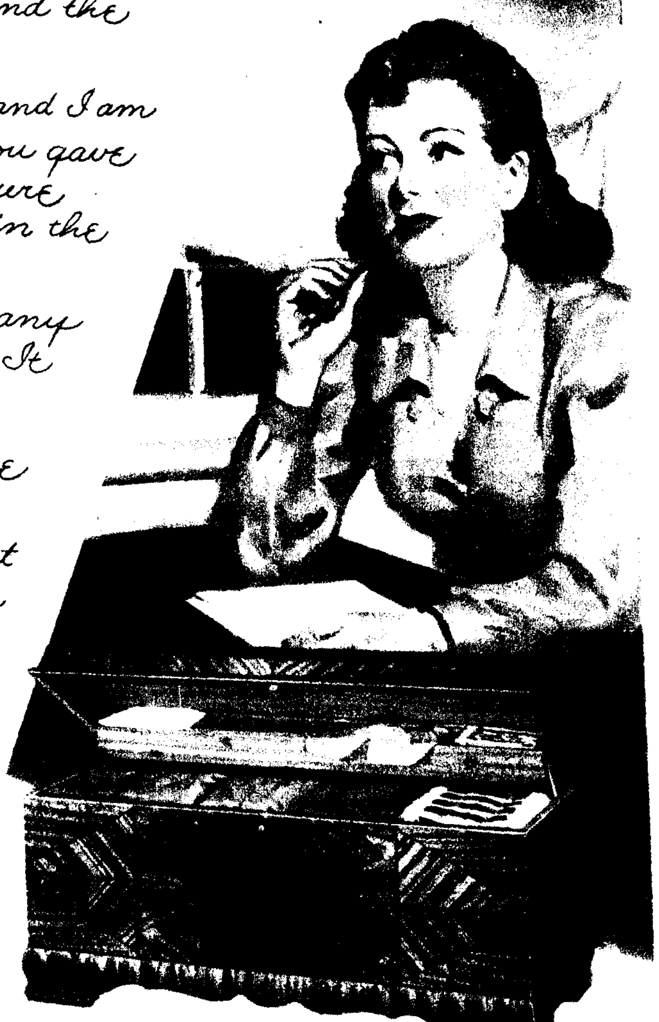
Soon it will be Christmas – and I am thinking of another Christmas when you gave me my hope chest. Darling, I treasure my hope chest more than anything in the world except your love.

Already it is the sanctuary for many lovely, intimate things I'm saving for us. It is the most wonderful gift I ever had – wonderful because it is the symbol of the home we planned – of our hopes and the future we dream of.

It makes each hour of waiting a moment of thrilling anticipation of the time when we shall be together again – just us. And I shall wait for you, beloved, for you and you alone.

All my love – forever,
Joanne

It's the man behind the gun that wins the battles. It's the woman behind the man that furnishes the *inspiration*.



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Built of ¾-inch aromatic *red* cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations, Lane Hope Chests combine age-old romantic tradition with *nature's own moth-destroyer*—the aromatic aroma of *red* cedar. *No other* wood has that aroma. *No other wood* possesses its power to destroy moths. And Lane Hope Chests are the *only pressure-tested, aroma-tight* red cedar chests in all the world. That's why the moth protection of a Lane is *sure*. That's why it is *guaranteed* by a free insurance policy, written by one of the world's largest insurance companies.

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No. 2043 (*above*), a modern design of exquisite beauty. American Walnut, Oriental Wood, and New Guinea Veneers used on exterior. Hand-rubbed and polished. Equipped with Lane Patented Automatic Tray. 39^{50} Slightly higher in West and Canada

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BUY WAR BONDS

Stop Moth Sabotage WITH A LANE CEDAR CHEST!

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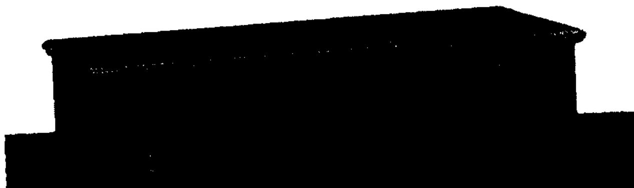


LANE
Cedar HOPE CHEST
THE GIFT THAT STARTS THE HOME

To Men and Women in the Armed Services

If you want to send a LANE Cedar Hope Chest to a certain someone and you don't know the Lane dealer's name in the community, write to the Lane factory. The LANE chest of your choice will be delivered in accordance to your wishes. We will assume the responsibility of attending to that important detail for you.

No. 1964. 18th Century drawer designs in Honduras Mahogany. Simulated front with one drawer in base. Hand-rubbed satin finish.

ing room hurriedly, and went out slamming the door.

Gladys took several steps after him, holding out her arms feebly, then she stumbled, fell to her knees, and buried her face in the cushions on the divan. This sudden reversal of everything was too much for her: she could not get herself together. If only Jim had said something, tried to console her, lied to her, even, she might have borne up under the shock. But he'd stalked in and out of the apartment, silent and implacable, like a figure in a dream: a Jim she didn't know, couldn't imagine: a grim, relentless Jim immovably bent on some unimaginable end.

"I'll never see him again," she said. "Never again."

JIM hurried down the street afraid that Doc might get away. He had only one thought in his mind: to eliminate Doc! Nothing made any impression on him: neither the hot California sunshine, nor the roar of traffic, nor the people hurrying along this busy side street: nothing! He was completely insulated from the outside world. "Of course he'll lam," he kept telling himself; "I'll miss him sure."

But when he flung open the door of the bar, there was Doc with a drink in his hand and his foot on the rail, trading jokes with the bartender, his hat at a jaunty angle, and a sardonic smile on his tight-lipped mouth.

Jim hesitated briefly. This was it, finally: the thing itself: a play that had to be completed. Jim drew his gun.

The bartender looked toward Jim, then his face turned green and he dove down behind the bar. The glass fell from Doc's hand. He was taken completely by surprise. But he was game. He whirled suddenly, made a dive toward the far wall, to throw Jim's aim off, and shoving his hand into his pocket, fired twice through the cloth, the bullets going wild and breaking the glass high above Jim's head.

Jim took careful aim and fired three times. Doc lunged forward, hit mortally, made a grab at the wall, missed, then turned slowly, took a few backward steps, leaned on a table for a moment, as if in deadly weariness, then suddenly his knees buckled, and he sank slowly, staring at Jim with blank, unseeing eyes: finally he fell full length on his face.

Jim glanced down at him, feeling nothing at all, neither pity, remorse, nor satisfaction, then he turned, ran out of the bar, and hurried across the street into the Marwood Arms garage. One glance told him that he'd never get his car out in time to make a getaway: the garage was jammed, the cars three deep. His car was back against the wall.

The garageman came toward him, smiling. "Your car, Mr. Lloyd?"

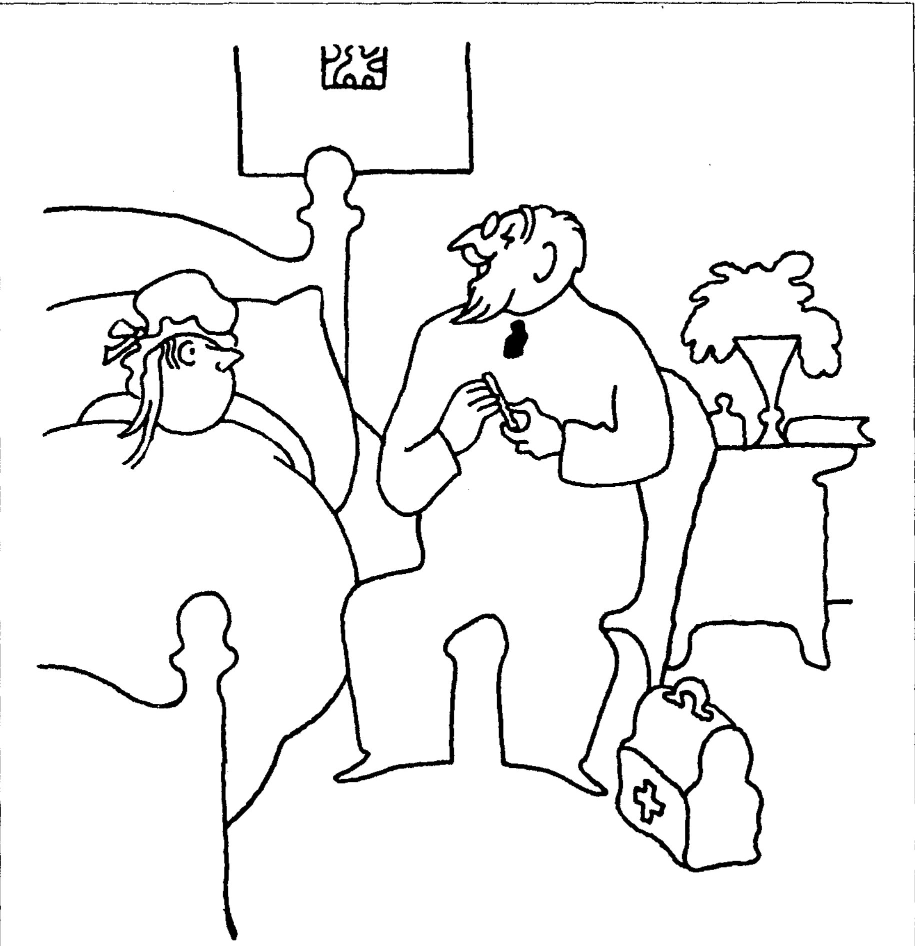
"No, Joe," said Jim. "I've changed my mind."

He went out quickly, and turned into the alley behind the hotel. Already the hue and cry had started. The little bartender was standing in the middle of the street, bawling hysterically.

"A guy's been shot! A guy's been shot!"

GLADYS came around slowly. It was as if she had been startled from a deep sleep and couldn't manage to get fully awake. She stayed with her face buried in the cushions of the divan, trying to make herself believe that she'd had a horrible dream and that in a little while she'd be laughing at her present disquietude.

A commotion in the street below finally brought her around. She could hear voices, a lot of voices, and the irritated blasting of auto horns; and then, cutting through the confused hubbub, a police-car siren wailed frantically, louder and louder as it passed the hotel and turned the corner; then it stopped, leaving a strange silence.



"Now suppose we attack your problem scientifically, Mrs. Adams. What haven't we tried so far?"

Gladys got slowly to her feet and went to the window. Below her a crowd was milling excitedly in front of a little bar, and a pale man, hatless and in a white apron, was trying to keep them from getting in. Two burly cops swung out of the squad car and, heedlessly pushing people out of the way, went inside with the bartender. Another cop came on the run and took up his place in front of the door, waving everybody back.

Gladys watched listlessly for a moment, then she turned away. The commotion below seemed unreal, as if it were happening on another planet. She went to the bar like a sleepwalker, poured herself a drink of straight bourbon, and tossed it down, coughing and shuddering violently; then she sat on the divan and stared at the carpet. She was entirely at sea: she didn't care whether she lived or died.

After a while she lay back and closed her eyes. Tears came and ran slowly down her cheeks; but she actually felt no emotion at all: she was numb. . . .

Shake started back in amazement when he opened the door and Jim came in. The big fellow didn't look quite as smooth and unruffled as usual. His tanned face had a grayish cast to it, his necktie was awry, and his eyes had a strange, almost hunted, expression.

"What . . . what happened, Mr. Farrar?" Shake faltered.

"Doc and I had a little trouble."

"I knew it," cried Shake. "I knew he'd never be satisfied till he . . ." Shake stopped suddenly, stunned by the premonition. "Doc! Is he dead?"

"Very dead," said Jim, sinking into a chair, taking off his hat, and wiping his forehead which was cold and clammy.

"Cops kill him?"

"No. I did."

Shake put out a hand to steady himself, then he fell down into a chair and sat staring at the big fellow, trying to make himself realize that it had actually happened at last.

For months he'd known that Doc would end on a slab in the morgue. But he'd never had any idea the big fellow would be the one to let him have it. Mr. Farrar wasn't that kind. He was a smooth operator who stayed out of trouble and let the strong-arm guys and junkies kill one another off and run into jams with suckers and the law.

"You didn't," said Shake, completely bewildered.

"I did," Jim insisted. "He asked for it. When I wouldn't pay off he told my wife about Tony, my girl. It was a rat trick and he got what was coming to him."

Shake nodded slowly. "Yes, Mr. Farrar—he did."

"Look, Shake," said Jim. "I'm in a jam. I've only got a couple of hundred bucks on me and I couldn't get my car out of the hotel garage—it was parked back of two other cars . . ."

"Just a minute though, Mr. Farrar," Shake put in, showing more alertness than Jim had ever seen him show before. "Doc lived here with me off and on. The cops will be sure to turn up here sooner or later. Did anybody see you come in?"

"No," said Jim.

"Good. There's a room right down the hall in such bad shape that it can't be rented: plumbing's on the fritz, everything's wrong with it. A floating crap game uses it sometimes—that's all. I think the proprietor's okay, but we won't take no chances with him unless we have to. I'll put you back there right now."

"Swell," said Jim.

SHAKE got up and Jim followed him down the dark corridor of the rickety little hotel, and into a stuffy, boxlike room. The blinds were drawn and it was dark inside.

"This is it," said Shake, grinning apologetically. "It ain't much. But I guess you can stand it for a little while."

"Yeah," said Jim, sitting down wearily, and taking out his wallet. "Look, Shake. You go get me a U-Drive-It car. Also try to call Johnny at Santa Monica. And give this number a couple of rings. It's my beach number. If you get Johnny at either place, tell him I'll meet him at the Ship—to wait." Jim jumped up, suddenly irritated. "It's enough to drive a guy crazy. If I don't want Johnny, I can't get rid of him. If I need him I have to send out the militia."

"Now you take it easy, Mr. Farrar. I'll get out of here quick before the coppers show. I'll go out the back, and I'll come in that way. I may miss 'em even if they're looking for me. If anybody'd happen to come in here while I'm gone, you tell 'em you're waiting for the other crapshooters—there's a game."

"Okay. And thanks, Shake. You got more on the ball than I thought."

Shake grinned feebly. "It's sort of like old times. I been in plenty jams, Mr. Farrar. And I used to be pretty nimble. Course I ain't the man I was." He shook his head slowly, then went out, softly closing the door.

From time to time Jim glanced at his watch. Shake had been gone nearly two hours, and Jim was beginning to wonder if he hadn't better take a chance by himself. It wasn't that he didn't trust the old con man: Shake had always had the reputation of being one hundred per cent right: he might bungle things but he wouldn't put the finger on you. No, Jim wasn't worried about a double cross. But the coppers might have got their hands on Shake.

JIM paced up and down impatiently for a moment; then he went over to the window, pushed the blind aside and stood looking out into the dingy, narrow street. Dirty-faced Mexican and Italian kids were running up and down, yelling. An occasional car, taking a short cut, honked its way between the grimy brick buildings. Beyond the slum area loomed the big buildings of downtown Los Angeles, looking a little misty in the early evening.

Pictures began to flash before Jim's eyes: Gladys, stricken and helpless, holding out her hands to him; Doc ducking for the wall, trying his last conniving trick, before the lead caught up with him; the greenish-faced little man in the white apron standing in the middle of the busy side street, hysterically yelling his lungs out.

Jim jogged himself back to the present with a quick shake of his head. No use crying over spilt milk. He had things to do. It wasn't a first-degree rap: Doc had started the shooting. Of course Jim's witness, the little bartender, had been down behind the bar when the shooting occurred, but with the right kind of handling he might be persuaded to give a good account of himself in the witness chair.

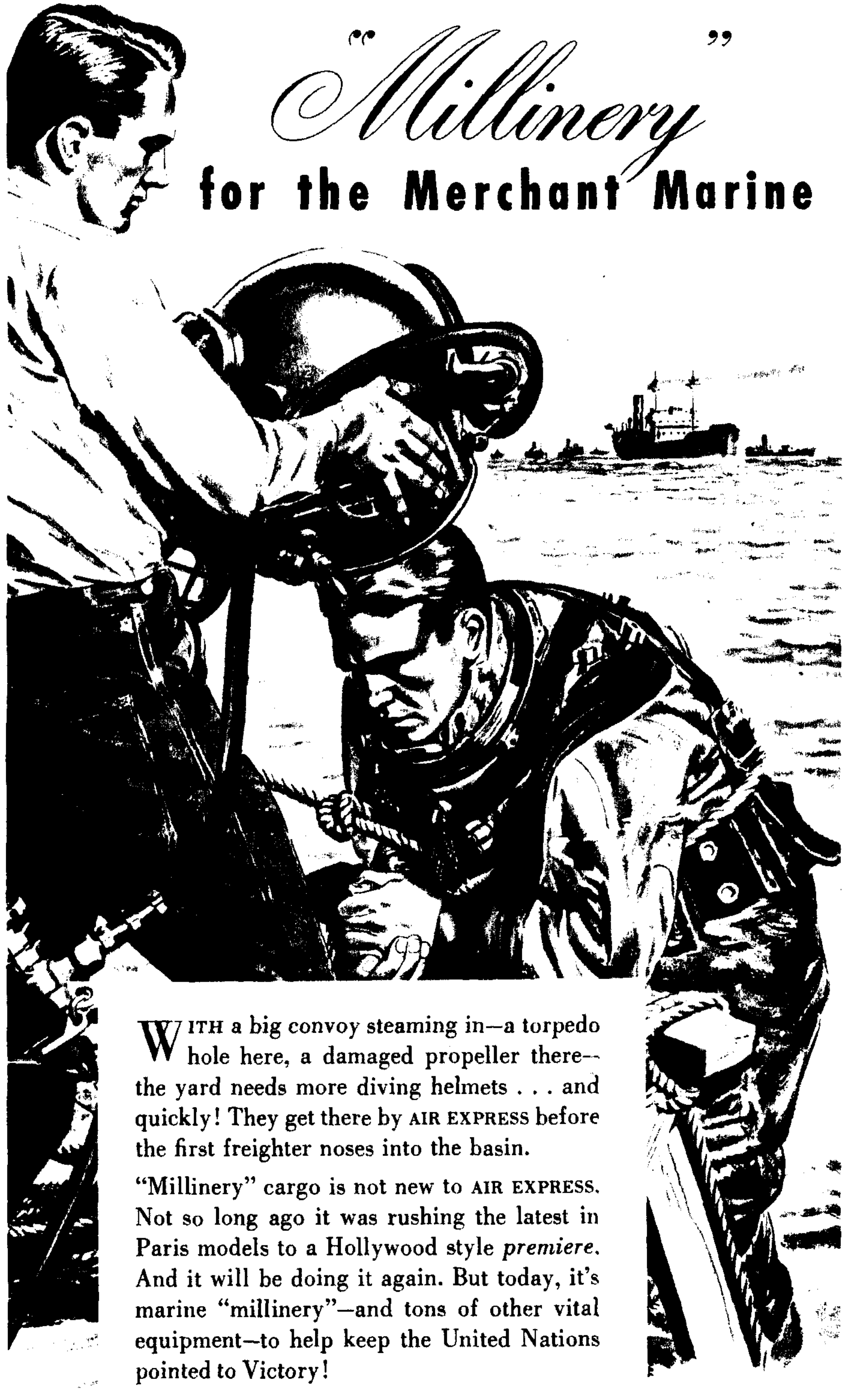
"Providing I want to stand trial," said Jim, and then suddenly there rushed over him such a feeling of despair that he groaned aloud and bent forward slightly as if in pain. The world looked black and hopeless. He thought about the long fight with the law he'd have to make, months in jail, endless wrangles with lawyers, fixers, and front men; and then after all that agony—maybe a conviction, and a stiff stretch: even up to twenty years. Jim recoiled, and stood cursing Doc, and trying to fight down useless regrets. If he'd never told Pop Gruber where he'd be; if Pop had ignored Doc; if Johnny had ignored Pop; if he'd ignored Johnny—the futile procession of "ifs" lengthened out interminably. Jim pulled himself up short.

"I've got to find Johnny," he said aloud, decisively, trying to talk down his feeling of hopelessness. "And I got to get my money." He glanced down into the street, thinking for a moment that he saw Shake, then he let the blind fall back into place. "Let's see," he mused. "How much dough have I got at the beach? Between fifty and sixty grand. . . ."

At the sound of a guarded footstep in the hall, he turned. There was a soft knock at the door, and Shake's voice muttered, "It's me, Mr. Farrar."

Jim opened the door. "What happened to you, Shake?"

"Gee, I'm glad you stayed," said Shake,



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"Millinery" cargo is not new to AIR EXPRESS. Not so long ago it was rushing the latest in Paris models to a Hollywood style *premiere*. And it will be doing it again. But today, it's marine "millinery"—and tons of other vital equipment—to help keep the United Nations pointed to Victory!

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AIR EXPRESS Gets there FIRST

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looking hot and exhausted. "I was afraid you'd think I'd sold you out or something. I was back an hour ago, and almost ran into a couple of harness bulls, looking for me. They stayed around till just now. I was hiding back in a wareshed."

"Got the car?"

Shake nodded.

"Good," said Jim. "Say—did you locate Johnny?"

"No. He checked out of the hotel, and nobody answered at the beach."

"He what?"

"That's what they told me. He was gone all morning, then he came and checked out."

"That's funny," said Jim, staring.

"Come on, Mr. Farrar. We better be going."

"You're not going, Shake," said Jim. "You've done your part. Thanks a million."

Shake was very lonesome. He wanted to go along with the big fellow in spite of the danger. With Windy in San Francisco and Doc dead he had nobody. True he had the books he'd always dreamed of and the leisure to read them and nobody to bother him; but at night he couldn't sleep from loneliness. Dreams are fine, Shake had discovered, if you don't realize them.

"I could be a big help. I'm just rusting here, Mr. Farrar. If you're figuring on going to Mexico, I know all the angles."

"Mexico's my best bet. I want to hole up till I can get things organized and locate Johnny. He's got to put the wheels in motion for me. Maybe he can make a decent deal with the D.A. If so I could come in and give myself up. But they're not dragging me in till I know what's what."

"Yeah," said Shake, eagerly, "you got it right. Mexico's the place to hole up. I know a guy in Bellamy, Arizona, who'll look after you and get you across the border without any trouble at all. And on top of that he can get you any kind of credentials you want."

Jim studied Shake, who looked pale and agitated. His dewlap was trembling with emotion.

"What's your angle, Shake? You're clear; not wanted. Why put your neck in a noose?"

Shake lowered his eyes and shifted in embarrassment. "Well—I'm just sort of dying on the vine, sitting around here. I haven't been in action so long I . . ."

"All right, Shake . . . Let's go."

A broad smile spread over Shake's fat, pale face. "I figure I'll just lock up my room and blow," he said; "if I get back—fine. If not—it won't matter to nobody one way or another."

THE sun had set and a beautiful summer evening was closing down as they neared the ocean. Shake was driving. When they reached a big suburb, where the houses were widely spaced and the traffic was light, Jim told him to pull over to the curb and park. Shake obeyed, then sat glancing at Jim, who took out his gun, wiped it clean and, leaning out of the car, tossed it down a manhole grating.

"That's that," said Jim, as Shake started off. "I was hoping I'd never have to use that heater."

They drove along in silence for a long time. Shake sat thinking calmly about Doc: poor crazy Doc: always jumpy and irritable and sore at the world, and hating everybody. . . . In the old days Doc had had his points: he'd been lively and witty and full of very funny sardonic comments on everything. What an eye for sham he'd had: nothing took him in. Shake sighed deeply. He was going to miss Doc: he'd never forget him.

At a curve in the road they came to the top of a hill and before them was the sea, glistening faintly under a soft lavender-blue mist in the fading evening glow. A slim silver new moon seemed to float above the sea, light as a feather. The dimmed-out shore line showed a few vague and distant points of light.

"Pretty, ain't it?" Shake observed, and Jim nodded.

It was night when they got to Jim's beach house. Two sailors from the Coast Guard were patrolling the road, with rifles slung across their shoulders. Jim spoke to them and they answered with distant politeness.

"I never been down here before," said Shake as the sailors went on. "Brother—this is something. You can't see your hand before your face."

THEY got out and groped their way around the house and Jim fumbled with his key at the front door. As he was opening the door, he noticed that a big car was parked a few feet down the road, and suddenly he remembered that night he'd surprised Tony. But there wasn't a light showing any place in the house, and when he stepped into the pitch-black living room it was so still that the ticking of a clock seemed to fill it with sound. Jim was positive there was no one in the house: there was a feeling of abandonment in the atmosphere.

He switched on a light.

"Nice place you got here, Mr. Farrar," said Shake, respectfully.

"Yeah," Jim replied, absently; then he hurried into the bedroom and turned on the lights. Tony had gone; that was obvious at a glance. All her toilet articles had disappeared from the dressing table. He opened the closet; it was empty except for a lot of forlorn-looking coat hangers.

"Well, I'll be darned!" said Jim with a grim laugh. "She sure picked the right time to blow."

He went back into the living room.

"Mr. Farrar," said Shake, "I thought I heard somebody prowling around outside."

"Probably the Coast Guard guys on their way back. You stay here, Shake. I got to go down to the locker room."

Jim hurried down the narrow stairway and, with a key he took from his wallet, he started to open one of the locker doors, but instead he stopped and stared: it was already unlocked and slightly ajar. He flung it back violently and, kneeling down, lifted out a small, tin strongbox, shaking it as he stood up. There was something in it all right; but it didn't seem heavy enough. It had also been unlocked. Jim raised the lid and his heart contracted. All his money was gone. There was nothing in the box but a sealed envelope.

He went over to the unshaded bulb which hung from the ceiling by a cord and was the only light in the room, and holding the envelope up he stared at it. It was addressed to him in a handwriting he knew: Johnny's. He tore it open and read the enclosure:

Jim:

I'll probably hang myself for this later. But I've gone south with all your dough, figuring you don't need it now. I got drunk one night and told Tony about it. You can write the rest. I'm sorry I turned out to be such a rat. I'm surprised at myself. Tony's with me—and in that respect I guess I'm doing you a favor. J.

Jim began to laugh; he leaned against the wall and laughed for a long time. This was the limit. Johnny and Tony. Who could have imagined such a combination?

Suddenly he realized that what he was laughing at wasn't funny. He pulled himself up with an effort, knowing that he was on the verge of hysteria. He had no lawyer and no dough. Why lam for Mexico now? What was the point in it?

Through a fog he heard Shake calling to him. He hurried to the foot of the stairs.

"Yeah?" he shouted.

"You better come up here, Mr. Farrar. It was a dame prowling around. She's waiting on the porch. I wouldn't let her in."

Tony!

Jim compressed his lips and came up the stairs three at a time.

"She says she seen you come in and she's got to talk to you. I told her, I said, 'Listen, sister . . ' "

Jim rushed to the door and flung it open, then he started back. It was Gladys. She was holding out her hands to him. "Jim! Jim!" she said.

He caught her just as she started to fall and carried her to the big divan. Shake stared at him openmouthed.

"It's my wife," said Jim. "Get her a drink. Whisky. Right in there."

"No kidding," cried Shake, staring, overcome. He'd heard the truth about Jim and the million-dollar sucker from Doc, who'd finally broken down and told him.

Jim began to unfasten Gladys' clothes. Coming to himself, Shake made a dash for the whisky, stumbling and nearly falling in his haste.

Gladys didn't come around fully for some time. But both Jim and Shake breathed easier when she began to move her hands about, and they both smiled with relief when she opened her eyes—even if she did close them again at once.

Finally Gladys spoke: "Where's that girl?"

Embarrassed, Shake cleared his throat and turned away.

"She's gone," said Jim. "For good."

"Why did you have her here, Jim? I can't understand that at all."

Shake moved farther off and became intensely interested in a picture on the wall.

"I knew her before I met you," said Jim, rather curtly, Shake thought. "Anyway—what does it matter now?"

"At least," said Gladys weakly, "I'm glad you knew her before."

Shake turned. "Mr. Farrar, maybe I better step outside for a minute."

"Go in the bedroom, Shake, and shut the door. Make yourself comfortable."

"Yes, sir. Thanks."

Shake hurried out, sighing with relief, and when the bedroom door closed behind him he addressed his image in the dressing-table mirror: "He talks to her just like she was anybody—a woman with all that dough! I just can't understand it. Funny fellow, Mr. Farrar is. I wish I knew how he feels inside. Not like me—that's a cinch." Shake studied his pale, flabby countenance for a moment, then he shrugged, turned away, and sat down on the bed. "I never was much on looks," he mused, "even at my best. I guess I'm the quiet, homey type." He giggled briefly at his own wit, then he began to look around him, sniffing. "Brother!" he exclaimed, "I'd sure like to meet the babe that stunk this place up. Certainly smells expensive. Sort of Oriental, like the stuff Cleopatra must've used—'way back in the Middle Ages."

SHAKE sat with his hands on his knees, thinking about how beautiful the Nile Queen must have looked in those far-off days he'd read about so many times in books he'd picked up in various penitentiary libraries. Shake loved to fall into daydreams and pretend that he was living in what he referred to as "old history days," especially when he was at peace—as he was at the moment, owing to the fact that he had attached himself to Jim. All his life Shake had been attaching himself to somebody, always with unpleasant or disastrous results. But, as he was very simple and of an optimistic nature, he kept trying. Jim was the best yet, even if he was in a jam.

Gladys felt so much better now that she was sitting up. She and Jim looked at each other in silence for a long time. She hardly knew him. He had dropped all pretense and looked like a different man: a strange male, handsome, remote, impersonal. At the moment it was impossible for her to imagine that they'd ever been close. Suddenly she thought about that night in Mexico: they'd had champagne and she was feeling very carefree and gay: they'd gone out on the balcony to listen to the music which drifted up from the cantina across the street: beyond the town the mountains loomed, black and huge under the starry sky.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Jim, made a little uneasy by the long silence.

"I was thinking about that night on the balcony of the Mexican hotel. You probably don't even remember."

"I remember."

Gladys glanced at him, noting his set, unsmiling face and the harsh lines about his mouth. When she'd first heard that he was suspected of killing the strange little doctor, it had seemed fantastic to her; especially so as she'd got the information from Mr. Evans, who was silly and flighty, like an old maid. It was utterly incredible that the Jim Lloyd she knew could even contemplate such a thing—let alone do it. Now she understood. She had seen behind the smooth mask of lazy good nature.

SHE took a folded-up newspaper from her pocket and handed it to Jim. The front page was filled with war news and accounts of the doings of the leaders in Washington. The stuff about the killing was on the second page. Doc had been identified, his record unearthed. But Jim was referred to as James Lloyd, wealthy oil man. It was conjectured that he'd been swindled by Doc, the con man, and had taken his revenge. Jim read the account carelessly and threw the paper aside.

"Your name is not really Lloyd, is it, Jim?" asked Gladys.

"No," said Jim. "I've used a lot of them, but my real name is James Driscoll. Most people think my name is Farrar."

"You married me for my money in cold blood, didn't you, Jim?"

"Yes."

"That's what the little doctor told me. But I didn't pay any attention to him till he mentioned the girl—Toby."

"Tony."

"That's right. What happened to her?"

"She left."

The color had come back into Gladys' face. She felt much better, but she was so confused by Jim's blunt answers that she could think of nothing to say, and there was a long pause. Gladys took out her compact and tidied her hair, glancing into the little mirror. Jim watched her absently, trying to figure out just what it was best to do. Mexico was the safest place to jump to, considering that Shake knew the ropes, but Jim needed a stake and needed it bad. If it came to the worst, he could always hit Shake, who certainly must have quite a hunk of his cut left. But he hated to do it. Shake was broken down and one of the boys: he'd never yet played a guy in the profession for a sucker.

"How did you get here?" Jim asked suddenly.

Gladys glanced at him quickly. "The little doctor told me just where to come. I thought you might be here. First, I tried to get in; then I waited and waited."

"I don't mean that. Did you drive?"

"Of course."

"In what?"

"Your car."

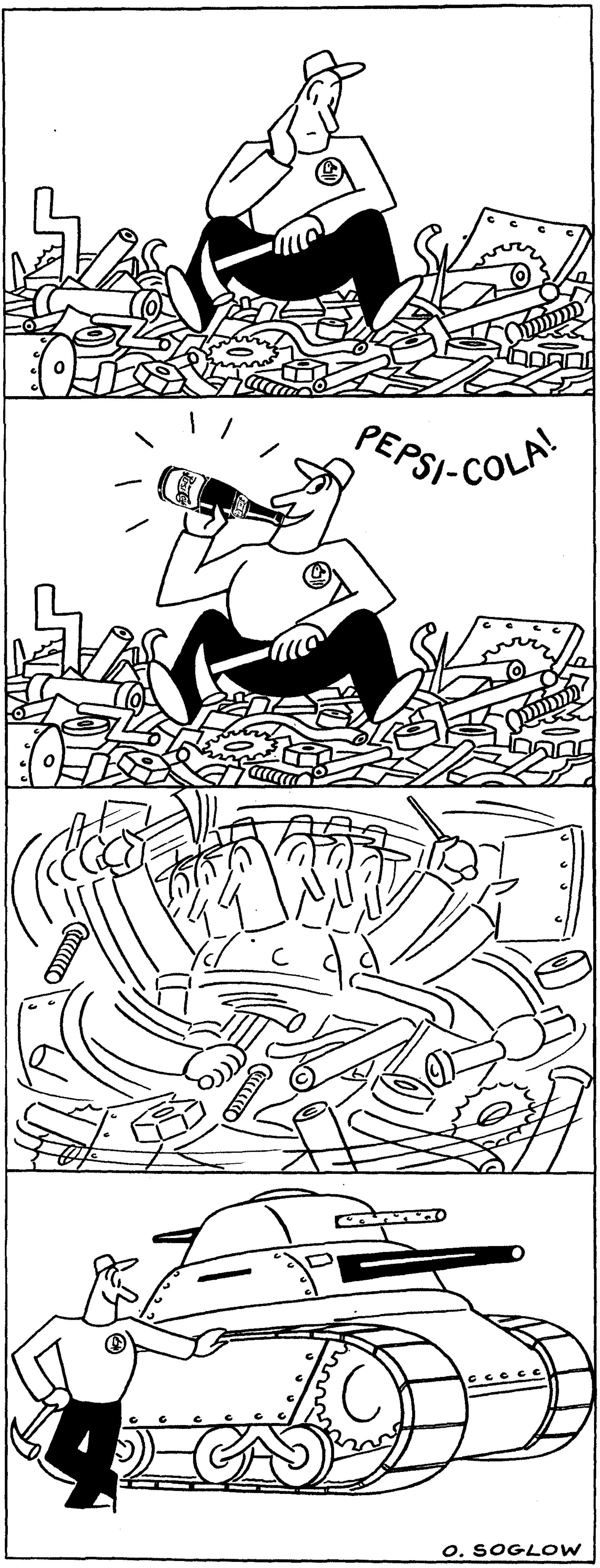
Jim leaped up, hurried across the room, and flung open the bedroom door. Shake was lying on the bed, smoking a cigarette.

"Shake!"

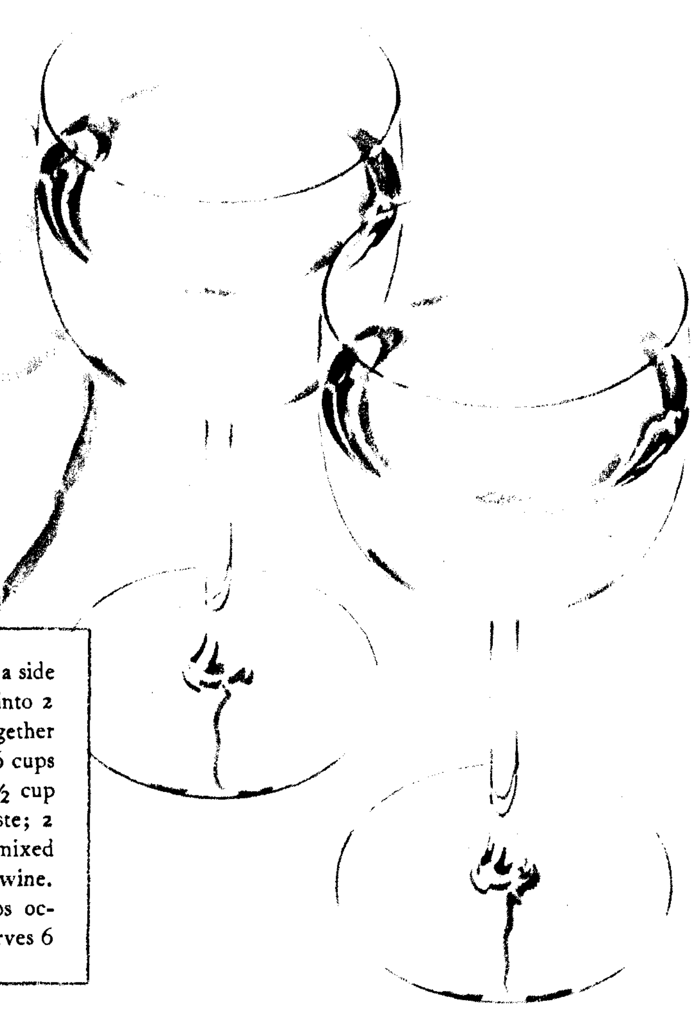
The con man sat up, openmouthed, jerked back so suddenly to reality by Jim's curt tone that he was a little confused.

"Yeah, Mr. Farrar. I was just . . ."

"My car's outside. Take it down the road and ditch it some place. Then call



Keep on having folks to your house for dinner. Let them taste low-ration-point dishes made a special way—and served with moderate glasses of wine



Ever make a "Crown Roast" of Spareribs? Have a side of fresh pork spareribs (2 to 2½ lbs.) cut lengthwise into 2 long strips. Rub with salt and pepper and skewer together to make a crown. Fill center with this stuffing: Mix 6 cups bread crumbs, 2 apples diced, ¼ cup diced onion, ½ cup raisins. Add salt, pepper, celery salt and sage to taste; 2 tbsps. melted margarine or bacon fat; and 1 beaten egg mixed with ½ cup water and ½ cup California Sauterne wine. Bake in hot oven (400°) about 1¼ hrs., basting ribs occasionally with additional Sauterne (about ½ cup). Serves 6

WINE lends a hand to wartime cooks

GOOD CHEER is a weapon, too! And perhaps the best of all places to *build* cheer is at your own dinner table, sharing food with your friends.

So invite people to your house often. There are many grand-eating main dishes that will keep a watchful eye on your ration points. Nourishing war dishes that take on extra delicacy of flavor when a little wine is used in the cooking!

You not only make these dishes with wine, you serve the same good wine at table. An ages-old custom for building morale, it's hard to improve upon today.

We invite you to try this custom, starting with the foods and wines pictured here. For a new booklet filled with wonderful low-ration-point dishes cooked with wine, write the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco, California.

- **If your wine merchant or restaurateur hasn't your favorite wine type, let him suggest another California wine . . . it's your opportunity to become acquainted with some of the many other excellent types**

This is Stuffed Heart Burgundy: To serve 6, buy ½ beef heart. Wash; trim off hard portions, veins, etc. Let stand several hours in 1½ cups California Burgundy wine. Drain, saving wine. Season inside and out. Fill with this stuffing: Mix 2 cups bread crumbs, 4 tbsps. minced onion, ¾ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper, ¼ tsp. poultry seasoning, 3 tbsps. melted margarine or bacon fat, and ½ cup of wine drained from meat. Sew up openings. Season again. Place in a deep covered baking dish. Add remaining Burgundy and ½ cup water; bake slowly at 300° F. 2 or 3 hours, or until tender, basting occasionally. Remove meat; skim off excess fat. Thicken and season remaining liquid for gravy

Before all else BUY BONDS

up the U-Drive-It joint: tell them you want to keep the car all night. Make it good so we won't have 'em reporting the car to the coppers as missing."

"Okay, Mr. Farrar."

When Shake had gone, Gladys said, "I never thought about the car."

"It's all right."

Jim turned and paced up and down restlessly.

"I can't tell you how all at sea I feel," said Gladys. "You seem like a complete stranger."

"I am," said Jim curtly.

Gladys looked at him, then she compressed her lips and spoke so determinedly, that Jim stared at her in surprise. "No, you're not. You're married to me."

"What do you mean, Gladys?"

"I mean I'm going to stay with you. Have you any money?"

JIM sat down, studying his wife, puzzled. "Wait a minute. You haven't got any idea what you're letting yourself in for. I'm wanted for murder. If you help me or go around with me—with full knowledge, which they can prove—you're an accessory. It's a felony. They can send you up."

"To me those are just so many words."

Jim groaned. "You've got to be sensible, Gladys."

"Why?"

"Look. You're a nice respectable woman. I'm what's known as a racket man. No future for you. Nothing but trouble."

"You didn't answer my question," said Gladys, ignoring his remarks. "Have you any money?"

"No. Not much."

"I gathered up everything I could get my hands on. I thought you might need it. I've got over fifteen hundred dollars in my handbag and jewelry worth at least thirty thousand."

"You shouldn't be running around alone at night with . . ." Jim paused and swore briefly, then he held out his hand. "Give it to me."

Gladys picked up her handbag and held it out to him. He took it from her, stripped it of the money and jewelry, which he stuffed into his pocket, then he handed it back to her.

"Now, look," he said. "I'm hitting for Mexico with Shake. We'll drop you off near a bus stop. When you get back report the car was stolen. If the cops question you, tell them you were out looking for me. You went in some place to phone and somebody copped the car."

"No," said Gladys, stubbornly, "I'm going with you."

"You're crazy," cried Jim, standing off and studying Gladys, wondering if maybe she wasn't a little batty after all. Was this any way for a well-brought-up woman to act?

"That is possible."

"But I don't get it."

"It's very simple. I love you, Jim."

"Yeah, yeah," said Jim, impatiently. "So you love me. But what's that? There's a time for everything, and this is just no time for love."

Gladys got up and came toward him. "You'll never understand, Jim. I know that now. But I just can't live without you. I don't care what you've done."

Bewildered, Jim took her in his arms and mechanically kissed her and stroked her hair. "I've seen some crazy dames in my time," he told himself, "but . . ." He stood shaking his head.

"Gladys," he said wearily, "I'm going to have to go all over this again. You've just never been up against things like I have. You don't know what you're running into. They're bound to catch up with me some day; they'll take you, too. And you'll have to do a stretch in some dirty women's prison. Be reasonable. Do what I say. Then you'll be safe."

"No," said Gladys with complete finality.

JIM drew away from her and ran his hand across his eyes. The strain was beginning to tell on him. He sat down suddenly and stared morosely at the carpet.

"Okay. I'm just as nuts as you are if I take you along. But—okay."

Gladys glanced at him, then sat down on the divan opposite him.

"Jim," she said softly, "there's a question I want to ask you. It worries me. You don't have to answer if you don't want to."

Jim looked up. "Yeah?"

"It's about Doctor Bright." She glanced at Jim anxiously, afraid he'd react in some violent manner. She expected him at least to wince away from the thought of the little dead doctor.

"What about him?" Jim asked indifferently.

Gladys paused for a moment, trying to find words for what she wanted to say. "I've been worrying ever since I heard about it—although at first I couldn't believe it. I mean, I've been worrying about its effect on you—your feelings. I . . ." Gladys faltered badly, then came to a full stop.

"You mean you figure I might go nuts with remorse?"

"Well . . ." Gladys began hesitantly.

But Jim burst out laughing. "Don't worry about that. He asked for it and he got it. Usually in this business, a rat doesn't live to be forty-five. Doc just rode his luck to a fall."

"I see," said Gladys, staring at Jim, trying to grasp his meaning. And suddenly she realized that a great abyss separated them: he could never really understand her; she could never really understand him. It was a sad and somewhat terrifying thing to contemplate, and yet, actually, it made no real difference to her.

Jim had got up again and was pacing the floor when Shake came back. The con man entered hat in hand, smiling apologetically, and avoiding Gladys' eyes out of embarrassment.

"I took care of everything, Mr. Farrar," he said. "I found a good spot for the car. There's a joint down the road: roadhouse, dancing place, drive-in: you know. And it's packed. What a crowd. So I parked there—got a ticket, everything. If nobody comes for the car before twelve, the parking guys won't think nothing of it. They'll just go home. It's better than leaving it on the road."

"Nice work," said Jim.

"I even got a hitch back," said Shake, grinning, feeling very proud because the big fellow was praising him. "I also took care of the U-Drive-It guy. All set."

"Fine."

Gladys said nothing. She sat staring at Shake. The man must be a criminal, like Jim; but he looked even less like one. He had a very kind face and a soft manner. You'd trust him on sight.

"Let's get started," said Jim, abruptly. "My wife's going with us."

Shake stared, completely flabbergasted. "You mean, she . . . !" He was unable to go on.

"Yes," said Jim. "I can't talk her out of it."

Shake didn't know what to say. He stood shaking his head helplessly. This was going to make it tougher, much tougher. Every cop in the country would be looking for her.

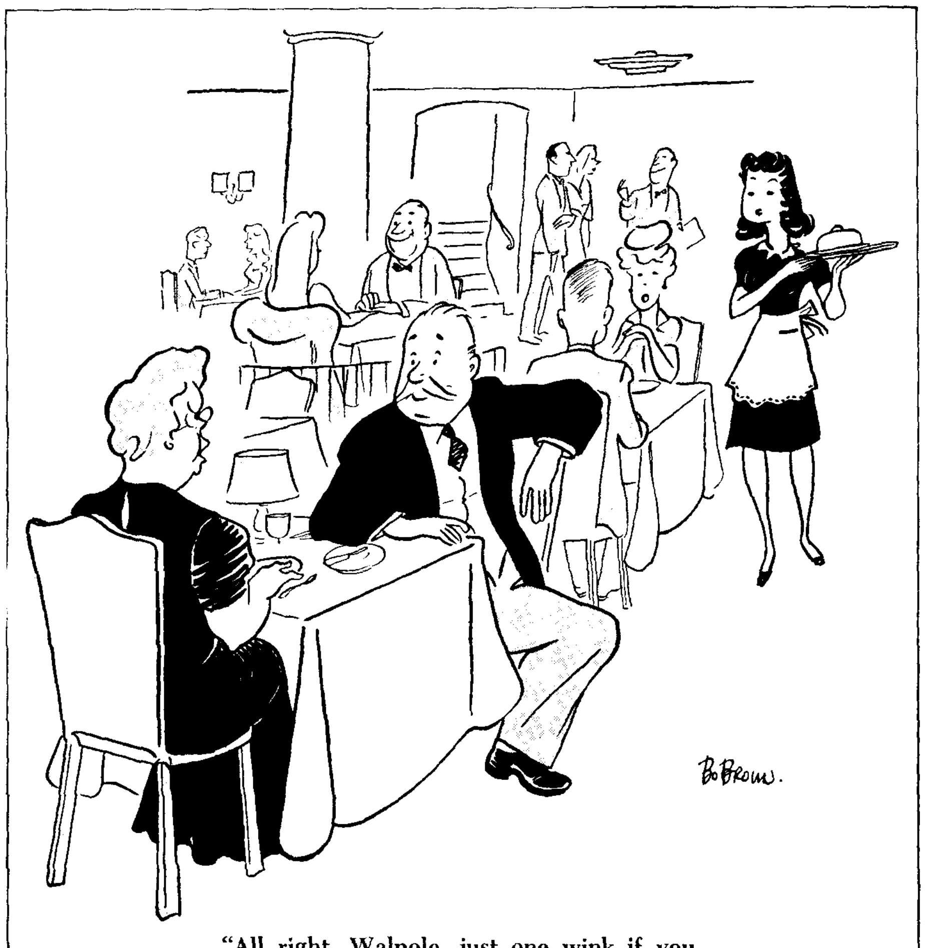
"I don't know, ma'am," he said. "This is no picnic."

JIM had Shake pull up at an important intersection of a remote Los Angeles suburb. They'd been on their way for nearly an hour. Jim was riding in front with Shake, letting Gladys have the whole back seat to herself. He intended to travel five or six hundred miles before daylight, he and Shake spelling each other at the wheel, and he wanted Gladys to be able to relax as much as possible. He'd given her a worn old topcoat he'd had at the beach and a couple of blankets he'd taken off Tony's bed. It got cold at night, driving through the desert.

He turned. "Gladys, listen. There's a bus stop right over there, and it's still early. This is your last chance. From here on, we roll; no stops. Think it over."

"It's no use, Jim."

Gladys wrapped herself up in the old



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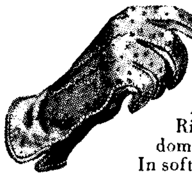

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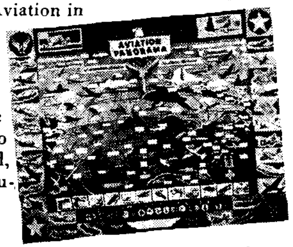

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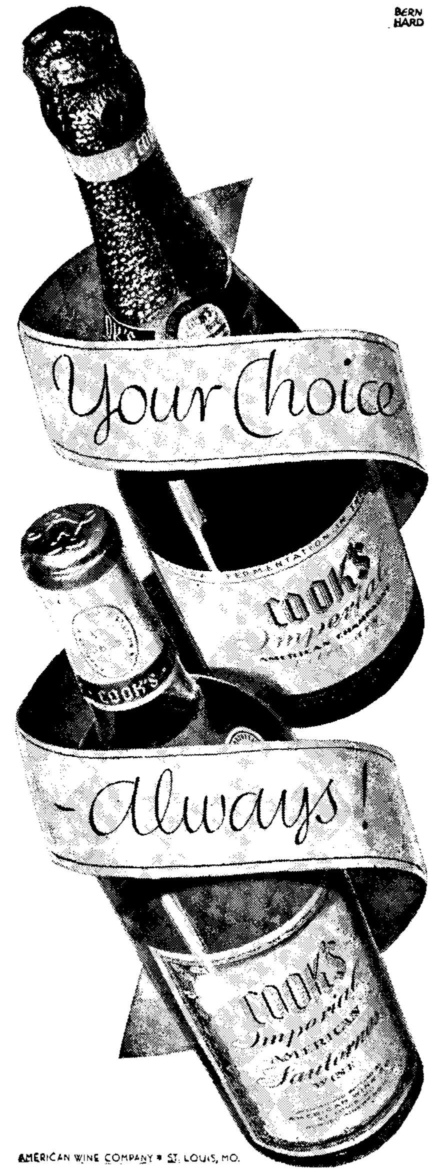

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overcoat and then settled back in the seat.

"Okay."

Before they started off, Jim bought the second edition of a morning paper, and switched on the overhead light to read it.

"Go ahead," he said to Shake.

Jim made a sudden movement, and Shake glanced at it.

"Anything wrong?"

"No. Just keep driving."

They'd identified him. Some smart guy on the bunco squad had figured it out. Jim read his description, smiling to himself ironically.

"James Lloyd, alias Jim Farrar, alias Reed Wallace, alias James Driscoll. Forty years old. Six feet tall and weighing about a hundred and eighty-five pounds. Fair complexion, tanned. Grayish-brown hair, curly. Well-dressed and supposed to be handsome.

"'Supposed to be,' is right," thought Jim.

"He is of an athletic build and very strong. He looks like a prosperous man of affairs, and has a polite manner. He stays at the best hotels and is a big tipper. When last seen, he was wearing a brown tweed suit, a tan shirt, dark brown tie, and light brown pork-pie hat . . ."

"Not bad," thought Jim, "not bad at all."

He switched off the overhead light.

"What's in the paper, Jim?" asked Gladys.

"You can read it later. I'll save it." Then he turned to Shake. "When we get out in the country, pull up a side road. I'm going to change my clothes and ditch this outfit."

"Okay," said Shake.

JIM was driving now with the accelerator almost to the floor. Gladys was lying down in the back seat, wrapped up in the coat and the blankets, sleeping like a child. The strain of the last few hours had finally overcome her. She was completely exhausted.

Occasionally Shake, who was sitting beside Jim, dozing intermittently, glanced at the big fellow, noting how grim and set his face looked in the pale glow from the dash.

The con man would shake his head slowly from side to side. He'd seen some funny ones in his day, but this was the funniest of all: the sucker lamming with the one who'd thrown the chisel. It just didn't make any kind of sense.

It was a beautiful clear night. A white moon had risen slowly above the peaks of the big, distant mountains, and the desert floor was flooded with moonlight, looking bluish-white and eerie. Black clumps of mesquite and greasewood flashed past the speeding car and made Shake feel a little dizzy when he glanced out the window. The black deserted road with its sharp white line rushed at them ceaselessly, straight as a railroad track for miles, then taking erratic turns, which caused Jim to throw the wheel over suddenly.

At times Shake grew cold with fear; he hadn't ridden at this speed for years; but the sight of Jim's big-knuckled, capable hands grasping the wheel reassured him. The big fellow knew what he was doing; he was a good guy to tie to.

"This friend of yours," Jim said, speaking out of the side of his mouth, never taking his eyes from the road, "can he get us a car?"

"He can get you anything," said Shake with a nervous giggle. "And he ain't too hungry for dough; not like some guys, I mean. You see, I done him a good turn in stir once; and he's not the kind of guy who forgets."

There was a long pause, then Jim said, "Take a look at the missus. See if she's all right."

Shake turned and looked, then he smiled. "Sleeping like a baby—sound as can be."

"She must be worn out," said Jim. "She doesn't even sleep good in bed."

There was another long pause, then Shake spoke. "This friend of mine, he'll get us across the border with no trouble at all. There's a pretty good-sized town about a hundred miles or so from the border where some guys I know have hid out in the last few years. None of them ever had any trouble. Harry—that's my friend—he looks after them A-one if they're right. He knows all about you, Mr. Farrar. Who doesn't? He'll be tickled to death to see you."

"Pretty good-sized town, eh? I hope so. Those little Mexican whistle stops are something for the book. A guy might just as well be in stir."

"Yeah." Shake paused for a moment, then glanced at Jim. "Say, ain't you been at it quite a spell? Want me to take it?"

"Okay."

Jim pulled up at the side of the road, and they changed places. The stopping of the car woke Gladys. She sat up and stared around her wildly. She couldn't figure out where she was. All about her was nothing but silent moonlit desert, looking like a vast landscape on a dead planet.

"Jim!" she called. "Where are you?"

"I'm right here, honey. How you making out?"

"Fine. But please come back here with me."

"You'll rest better if I stay up here."

"No, I won't." There was a plaintive note in her voice that gave Jim a strange feeling; it was like a kid calling out in the dark.

He got into the back seat with her. He put his arm around her, and she snuggled down and put her head on his shoulder.

"Is it much farther?" she asked sleepily.

Jim laughed. "Quite a bit. Just relax."

Gladys closed her eyes and in a moment went back to sleep, sighing contentedly.

"We're doing fine, Mr. Farrar," said Shake after a while. "I know that little town up ahead."

"Good," said Jim, wanting a cigarette badly, but refraining for fear he'd disturb Gladys.

As he sat there, thinking and watching the desert rush by, it suddenly occurred to him that this was an insane thing he was doing. Why had he brought Gladys along?

"Nice going," he told himself. "You must be losing your grip. You should've made her stay in L. A. It's no good for her and no good for you."

He shook his head in irritation. What was happening to him? He wanted a cigarette and he was going to have one. Moving gently, he slipped his hand into his pocket.

Gladys stirred and murmured in her sleep. He froze.

Oh, well, he thought, I can have one later.

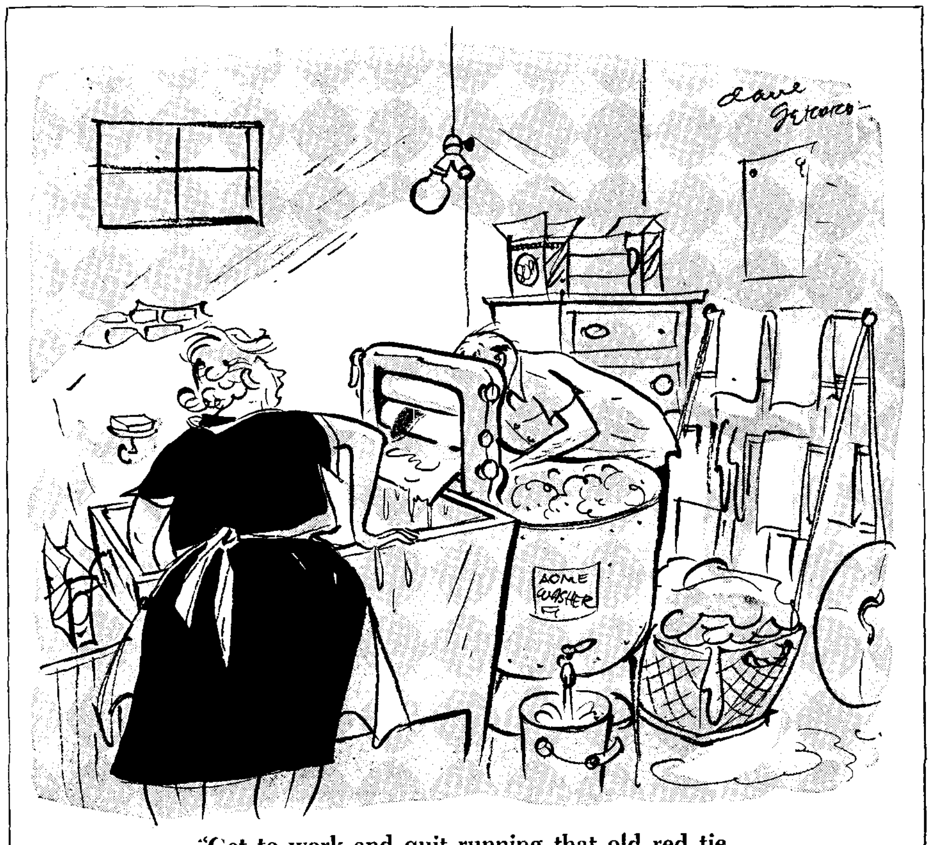
IT WAS siesta time and San Gorgonio was as empty of movement as a vacant moving-picture set, which it resembled. The sun was beating down with what seemed like a purposeful ferocity. Heat glanced off the white buildings, the sunlight was dazzling, and when a brief breeze stirred, it was like a breath from a furnace.

Jim was sitting alone in a big cantina drinking a bottle of very good cold beer. He just couldn't get into the habit of sleeping in the afternoon. Gladys had begged him to try it, and he had; but with bad results. He'd turned and tossed on the hot sheets, sweating like a bull, and getting more and more irritated. It was no use. He had to sleep at night.

Anyway, the heat didn't bother him as long as he went about his activities as usual, ignoring it. Both Shake and Gladys had got so that they looked forward to siesta time—Shake, because he was just naturally lazy and trifling and preferred sleeping to anything else; Gladys, because she was nervous and run down and needed as much rest as she could get.

Jim groaned inwardly, thinking about Gladys. Day by day, it became more apparent to him that this couldn't last. The strain on Gladys would soon be more than she could bear. Nothing in her life had prepared her for such a situation as this; and besides, she was of a delicate nature, very high-strung and sensitive. Without courage, she might have turned into one of those boring, nervous invalids, too good for this world. But Gladys fought her nature savagely, and the more Jim was with her, the more respect he had for her.

At times, she irritated him by her oversolicitousness and by her desire to be with him constantly; but after all, these were



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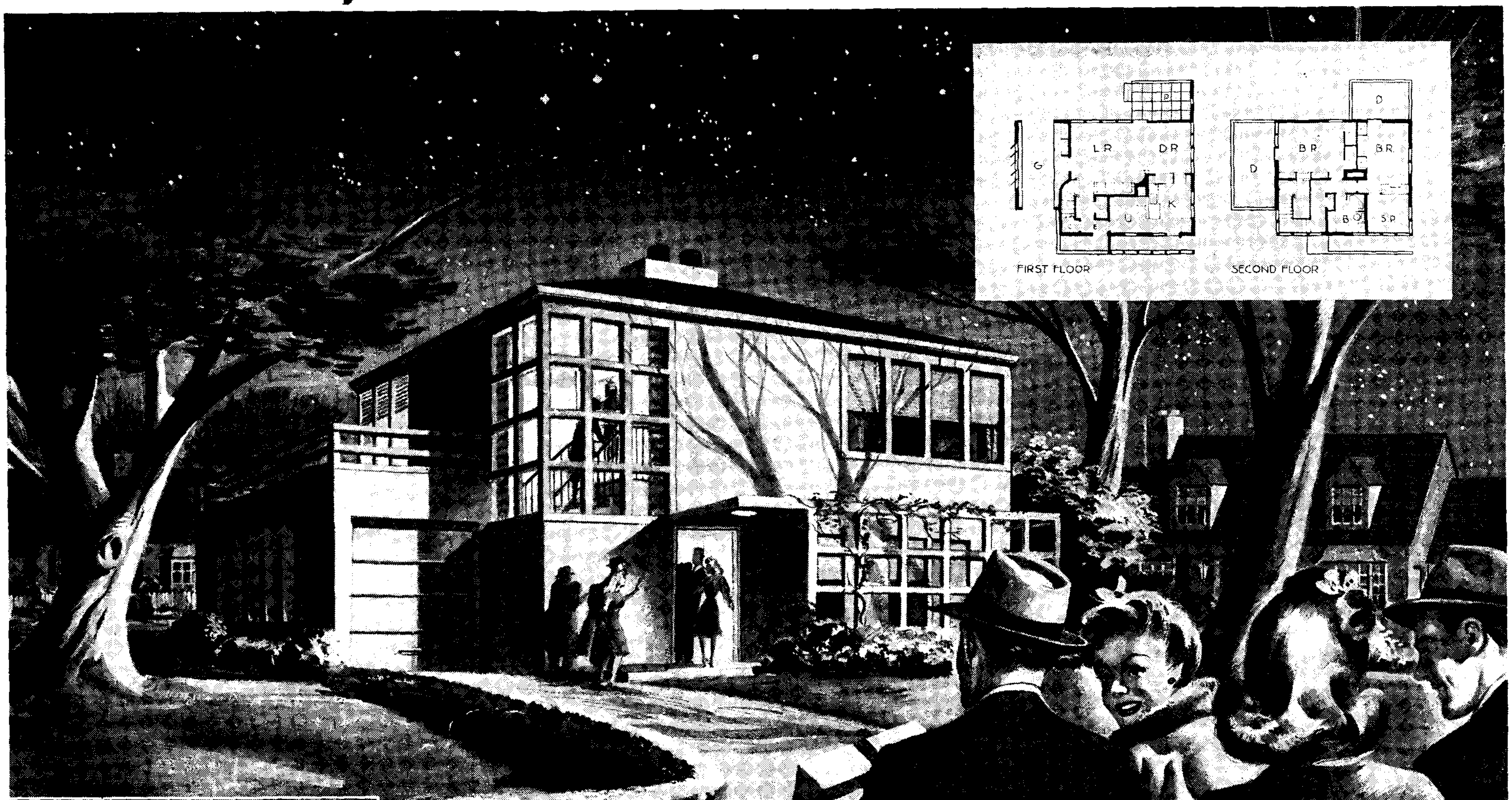

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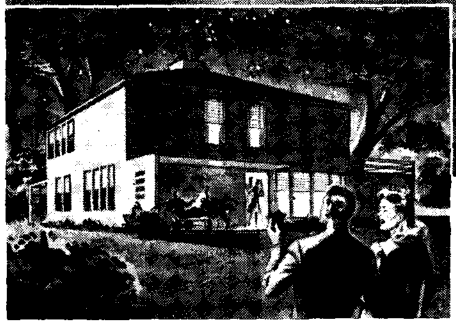

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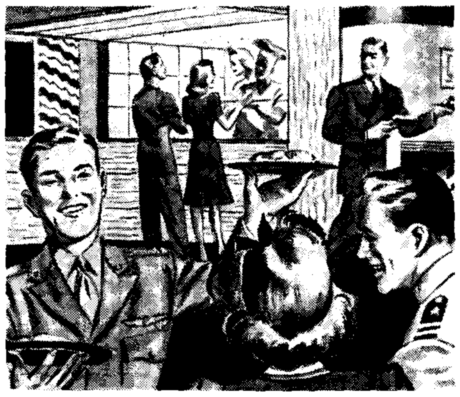
Living room, dining room and the spacious open air terrace are all together, at the rear of the house. They face the landscaped grounds, not the street. Both you and your guests will love the privacy this brings to living.



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When it's time to eat, your guests will troop merrily into the festive dining room. You, mine host, will have fun helping to "dish it out" through the service window that opens from the kitchen. Your guests will have fun serving themselves.

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When Johnny comes marching home, and America's new marvels of production turn to a world of peace—*you* can be in this picture! *You* can be standing in the doorway of this impressive home . . . rejoicing that you saved up your War Bonds for it . . . proudly welcoming your friends to the housewarming party!

For this home will really bring you a *wealth* of livability on a *small* income. Every room will be designed for easy housekeeping. Air will be purified and healthfully conditioned winter and summer. Heavily insulated roof and walls as well as double glass windows will assure maximum winter comfort at lowest fuel cost. Sound-conditioned ceilings will absorb noise, give you a new sense of restful privacy.

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minor matters. Gladys was strictly okay.

Jim, who was not introspective by nature and seldom gave a thought to anything except self-aggrandizement in one form or another, would often try to figure out just how he felt about Gladys. But he always gave it up ultimately as a bad job. He just didn't know. It was a new experience for him. He'd never met a woman anything like her. All the women he'd known were on the chisel. You knew what you were doing. But with Gladys, a new element had entered into his life, upsetting all his preconceived notions.

The thought of applying the word "love" to what he felt never occurred to him. That overworked word had been bandied about so much that it had become practically meaningless. He'd heard too many cheap broads drivel on about love—most of them cheating on one guy or another.

No, that wasn't the way he felt about Gladys. And as for the sex angle—well, in that respect women weren't too different. What really puzzled Jim most was that, for the first time in his life, he felt acutely responsible for someone else's welfare. That was it. He'd got so he thought about Gladys first and himself next. Why?

Jim started on his second bottle of beer, and relit his cigar, which had gone out. It was almost impossible to realize that things could get into such a muddle in so short a time. One minute he'd been on top of the heap; married to a million bucks, a respected citizen—at least around the Marwood—and with a very sharp lawyer who could look out for him, and an extremely handsome and lively broad stashed. Bang! Just like that! And it was all over.

"Maybe the boys were right," he mused; "yeah; maybe I just don't care about anything any more."

He thought about Tony and Johnny for a moment, then dismissed them from his mind. Why worry about that now? Anyway, he knew the answer. Johnny was no rat and no pushover. Tony had just been too much for him, and to Jim, that was understandable. If Gladys hadn't come along, he himself would have been as far overboard about Tony as Johnny was. "The little Irish fool!" said Jim without bitterness. "Will he be sorry!"

A FEW minutes later, Shake showed up, looking for him. Jim winced slightly. Poor old Shake was such a bore, always drooling on about the past. He had on a wrinkled tropical suit, and sweat was dripping off his chin. He sat down across from Jim and leaned his elbows on the table.

"Hi, Shake."

"Hello, Mr. Farrar. I didn't sleep so good today. Anyway, a bellboy woke me up with a special-delivery letter. Bad news."

"Yeah? What?"

"The heat's on in L. A. You're wanted for kidnaping now, too; on account of the missus. O' course, nobody can figure she went with you on her own hook. I still don't understand it myself."

"What about Lonergan?"

"He says nix. He can't make no deal with the D.A. at the moment, and he wants some more money. Lonergan, I mean. He says we've got to lay low. It would be murder to come in now."

"We've got to get in pretty soon. Gladys can't stand much more of this. I wish she'd listen to reason and go in with you. Then I could stay here and everything'd be okay."

"Yeah," said Shake thoughtfully.

"Don't say anything to her about this," Jim admonished sharply.

Shake was hurt. His loose mouth dropped. "Why, Mr. Farrar. You know me better than that."

JIM went out on the balcony for a breath of fresh air. San Gorgonio was over three thousand feet up, and at night a cool fresh wind always blew from the east. Below him the streets were brightly lighted, battered old cars were driving about the plaza, and music was drifting out of the open doors of the many cantinas. The sky was clear and starry; the air dry and crisp. In the bright moonlight, Jim could see the buzzards sleeping all in a row, with their heads under their wings, on the edge of the cathedral roof.

Suddenly he thought about Santa Cruz and that other night on the balcony when Gladys, who meant nothing to him then, felt romantically inclined, and he wanted to make wisecracks, but refrained.

Here he was on the balcony alone; but the town below him might just as well be Santa Cruz, the lights looked the same,

THE AMERICAN FABLE

The fable of the two maggots, one of them getting a nice break

A WPA worker leaves his scoop shovel one night in a WPA truck. And two maggots crawl in and take a long sleep. When they wake up it's daylight and the WPA worker has the shovel on his shoulder heading for his job. One of the maggots yawns, "What's the destination?" and his brother, "Well, maybe there ain't no doggone destination."

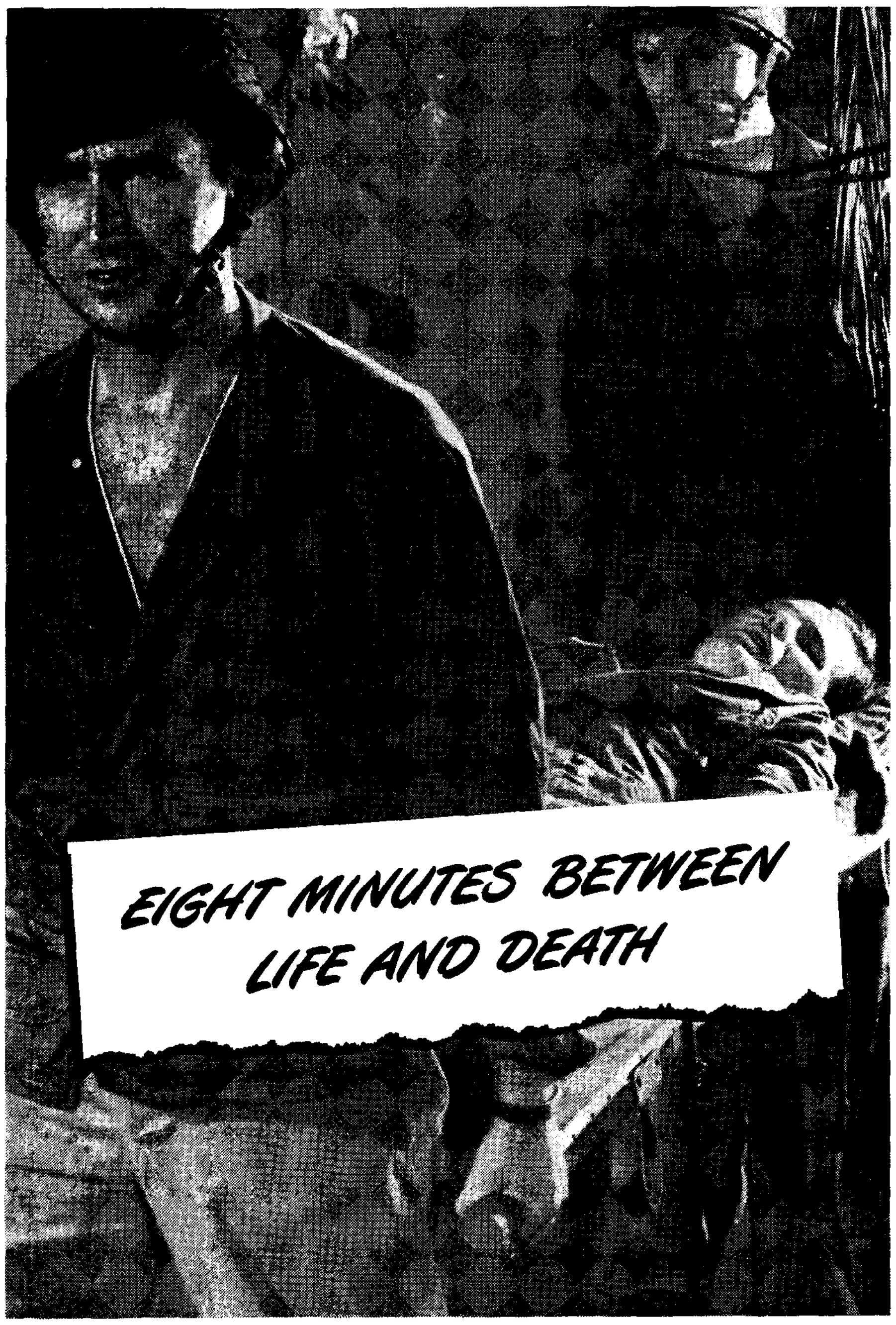
Just about then the WPA worker shifts the shovel from one shoulder to another. And the two maggots lose their toeholds and fall off, one of them into the deep dark crack of a concrete sidewalk. And when his eyes get used to the dark, he finds there is nothing a maggot can live on, not a toehold for climbing up, and it's cold and he starts shivering as he says, "I'm a hoper and a wanter, that's me—a hoper and a wanter."

And the other maggot, his brother, falls into a pile of humus and manure with three dead rats and the ripe carcass of a cat, heaven for a maggot. So he eats and eats and five days go by and around his middle there are seams and wrinkles where odd little creepers have come to feed on him and keep him company. And he is kind of proud about this as he says to himself, "You really ain't got class unless you got some parasites."

So he climbs up on the concrete sidewalk and it's a fine summer morning, blue sky with white fluffs of clouds floating along lazylike, bright sunshine pouring down. Now he comes all of a sudden to the deep dark crack in the sidewalk. And he stops and looks down and after a while he makes out away down there—his brother, weak by now. And his brother's knees sag and he is wobbly as he looks up: "Yes, that's you up there, my brother. We was on that shovel together. Here I am down here in the dark shivering and starving. And you up there—you're fat and greasy and lousy with prosperity. How did you do it? Tell me—how did you do it?"

And the fat maggot up in the sun leans over and looks down: "Huh—how did I do it? Brains and personality."

CARL SANDBURG


EIGHT MINUTES BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH

"DOUBLE QUICK!" the sergeant says.

- The men trudge on through the steaming jungle. The stretcher sags with the weight of the wounded soldier. He appears lifeless, hardly breathing. "Faster, men!"
- At the dressing station, the doctor produces two small flasks. One is filled with distilled water; the other, with a substance that looks like fine sawdust—plasma. (*Two minutes have passed since the boy reached the dressing station.*) The plasma is dissolved in the sterile water. The needle is ready. Deft hands inject the liquid. (*Six minutes.*)
- *Seven minutes. Eight.* The boy breathes audibly. "Pulse is better," the doctor whispers. . . .
- Plasma—dried blood—has worked another miracle!
- But plasma, if it is to do its work, must be ready wherever needed—on time. It must be administered—on time. And it must be ready in quantities—on time.
- *You* can help bridge that time-and-blood gap between life and death. At this very moment, perhaps your son or brother—or the kid who delivered the morning papers—is in that gap. Here's how you can help tide him over:
- Give a pint of blood and an hour of your time to save a lifetime!
- It's a small gift, easily given. Make a date to do it by calling the nearest Blood Donor Center. Don't wait. *Do it in the next eight minutes. Do it now!*

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the mountains loomed just as high beyond the town, the same music rose from the street. It was as if a scene was being repeated, but with ironic overtones now, just to show the meaninglessness of all scenes, of all life—of everything.

Jim turned away, terribly depressed. Gladys was calling him from the bed. He was so worried about her he couldn't think of anything else. She looked white and exhausted. But he knew better now than to argue with her about going back to Los Angeles with Shake. It would do no good. She'd merely get so thoroughly upset by the argument that she wouldn't be able to sleep the whole night.

"Yes, honey," he said.

"You're not happy, are you?" she asked.

"Well—"

"I know you're not. It's this town. It's the monotony. It's me."

"No, it's not," Jim insisted.

"I've certainly caused you a lot of trouble, Jim."

"Oh, not so much."

Gladys lay staring at the ceiling listening absently to the music. Jim sat down wearily in a chair beside the bed.

"Aren't you going to get undressed, Jim?" asked Gladys, turning.

Jim hesitated. "Oh, I guess so." He got up yawning and began to unbutton his shirt.

Gladys turned her face away. She was crying, but he pretended not to see. Boy, she was really in bad shape; her nerves all shot; something just had to be done.

He quickly threw on his pajamas, switched off the light and got into bed. Gladys turned to him, and he held her in his arms till she fell asleep. Gradually he eased her away from him and got her into a comfortable position; then he sighed, rolled over on his back, and lay staring at the dim reflection of the street lights on the ceiling. . . .

Shake woke him early next morning. He'd just got another special-delivery letter. Jim shut the door of the bedroom carefully—Gladys had finally got to sleep—and took Shake over by the windows in the sitting room.

"Keep your voice down," he whispered.

"The heat's really on, Jim," said Shake sadly. "Lonergan says no deal will be possible for at least a couple of months—if ever. There's a big reward out for you; and the police department's being goosed by the mayor because the papers're playing it up. It might even be better for us to move on to another town."

"Shake," said Jim, "we're leaving for L. A. today. This is killing the missus."

"But, Mr. Farrar, we'll get nabbed."

"You stay here if you feel that way."

"Why? I ain't wanted."

"If you're caught with me, it will be bad."

"Yeah," said Shake meditatively, "but it's you I'm worrying about. It's hot in town."

"I don't want to argue," said Jim.

"Okay, I'll go."

"After a while, I'll wake the missus. Then you give her the good news. Con her. We're supposed to go in; everything's set."

Shake stood shaking his big head from side to side. This was bad, very bad. But he'd seen it coming.

SAN GORGONIO was soon left behind, and they were winding down a mountain road, Shake driving with what Jim thought was undue caution. Gladys looked and felt much better: the "good news" had bucked her up wonderfully. Jim was sitting in the back seat with her, holding her hand. He felt very calm and tranquil now that he'd made up his mind what to do.

"It's beautiful here," said Gladys, looking out at the heavily wooded country they were passing through. "Jim, see that stream? Doesn't it look cool and fresh?"

Jim glanced out the window indifferently. Nature meant little or nothing to him: he couldn't understand why people raved about scenery—just a lot of dirt, trees, and rocks. Give him a city, particularly at night, with all the lights on and things stirring. Anybody who wanted the country could have it.

"Yeah," he said.

Gladys glanced at him, then looked again. "Jim," she said, "you look so funny this way. Take your hat off and let me see."

Jim obliged. In order to make the play seem more legitimate, he'd disguised himself by shaving off his mustache and getting a German haircut (which Shake annoyed him by repeatedly calling an "Oshkosh, by gosh" haircut) then laughing as if he'd said something very funny. Jim looked leaner, much harder, more virile, and older.

"With your dark glasses on and your hat off, I'd hardly know you," said Gladys. "You look like a German officer or something like that."

JIM put his hat back on and turned to Gladys.

"Look, honey, I want to explain everything to you, so you won't get mixed up and cause a fuss. I'm wanted for kidnaping you. That's silly, of course; but until you turn up, who's going to know different? All right. So Shake takes you back to the Marwood, and you tell Evans you left suddenly because you were so upset, and you've been looking for me all over the country. That story doesn't sound too good, I know. But pay the bill, and you'll have Evans on your side. I'll bet he's been sweating blood over that grand or so we owe." Jim laughed.

"But, Jim—"

"Let me finish, honey. When you turn up, the heat will be off me on the kidnaping charge. Then all that's left will be a manslaughter rap. I'll stand trial for that, and with any kind of luck I'll beat it. Then we're set."

"But you'll be in jail."

"Not long. I'll be out on bail."

"I hope you know what you're doing, Jim," said Gladys, looking at him anxiously.

"Of course, I know what I'm doing." He put his arm around Gladys. "I only ask you to do one thing—co-operate. Otherwise, you'll just make it tough on me."

"I'll do whatever you say, Jim."

"Shake's got his instructions. He's clear, so you don't have to worry about him. The law doesn't want him for anything."

They rode for a long time in silence.

"But suppose something goes wrong?" Gladys demanded suddenly.

Jim spoke to her soothingly. "Nothing can go wrong, honey. Stop worrying."

They spent the night in a little auto court. Neither Gladys nor Jim could sleep, but each pretended to be asleep to keep from disturbing the other. Finally in the middle of the night, Jim couldn't stand it any longer and lighted a cigarette.

Gladys turned toward him instantly. "You awake, darling?"

"I just woke up," lied Jim. "Sorry to bother you but—"

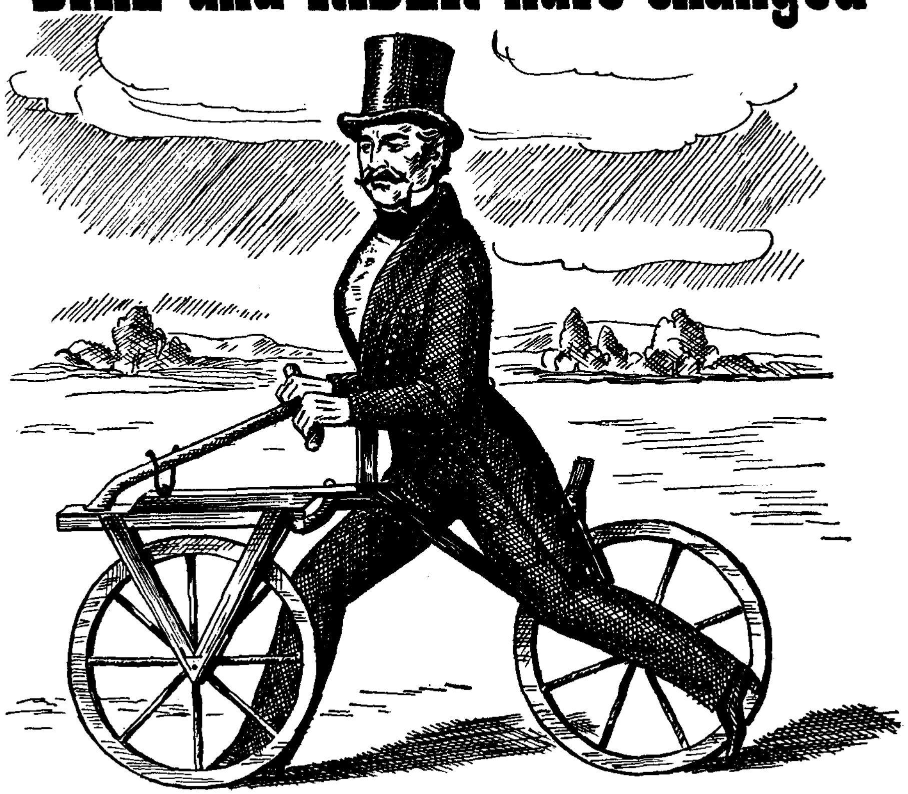
"I don't mind at all."

There was a long silence. In the darkness, all that Gladys could see was the red glow of the cigarette which dimly lighted up Jim's face when he puffed on it.

"I wish I could stay with you, Jim," said Gladys finally. "I just can't stand the thought of . . ." She broke off, and fought for control of her emotions.

She had a feeling something would go wrong and that she'd never see him again. But of a sudden a comforting thought occurred to her: That's exactly the way she'd felt that day in the Marwood when Jim had left her to settle accounts with the

BIKE and RIDER have changed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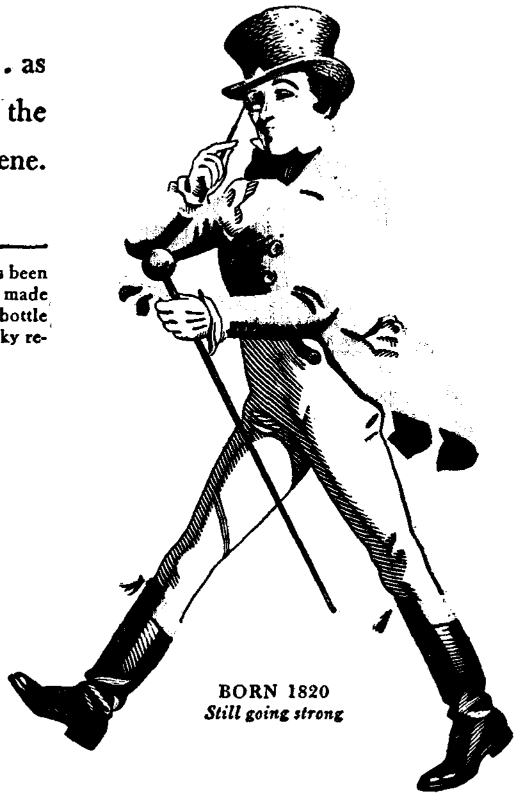
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The DASH that makes the DISH

little doctor. Such feelings didn't mean much; they were merely fears.

"Everything's going to be all right," said Jim soothingly.

He crushed out his cigarette.

"I must seem like an awful woman to you, Jim. Nothing but trouble. Nothing but complaints."

"You're a wonderful woman, Gladys," said Jim, his voice trembling with emotion. Then he caught himself up short, ashamed of himself for speaking in such a way.

Gladys was surprised by the tone of his voice, and deeply pleased. He'd never spoken that way to her before. She settled herself into his arms and in a few minutes was asleep.

SHAKE started to drive off half a dozen times, but Gladys always checked him. She just couldn't force herself to go and leave Jim alone.

"Please, honey," Jim said finally, "go ahead. You're holding things up. I'll see you in a day or two. Now don't worry."

Gladys clung to him and kissed him repeatedly, and when Shake, who was crying, too, drove off, Jim caught a last glimpse of Gladys' pale, tearful face pressed to the window. He felt terrible. All his resolution deserted him for a moment. He wanted to grab a taxi and catch up with Gladys. They could lam back to Mexico. Anything was better than this. But he got hold of himself finally and, turning abruptly, went into the Ship Café.

The bartender glanced at him quickly, then lowered his eyes in a way that puzzled Jim. Had he recognized him? It was possible. Anyway, it was no great matter. According to Johnny, the big Irishman was a right guy; not the kind who yells copper.

"Bourbon and soda," said Jim. "Will you take it over to a table? I'm going to make a phone call."

"You bet I will, sir," said the bartender with impersonal politeness, but as soon as Jim had disappeared into a public phone booth at the rear of the place the bartender hurried to the house phone and nervously made a call.

Jim had a little trouble getting Miss Evans at the Marwood Arms. She was terribly confused at first.

"This is Mr. Lloyd," said Jim.

"Who? Who? Not the Mr. Lloyd who . . . ?"

"That's me. Now listen. I understand my wife will be at the Marwood in a half hour or so. Please look after her. She's going to need you."

"Yes, Mr. Lloyd. I'll—I'll do what I can." Miss Evans sounded scared to death.

"Remember that night I didn't show up till very late, and you looked after her? That's what I mean."

"Yes, Mr. Lloyd. You can trust me."

"Thanks a million," said Jim and hung up.

JIM made another phone call, which took time, then he sat down at the table where the bartender had put his drink. He was surprised how calm, almost indifferent, he felt. That proved something to him. He was doing the right thing—the thing, in one form or another, he'd been intending to do ever since he'd gone to pieces in Florida. He drank his drink and had the bartender bring him another one.

As the minutes passed, Jim grew more and more contented. From time to time, he glanced at his watch, but without impatience, and after a while, he lit a cigar and ordered another drink. He had a feeling that the bartender was watching him, and he glanced at the big Irishman ironically every once in a while, but it didn't really matter now. He began to sip his third drink. Suddenly he became alert. The front door was opening. But he immediately relaxed.

A little spindly man wearing glasses came in with a big, loose-mouthed, blond broad. They sat at the bar. She called the guy with her "Daddy" in a sugary voice and kept glancing back at Jim, who was hoping they'd drink their drinks and get out—which they did, chiefly because "Daddy," in spite of being nearsighted, began to notice that his blond friend was going on the make for Jim.

As they went out, Jim grunted to himself. "No wonder Gladys threw me so at first. That's the kind of babes I'm used to. Only difference is, mine were better looking."

It was getting a little stuffy in the place, so Jim opened the window near him. It was a beautiful day. The sun was shining in an almost cloudless blue sky, and a strong, cool wind was blowing in from the sea. Far out, the sunlight danced on the bluish-green water where a trim-looking Coast Guard boat was moving swiftly south, toward San Pedro.

Jim watched the boat lazily, then he turned suddenly and almost started off his chair. Johnny had just come in the front door, looking white and shaky. The bartender glanced at him, then jerked a thumb in Jim's direction. Now Jim understood; the bartender had been tipped off to watch for him and give Johnny a ring. But what was Johnny's idea, walking in on him like this?

The little lawyer hesitated for a long time, then, as Jim gave no sign, he walked slowly to the table and sat down. The bartender, keeping an eye on Jim, hurried over with a straight whisky.

"Thanks," said Johnny, looking up gratefully. "I need it."

The bartender winked and went back behind the bar and immediately became absorbed in a newspaper. Johnny tossed his drink down, shuddering. Still Jim said nothing. Johnny's arrival was so unexpected and so inopportune that Jim didn't quite know what to do or say. Strangely enough, he felt no animosity toward Johnny.

"Jim," said the little lawyer, "I've been trying to find you ever since you set Doc over."

"Why?"

"Why!" cried Johnny, his jitteriness showing now in irritability. "He asks me why! I'm your lawyer—is that right? And I've got your dough!"

"You're crazy. That's all that's the matter with you."

"You almost got it right. I *was* crazy But I woke up."

"Where's Tony?"

"Last I heard, she was at the Biltmore. Jim, as soon as I read about the shooting, I took a powder on Tony—the little bum! Honest, Jim, I can't believe it happened. Me running out on you like that—taking your dough."

Johnny put his hands over his face and sobbed. Jim saw tears trickling down between his fingers.

"Oh, stop acting like a slob," said Jim curtly. "It took guts to walk in here like this. Now you spoil it."

Johnny made a great effort to control himself. "I haven't slept two hours straight for over three weeks," he said, "and I'm shot. What's all this about kidnaping that woman?"

"I took her with me. She wanted to go. We've been holing up in Mexico."

"What are you doing here? Things are hotter than a two-dollar pistol."

"She couldn't stand it."

"She couldn't stand—" Johnny cried, outraged and unable to continue for a moment. "Wait a minute! Who's crazy?"

"Look, Johnny. Do me a favor. Get out of here. I got business to take care of, and I don't want you gumming up the works."

"Not until we've talked things over. I walked in here in the first place, figuring I might get a slug. So you see what a swell chance you got to scare me out now."

JIM shifted about impatiently. "We got nothing to talk over. Everything's set. So scram!"

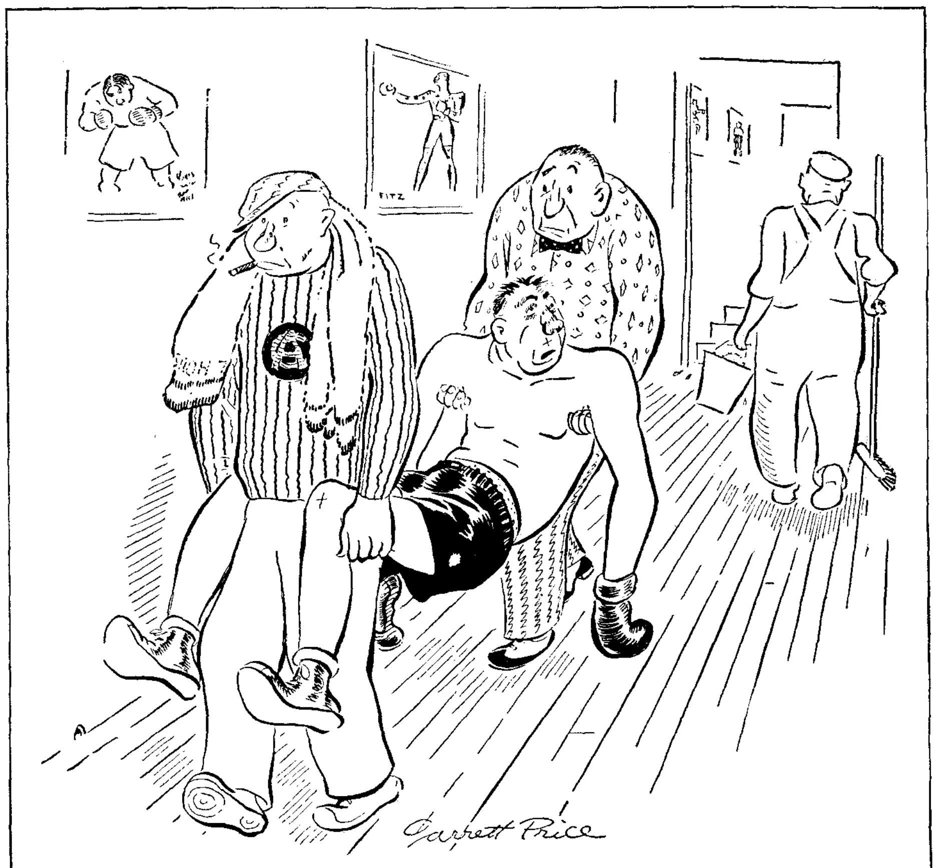
"I hear that Lonergan's handling things for you. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"Look, Jim, what is the matter with you? He couldn't fix a horse race in Mexico."

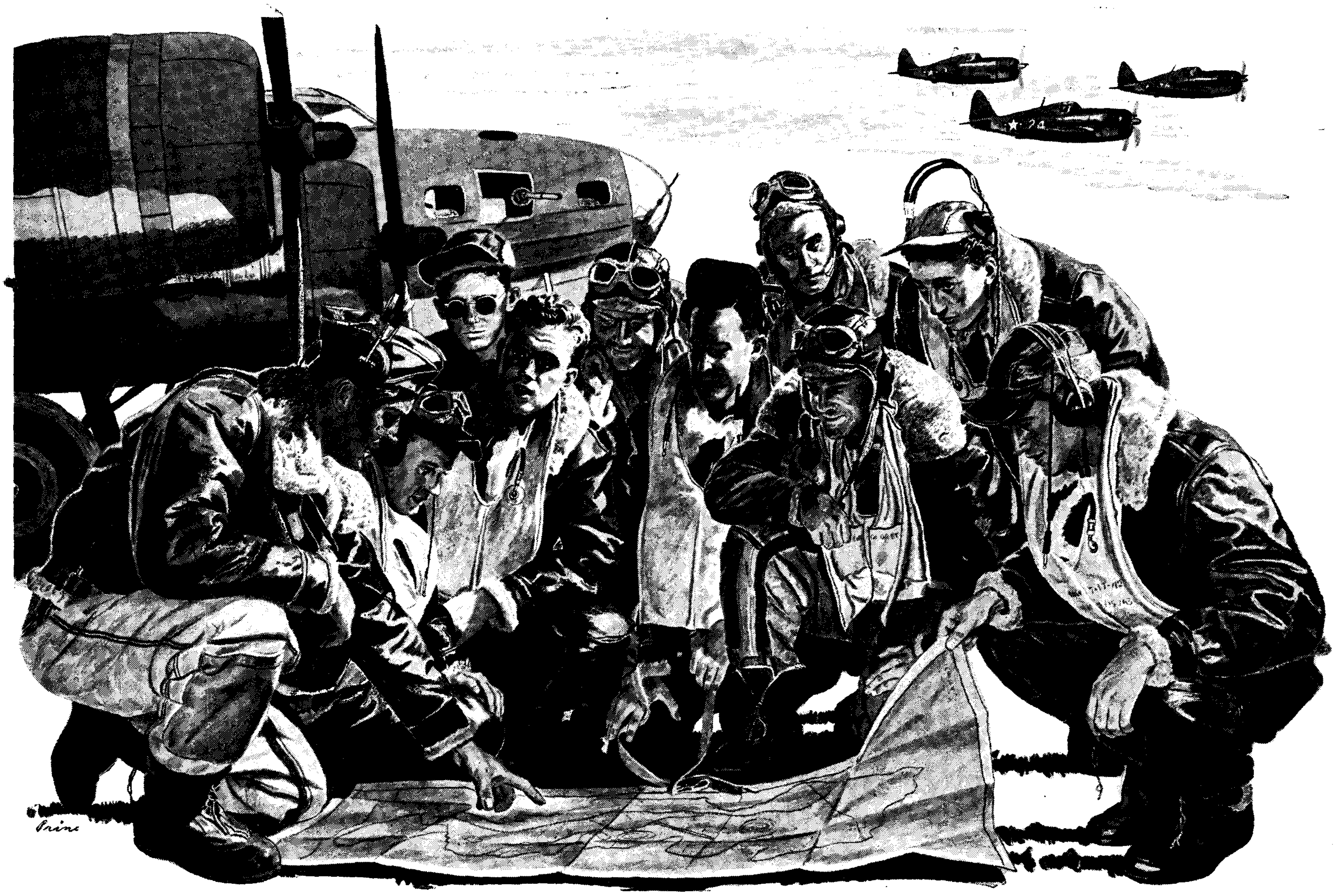
"He's the only guy I could get hold of at the time."

"Not that I could do you any good right now. Nobody could. But with this dough and a couple of breaks, maybe I could *later. Get back to Mexico. Lay low. Let* me look after things. We might eventually get a fix with the court, if you be a good guy and come in of your own free will—you know, that old angle. Some judge



"You don't think my star has passed its zenith, do you?"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE



You'll be on the Greatest Team in the World!

YOU'LL hit 'em *hard* and you'll hit 'em *fast* on this All-American team. You'll fly and fight in planes that were built to scorch the sky. You'll wear a pair of silver wings. And, brother, to win those wings you've got to be *good!*

Maybe you'll be the Bombardier, the fellow who presses the button and "lays the eggs." When your ship is over the target, you'll take charge. You'll line up your sights, let go your bombs—and deliver the "knock-out punch."

Maybe you'll be the Navigator, the "quarterback" of the team. With charts and instruments you'll guide your bomber's flight to its objective, and then bring it home again. And if enemy fighters get in your way, you're mighty handy with a .50 caliber machine gun.

Maybe you'll be the Pilot. You'll fly a big, powerful Fortress or Liberator.. a fast medium bomber.. or a hard-hitting fighter. With hundreds of flying hours behind you, and a fighting crew at your side, no pilot will ever be better prepared for the job that's got to be done.

Do you need a college diploma to be an officer in the Air Forces? *No!* If you can qualify as an Aviation Cadet, you will be given five months' training (after a brief conditioning period) in one of America's finest colleges. At the same time, you will get dual-control flying instruction to accustom you to the air . . . then go on to eight months of full flight training, during which you will receive a $10,000 life insurance policy paid for by the government.

Will you be thoroughly trained? You'll get training that can't be beat! You'll be instructed by Aces who have been in actual combat in every theater of war . . . men who know how to teach you the "tricks of the trade" that will make you a finer flyer and a better fighter than your enemy

Will you be well-paid after you've won your wings? If you call $246 to $327 a month good pay, the answer is *yes.* And on graduation you will receive an extra $250 for uniform allowance. Opportunities will exist for rapid advance in rank and pay.

And after the war you will be qualified for leadership in the world's greatest industry—Aviation!

How can you qualify to win your Army wings?

You, too, belong on this fighting team—the U. S. Army Air Forces—as a Bombardier, Navigator or Pilot! And here is what you can do about it right now.

If you are 17 but not yet 18 . . . go to your nearest Aviation Cadet Examining Board . . . take your preliminary examinations to see if you can qualify for the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve. If you qualify, you will receive your Enlisted Reserve insignia . . . but will not be called for training until you are over 18.

If you are 18 but under 27 . . . go to your nearest Aviation Cadet Examining Board . . . see if you can qualify as an Aviation Cadet. If you are in the Army, you may apply through your commanding officer.

If you are under 18 (whether or not you have joined the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve) . . . see your local Civil Air Patrol officers about taking C. A. P. Cadet training—also see your High School adviser about taking H. S. Victory Corps prescribed courses. Both will afford you valuable pre-aviation training.

For complete details—see your nearest Aviation Cadet Examining Board, the commanding officer of the College Training Detachment nearest you or your local Civil Air Patrol.

(Essential workers in War Industry or Agriculture—do not apply)

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

"Nothing'll Stop the Army Air Corps"

"KEEP'EM FLYING!"

For information regarding Naval Aviation Cadet Training, apply at any Naval Aviation Cadet Selection Board or any Naval Recruiting Station; or, if you are in the Navy, Marine Corps or Coast Guard, apply through your commanding officer... This advertisement has the approval of the joint Army Navy Personnel Board.

Don't live in an "Igloo" again

KEEP WARM WITH BALSAM-WOOL ATTIC INSULATION

Did your home have the chill of an Arctic igloo last winter? Don't let it happen again! Right now, you can have greater comfort with less fuel, by using Balsam-Wool Attic Insulation.

Balsam-Wool is guaranteed to give you complete satisfaction or your money back. It's tailor-made to your attic—easy to apply. Balsam-Wool is windproof, moistureproof and fire resistant, provides lasting comfort and fuel savings. Buy now while materials are available. See your **lumber dealer** about easy monthly payments or mail the coupon.

WOOD CONVERSION COMPANY
Dept. 199-10, First National Bank Bldg.
St. Paul, Minnesota
Gentlemen: I want to know more about Balsam-Wool Double-Value Attic Insulation.
To assist us in giving you special information, please check: I am a home owner ☐, renter ☐, architect ☐, contractor ☐.
Name...
Address.....................................
City........................ *State*..........

Marlin HIGH SPEED BLADES
ZIP OFF WHISKERS LIKE MAGIC
EIGHTEEN FOR 25¢
GUARANTEED BY THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..
WALKING EVERYWHERE? GET EXTRA SERVICE ...LONGER WEAR WITH HOOD RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES
ASK FOR HOOD RUBBER HEELS & SOLES

might even let you plead guilty to manslaughter."

"Do what? I'll plead guilty to nothing. You think I'm going to do time at my age? I'd come out an old man."

"But, Jim, this is serious. I know you never did time. I know you've beaten every rap that's come up; never even had to stand trial. But this is different. This is murder. You can't go around shooting people—and then buy up a judge. Be sensible."

"You think I'm a cinch to be convicted?"

"Naturally."

"That's what I thought."

Johnny studied Jim, who sat staring at his empty glass.

"Say, what have you done to yourself?" Johnny demanded. "I thought Clancy'd made a mistake when I first came in the front door. Disguise, eh?"

"More or less. Look, Johnny. Beat it, will you? I got a date. You're just wasting your breath. I'm not going to hide out and go running all over from the law, and I'm not going to stand trial. So figure it out."

"I don't get it."

"Well, take the problem home with you. Sit down quietly and work on it."

Suddenly Johnny glanced at Jim shrewdly, and Jim could see the little lawyer had an inkling.

"And I always thought you were kidding," said Johnny.

"About what?"

"About being tired. I remember the first day we hit town. You were in awful shape. I just thought you'd been drinking too much."

"I haven't been the same since I left Florida. And I'll never get back to what I was. Not a chance. So now will you go home and let me alone?"

Johnny looked at Jim steadily for a long time, then he turned away, made a quick movement and came up with a small, blunt automatic. Jim glanced at the bartender; Johnny's back was to him; the man had noticed nothing.

"You're going to march out of here and come home with me. If anybody shoots you, it'll be me."

Jim sat very still for quite a while, staring at Johnny, whose eyes began to waver. In a moment, Jim reached over and took the gun out of his hand.

"Johnny, do me a favor. Go home. Time's getting short."

Johnny was appalled by what he felt sure was going to happen. "But, Jim, think it over. Besides, this is no way to do it. Jim—"

"I've been thinking it over for months," said Jim. "And this is it."

Just as Jim finished speaking, two burly Los Angeles policemen came in at the front door.

Johnny turned and looked at them, then he cried, "Here he is. Right back here."

Clutching the table, he kept himself between Jim and the cops.

"Okay, Lloyd," called one of the cops who had a bull neck and a beefy red face. "Get on your feet. You got a date downtown."

WITH a sudden movement, Jim flung Johnny out of the way and drew his gun. The cops were so taken by surprise that they backed off, their faces going white, and fumbled for their guns, the holster flaps giving them trouble.

Johnny, propelled by the powerful push, had hit the bar and fallen to the floor. He had just got to his knees when Jim fired. The bullet went wide, very wide; and smashed the section of glass in the mirror nearest the door. The cops were still fumbling. Jim fired again. This time, the slug went high, ricocheted, and embedded itself in the bar with a sharp, splitting sound.

Then both cops fired at once. Jim dropped his gun and staggered forward two steps. One of the cops fired again.

"That's enough, you big bum!" yelled Johnny in a frenzy. He started after the cops, but Clancy caught him from behind and held him.

The cops, still pale, stood looking down at Jim, who had fallen on his face and was dying, moving his head slowly from side to side. Both cops took out their handkerchiefs, pushed back their caps and mopped their brows.

"Good thing he was a lousy shot," said the bull-necked one, with a sickly grin.

Johnny sneered at them. "He could've shot your buttons off if he'd wanted to."

The cops looked at each other, then one said, "What's eatin' you, mister? You turned him in, didn't you?"

"Not me. I'm his lawyer."

"Oh," said the cop, "a lawyer. Okay, mister." Then he turned. "Better call the coroner, Chuck. It won't be long now."

Jim moved his head more and more slowly. He was back in San Gorgonio. It was sunset; in the west, the sky was a fiery red, the streets were still hot, but a cool breeze was starting to blow from the east. He and Gladys were having dinner in the flagged patio of the hotel, where a fountain played, and a sad-faced Mexican youth strummed a guitar and a sad-faced girl sang plaintively of unrequited love.

Gladys said: "I saw this place in my dreams years ago. Honestly, Jim. . ."

Johnny turned away and, leaning on the bar, burst into tears. Jim's head had stopped moving.

One of the cops went up to the bar, still mopping his face. "Gee, it's hot," he said to Clancy. "How about a nice tall one—on the house?"

IT WAS Saturday afternoon, and the dingy little Los Angeles barroom was crowded. The mechanical piano had been going since one o'clock, playing over and over again the same old tunes. Outside, a heavy January rain was lashing at the streets and driving people into doorways.

Shake, in a showy new suit, was sitting in a booth, holding forth to a couple of seedy-looking moochers, who were listening to him politely.

After all, this fat guy was buying them drink after drink!

"And I'm the only one who really knows the inside, see? I was in on it from start to finish. It was one of them big things that went sour. Everybody took a beating one way or another. It was sort of like fate had stepped in and said they oughtn't to do this, these people, and they're going to suffer for it."

Shake, half tight, was getting a little fancy, and the moochers glanced at each other as if to say: Oh, well. It's his dough.

"The big fellow got killed down in Santa Monica. You probably read about that," Shake told them.

"Yeah," said one of the moochers, "I remember that." Then he lifted his empty glass and studied it carefully.

"How about another?" said Shake.

"Well—"

SHAKE called the waiter. "All around again," he said, grinning. Then he turned back to his "friends." "The big fellow'd shot Doc a few weeks before."

"Yeah," said the moocher, "I remember."

"Well," said Shake, warming to his subject, "Doyle, the lawyer, got to drinking and went to pieces. He's in a sanitarium right now, taking a cure. Windy's in clink up in Frisco. Course, it didn't have nothing to do with this caper, but that's beside the point. I'm the only one who didn't take it on the chin. Even poor old Pop Gruber kicked off, and I'm darned if I know who got his money."

The waiter came with the drinks, and Shake gave him a good-sized tip.

"Here's looking at you, Mr. Thomas," said one of the moochers. "It's seldom a guy meets a gentleman like yourself."

Shake grinned, feeling like a man of affairs. Then he turned and pointed. "Pop used to always sit in that booth right over there when he'd drop in for a drink after he got through uptown."

One of the moochers lifted his glass in the direction of the booth Shake had indicated.

"To old Pop!" he said.

"That rich dame," one of the moochers put in, "what about her? She didn't take no beating. Even if she did, what would it matter? Give me a million, and I'll take all the beatings anybody can hand out."

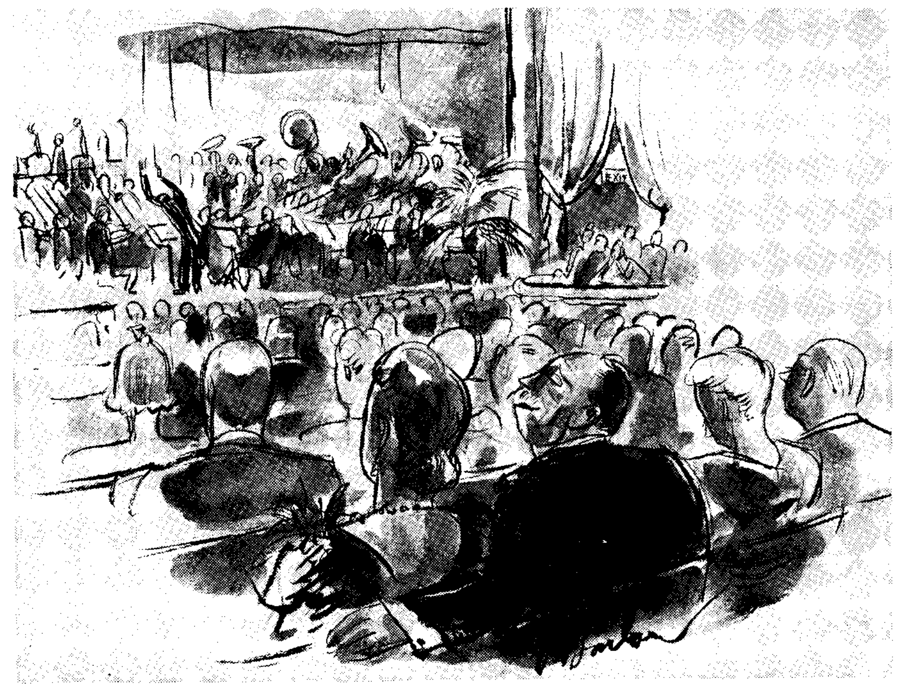
"I don't know about her," said Shake. "But she was a fine woman—a lady. She claimed the big fellow's body—give him quite a burial."

"She must've been a mighty funny woman," said one of the moochers, shaking his head judiciously, "falling for a guy who treated her like that."

Shake sighed. Suddenly he had a drunken desire to cry and, getting up abruptly, he started for the men's room. On the way he turned. "Will you gentlemen excuse me?" he said. "Order up another round if you like."

The moochers looked at each other and shrugged as if to say: Why not?

THE END



COLLIER'S "I used to play this on the sweet potato" PERRY BARLOW

FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
The delicate bouquet and distinctive flavor of this blend are achieved by the exclusive use of fully ripened and selected matured grains
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY THE
Continental Distilling Corporation
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA
Background of Tradition

86.8 proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits

HERITAGE OF HOSPITALITY

FAMOUS SINCE 1894

PHILADELPHIA FROM EARLIEST COLONIAL DAYS WAS THE CENTER OF CULTURE AND ENTERTAINMENT. HERE FLOWERED THOSE GRACIOUS ARTS WHICH ADD COLOR AND CHARM TO LIVING. TODAY, THIS HERITAGE OF HOSPITALITY IS TRIUMPHANTLY UPHELD BY PHILADELPHIA BLENDED WHISKY. HERE IS WHISKY WORTHY OF A GREAT TRADITION. A WHISKY, INDEED, ORDINARILY RESERVED FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS, YET ONE YOU CAN AFFORD . . . REGULARLY AND OFTEN.

Mister—you're getting paid in DYNAMITE!

LET'S NOT KID OURSELVES about this. Our pay envelope today is dynamite.

If we handle it wrong, it can blow up in our face ...lengthen the war...and maybe wreck our chances of having happiness and security *after* the war.

The wrong way to handle it... and why

The wrong way is for us to be good-time Charlies, to wink at prices that look too steep . . . telling ourselves we can afford to splurge.

We can't afford to—whether we're business men, farmers, or workers. And here's why:

Splurging will boost prices. First on one thing, then all along the line.

Then, wages will have to go up to meet higher prices. And higher wages will push prices up some more... faster and faster, like a runaway snowball.

The reason this can happen is that there is more money in pay envelopes today than there are things to buy with it. This year, we Americans will have 45 billion dollars more income than there are goods and services to buy at present prices.

That's the dynamite!

The right way to handle it... and why

Our Government is doing a lot of things to keep the cost of living from snowballing.

Rationing helps. Price ceilings help. Wage-and-rent stabilization helps. Higher taxes help. They're controls on those dangerous excess dollars.

But the real control is in our hands. Yours. Mine. Let's make sure we exercise that control. It won't be fun. It will mean sacrifice and penny pinching. But it's the only way we can win this war... pay for it... and keep America a going nation afterwards.

And, after all, the sacrifice of tightening our belts and doing without is small compared with the sacrifice of those who have gone to war.

Here's what You must do

Buy only what you absolutely need. If you're tempted, just think what a front-line soldier finds he can get along without.

Don't ask higher prices—for your own labor, your own services, or goods you sell. Resist all pressure that may be put on you to force your prices up.

Buy rationed goods only by exchanging stamps. Shun the Black Market as you would the plague.

Don't pay a cent above ceiling prices.

Take a grin-and-bear-it attitude on taxes. They must get heavier. But remember, these taxes help pay for Victory.

Pay off your debts. Don't make new ones. Getting yourself in the clear helps keep your Country in the clear.

Start a savings account. Buy and keep up adequate life insurance. This puts your dollars where they'll do you *good.*

Buy more War Bonds. Not just a "percent" that lets you feel patriotic, but enough so it *really* pinches your pocketbook.

If we do these things, we and our Government won't have to fight a postwar battle against collapsing prices, paralyzed business, and depression. It's *our* pay envelope. It's up to *us.*

KEEP PRICES DOWN!

Use it up • Wear it out
Make it do • Or do without

This advertisement, prepared by the War Advertising Council, is contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

The Fascist Way in Argentina

Continued from page 15

of any commercial concern who are suspected of contributing money or favors to state, provincial or federal officials are subject to arrest, fine, jail, detention, or a number of other punishments. Some prominent citizens have been arrested or called upon to prove their honesty.

At a formal dinner party one evening, I met a high executive of one of the largest hydroelectric power companies in the nation. Next day, he was put under guard in his office and, when I left, had not been allowed to communicate with his family or his lawyer.

Such names as Jose Alfredo Martinez de Hoz, Carlos Gomez and Rafael Pereyre Iriola are as prominent in Argentina as Cabot, DuPont and Morgan are in our own country. They and others were members of the board of directors of the great Argentine meat producers' association, perhaps the most important of all native industries. All three have been served with warrants, charged with fleecing the public and ordered to prove their innocence. Several of the most prominent United States businessmen in the country were later subjected to these same indignities.

The government put most of the colleges and universities under military surveillance. The board of education, which directs the Buenos Aires public-school system, is now controlled by members of the marine engineering school, probably as one Argentine put it, "because they are slightly more intelligent than the average army officer." The curator of the Buenos Aires zoo was dismissed and an army officer put in charge, because the keepers were suspected of taking part of the food intended for the animals.

Military Frame of Mind

Military intervention has become so prevalent that when the revolutionary vice-president, Admiral Saba Sueyro, died suddenly a few weeks ago, the public passed the word that he was not dead but had been sent to intervene in heaven.

There are hundreds of jokes emphasizing the adolescent mentality of these spying junior officers. Rumor had it that there was a black market in automobile tires, and an army major was instructed to go to a certain business house and investigate. Now the term "black market" in Argentine Spanish is "bolsa negra," literally "black bag."

The major took five soldiers with him. At the entrance, he drew his revolver, ordered his men to fix bayonets and, as they entered, he demanded, "Give me the black bag!"

But the worst offense in Argentina these days is an inclination toward Communism, or outspoken sympathy for the Russian struggle against the Nazis. The pledge to protect the country from "sinister foreign influence" seems to apply principally to Communism. Apparently Fascism and Naziism are in a different category, for the flagrantly pro-Axis newspaper, *El Pampero*, continues merrily on its way. But no pro-Russian publication remains long on the newsstands. In fact, no paper enjoys uninterrupted freedom if it expresses too much sympathy for the United Nations. Clubs, and even women's associations, have been suspended or closed, and several of the leading labor unions have been dissolved for the same reason.

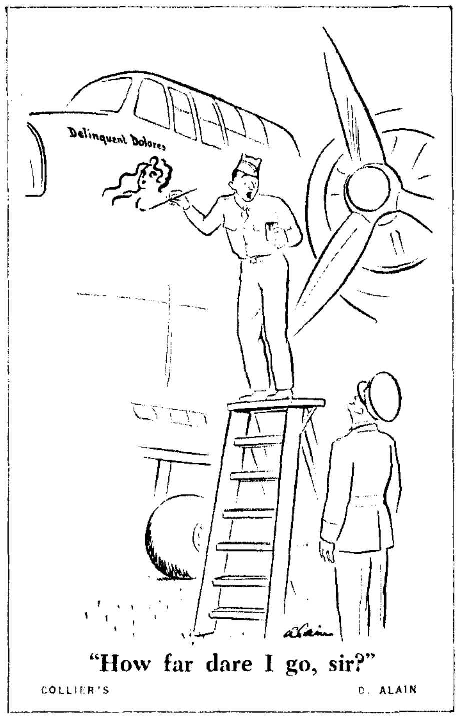
Acción Argentina was the foremost prodemocratic organization in the country. Its president, Doctor Alejandro Ceballos, was called in recently and reminded that his society was being used to foment Communistic doctrines.

"But," the doctor replied, "*Acción Argentina* is made up of the outstanding men of the nation. Besides, you don't think I am a Communist?"

"Oh, no!" they hastened to reassure him. "Not you. But you see, that man Karl Marx is running around writing books which preach class hatred, and some of your people are known to have them in their libraries."

Hundreds of lesser people—citizens from almost every town and city—have been arrested and jailed, charged with being Communists. The brand-new concentration camp at Neuquén, 'way down in lonely Patagonia, is already crowded. I have it from the most reliable Argentine sources that within a period of six weeks previous to August 20th, more than 1,500 persons were sent there.

Along with these totalitarian tendencies, anti-Semitism has raised its ugly head. Just as I left Buenos Aires, orders were given that there was to be no more kosher meat. "The method of slaughtering animals for this purpose," it was said, "is too cruel."



"How far dare I go, sir?"

COLLIER'S D. ALAIN

Likewise, and in keeping with well-known Axis practices, the personal morals and customs of the people, particularly the youth, are to be more rigidly safeguarded. Mixed games at public schools—such as tennis—are to be discontinued. There is to be no more mixed bathing for young people at public beaches. The head of one school objected to a United States film of college basketball games, on the grounds that the uniforms worn by the players constituted "indecent exposure."

Why, I asked responsible citizens, should Argentina and its proud people be victims of such misfortune? The answers were many and varied. But they boil down to a few fundamentals: First of all, nobody has been or is likely to be hungry. And just as nobody shoots Santa Claus, nobody gets excited about crookedness in politics, as long as his stomach is full, and it is easy to make a living.

A meat-rationed visitor from North America finds lunchtime in the average Buenos Aires restaurant today something like a chapter out of the Arabian Nights. At Conti's, on the Plaza de Mayo, a favorite eating place of government clerks, small merchants and people of the so-called middle class, the regular lunch routine is typical. First you have *fiambres*, or cold meats. There are tables groaning under great hams, stacks of cold roast chicken, slabs of lamb, mutton and pork, and enormous turkeys.

Following your cold meats, you have soup, then fish or a portion of hot chicken or turkey with potatoes. Then, and only then, comes the *pièce de résistance*, which usually consists of a large steak, two or three inches thick, with vegetables and a green salad. Afterward, you may have (if you are a native you do have) strawberries in season—large, red, juicy strawberries smothered in thick cream, or perhaps a double helping of ice cream, inundated with sirupy, preserved fruits or nuts. Demitasse, with lots of sugar and a good brandy of some kind, are about all you can take afterward. All of which costs as little as a dollar and a half in United States money.

Not all classes of the people enjoy such varieties of food, of course, but even the lowliest laborer may have plenty of meat, the cost of which has risen comparatively little in the past year. One Argentine businessman told me that even in the days of the depression, laborers could afford the finest of meats at a few cents a pound.

No Food Shortages Here

"Nor," he went on, "has the war affected us seriously. There is still enough meat for everybody within the country, and Great Britain and the Allies are buying all we can spare."

Buenos Aires has experienced few, if any, of the inconveniences and certainly none of the hardships that are the lot of every other country in the hemisphere. In no city in the United States will you find as many private cars, as many traffic jams, during rush hours. Gasoline appears to be available to everybody.

If the hotels of Washington or Chicago or San Francisco seem crowded, you should visit the Argentine capital today. But the Buenos Aires hotels are filled with holiday visitors, in for a round of pleasure from the great *estancias* and provincial cities. The banks are clogged with gold and deposits. The government announced the flotation of a 100,000,000-peso, 4-per-cent loan one day. Next morning there were applications totaling 300,000,000 pesos.

As an old Argentine banker put it: In such an atmosphere, it is difficult to arouse the people to impending, or even existing, political calamities. He could have added that such prosperity and easy living are the reasons few people are vitally concerned about breaking relations with the Axis.

In spite of wide sympathy for the United Nations, the policy of neutrality is popular among the people. At this late date, they feel that little is to be gained by abandoning it. As the old banker went on to explain, "Our traditional prosperity and plenty is the soil in which the weeds and briars of political chaos grew. Nobody had the time or enough interest to cut them down or to plow them under. Politics was left to the professionals, the local provincial bosses, who worked themselves up and eventually became the rulers of the nation."

Old Doctor Castillo was a striking example. He was a small-town ward heeler in Catamarca, one of the fourteen provinces. After serving his party locally for years, he came to Buenos Aires to represent his district in the chamber of deputies. Long devotion and subservience to the conservative party won him an appointment as a federal judge. From a judge, he became the administrator of a department in the government. Later, he was made a cabinet minister and eventually vice-president, from which position

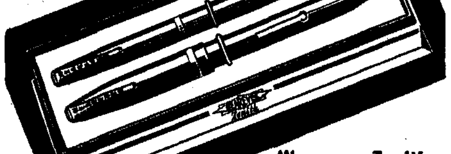
WEAREVER
Zenith

"MAIL CALL"
brings them on the run!

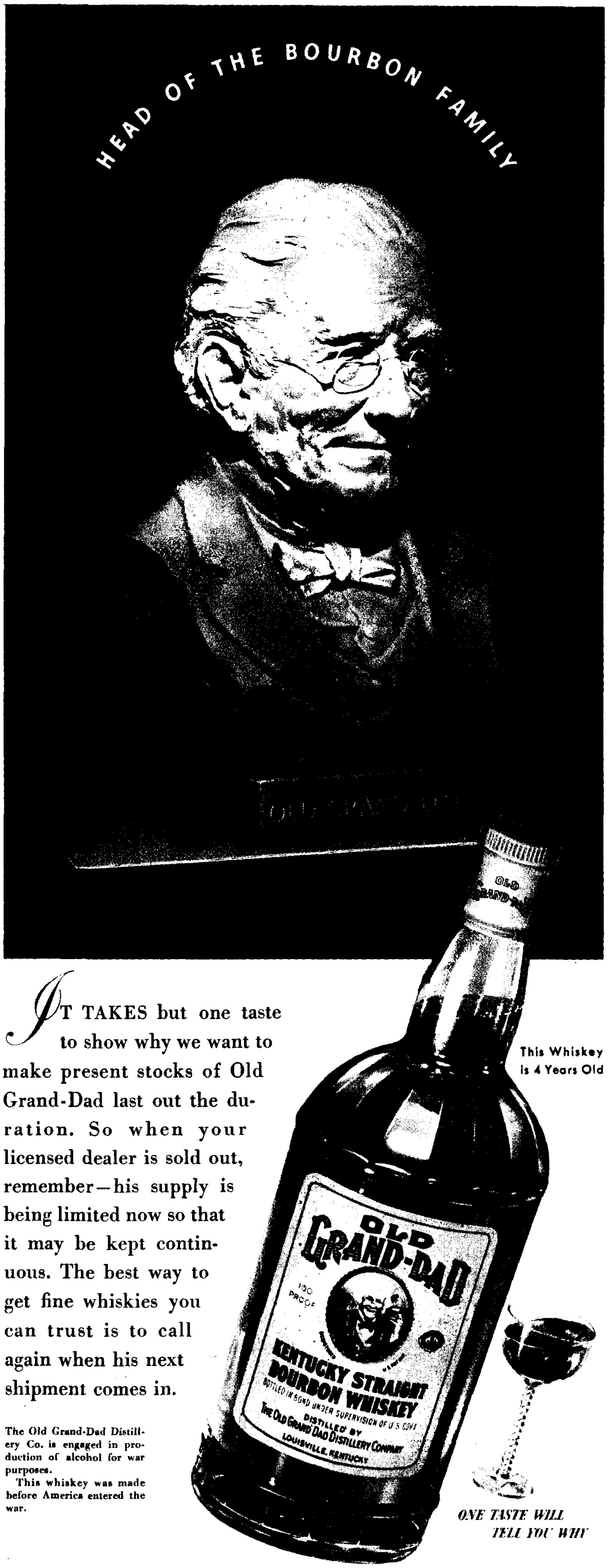
SOME excitement at camp... when it's mail call. Yes, letters are powerful morale-builders. They send our boys to battle better equipped to destroy the enemy. So the fountain pens that write these letters become essential "fighting" tools.

See the sleek, ruby-topped Wearever Zenith Pen. If your dealer is temporarily out of stock, please be patient, for the needs of the armed forces must come first, of course. David Kahn, Inc., America's largest fountain pen manufacturer (established 1896).

WEAREVER
FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT
14K USA
$1.95



Wearever Zenith Pen and Pencil set in rich gift box. $2.75


HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY
OLD GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U S GOVT
DISTILLED BY THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

IT TAKES but one taste to show why we want to make present stocks of Old Grand-Dad last out the duration. So when your licensed dealer is sold out, remember—his supply is being limited now so that it may be kept continuous. The best way to get fine whiskies you can trust is to call again when his next shipment comes in.

This Whiskey Is 4 Years Old

The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co. is engaged in production of alcohol for war purposes.
This whiskey was made before America entered the war.

ONE TASTE WILL TELL YOU WHY

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

he succeeded to the presidency after the death of his chief.

The upper-class Argentines, the *estancieros*, the bankers and others, maintained a tolerant contempt for such politicians. They occasionally pulled strings from behind the scenes to make sure that fiscal and trade matters were protected, because they controlled the banks, the finances and the commerce of the nation. But to participate actively in the government themselves, to help run it and to take administrative jobs, that was beneath them.

Meanwhile, the politicians in power courted favor with the army, saw that the military was well paid and provided for, since the army was always a protection against rival factions that might try to force their way into office. What is more, since 1930, when the last genuinely elected democratic government was overthrown, the members of each administration nominated their successors, controlled their elections and courted the votes. Fixing elections became open and brazen, and was accepted by the majority of the general public.

Meantime, the Nazis saw in these conditions an opportunity to sow discontent, especially among the military. Officers were invited to Germany, during the glorious days of the Fuehrer's career, to study, free of charge. German officers, in turn, became instructors in the military schools of Argentina, while the famed General Niedenfuhr was, up until a year and a half ago, one of the chief instructors in the War College.

Nazi agents cultivated the cadets in the military academies, and the younger officers, some of whom were destined to become the captains and colonels of the Ramirez cabinet and official household. The old wealthy Argentine families have never encouraged their sons to take up the army as a career. Army officers have long been and are still from the laboring, shopkeeping and white-collar classes. Consequently, a military caste developed that looks upon the old families with envy and distrust. If ever there was an opportunity made for totalitarian propagandists, this was it. Nor have they failed to take advantage of it.

The Growth of Class Hatred

According to one of the most prominent editors in Buenos Aires, whose name, for obvious reasons, I shall not mention: "The Nazis know how to play on the psychological harp." He went on to tell me that "totalitarian propaganda in Argentina is skillfully adapted to the field for which it is intended. For its own purpose, it is intelligent. It appeals to the pride of the Argentine army officers. They are made to feel depressed by their lack of grandeur and enraged by their insignificance. They are awakened to a feeling of hatred against outsiders, as well as the upper classes in their own country.

"That is the reason," he said, "that the most prominent citizens—businessmen and others—are being so harshly dealt with. It is the military's inferiority complex, or shall we say, the arrogance of ignorance."

At any rate, today, the Germans in far South America are passing the word that Naziism may be defeated in Europe. They admit that Germany will probably lose the war. But Nazi ideology is taking root in the New World. They do not claim that the latest military regime in Argentina is openly Nazi or even pro-Nazi. They are too smart for that. But it is strongly totalitarian, they insist. A little time yet, and an out-and-out Nazi regime will take over, and then, according to plan, it can be made to spread to other South American countries.

The best-informed authorities say that the Nazi fifth column in Argentina had done its work and was ready for action, but such action was to take place simultaneously with the invasion of eastern South America from Africa. The Allied conquest of the Dark Continent made invasion impossible. Now, the alternative is to foment military revolutions and build a Nazi structure on the ashes of political confusion.

Thus the captains and colonels in power in Argentina as this is written, whether intentionally or not, are playing the game of Hitler's agents. Many reliable observers agree that at least some of the more influential men around Ramirez are perfectly clear in their intentions.

However, three recent developments have weakened the Ramirez regime. The first was Secretary of State Cordell Hull's reply to the note in which the former Argentine foreign minister, Admiral Segundo Storni, defended his country's refusal to break relations with the Axis, and asked for United States assistance in the matter of military supplies. The Secretary's blistering indictment of the Argentine position shook the government to its foundations and caused the foreign minister to resign. It aroused and strengthened the liberal opposition. It put the nation on trial before its next-door neighbors, all of whom have either gone to war or severed all ties with Hitler and Hirohito.

Pro-Italian But Not Pro-Fascist

The capitulation of Italy, plus the fact that the Italians have turned on Fascism and Hitlerism, has robbed the government of the thin excuse that it could not afford to stab a friendly nation in the back while it was under attack, and especially since such a large portion of the Argentine population—nearly 50 per cent—is of Italian origin. One fifth of the citizens of Buenos Aires were actually born in Italy.

However, the Argentine Italians have been one of the most democratic elements in the nation. Mussolini was never popular with the majority of them. When Il Duce's late son, Bruno, announced a good-will trip to the Argentine Republic, after his exploits in bombing the helpless natives, women and children of Abyssinia, there was such outspoken opposition among the Argentine Italians that the boastful young bombardier never ventured south of Rio de Janeiro. One Italian-owned newspaper in Buenos Aires headlined him as "Bruno the Baby Killer."

But perhaps the most withering blow of all has been the Nazi treatment of the Pope. The Argentines are among the stanchest Catholics in South America. President Ramirez himself professes to be unusually devout. I should be surprised if this development does not prove to be at least one nail in the coffins of the Fascist-minded military rulers in Argentina. They may not fall tomorrow, or the day afterward. But they cannot ultimately survive the pressure of an aroused Catholic people, who see the danger inherent in any government that maintains friendly ties with the anti-Christian Nazis.

Moreover, there are still substantial numbers of army officers, and even more in the navy, who are not in sympathy with the Ramirez government. On the other hand, there are some others who would be more ruthless than the group currently in power. Both factions are said to have ambitions, and each may try to spring another revolution at any time—tomorrow, next month, certainly before the new year. The liberal element would have the support of a large section of the public. But the extremists may beat them to the draw.

Whatever happens, whenever and if there is a counterrevolution, the military will lead it, and, as the Argentines say, "It may still be much easier to militarize the civilians than to civilize the military."

THE END

Revenge in Poland

Continued from page 11

up a school in Poznan where men were trained in the art of torture just as you would train a mechanic. Distending the bowels with air and forcing lighted splinters under fingernails were little more than kindergarten lessons, for they went far beyond your Indians in fiendish ingenuity.

Let me tell you of a girl who was supposed to have some information about an underground newspaper—a girl still in her teens. They stripped her naked, spread her out on the floor with hands and feet fastened to hooks, and then flicked her abdomen into shreds with whiplashes.

To be able to commit suicide is a blessing, but the Gestapo is on the watch for that, and you must be very careful and very clever. Two years ago, in Cracow, a woman of forty-five underwent torture after having watched the Gestapo turn her husband into a sightless, broken piece of human wreckage. What was their crime? Oh, a very serious one. They were caught giving secret lessons to Polish children. The woman, when her turn came, was beaten with steel rods, a wardress bringing her around whenever she lost consciousness.

Back in her cell without having spoken, but terribly afraid that she would not be able to keep silent when tortured again, she made a running noose out of a rag of skirt and hanged herself. But she was clever. Before jumping off the cot, she tied strips over her mouth and around her ankles so as not to groan or kick or make other noises that would bring in the guards to cut her down.

Split-Second Timing

The Gestapo torturers, you see, want no victim to die until information has been secured. Doctors have given them lessons in anatomy, teaching just how much the human body can stand, and a skilled operator can tell to a split second when to put down his steel rod or rubber truncheon. Men and women are often nursed back from the grave's edge for further questioning.

I know that of my own knowledge, for in the early days of the underground, when we were still inexperienced, the Gestapo caught me on my way home from a trip abroad. Men with whips, brass knuckles and blackjacks stood beside and behind me, and used me most violently when I refused to answer. They broke my nose, fractured my jaw and knocked out a lot of teeth, and after an hour threw me on the floor and kicked in my ribs. I can assure you, sir, that it is not easy to remain resolute under such treatment. Even when the will is strong, and you keep saying to yourself over and over, "I will *not* speak, I will *not* speak," you are very liable to go out of your mind and make admissions without being conscious of it.

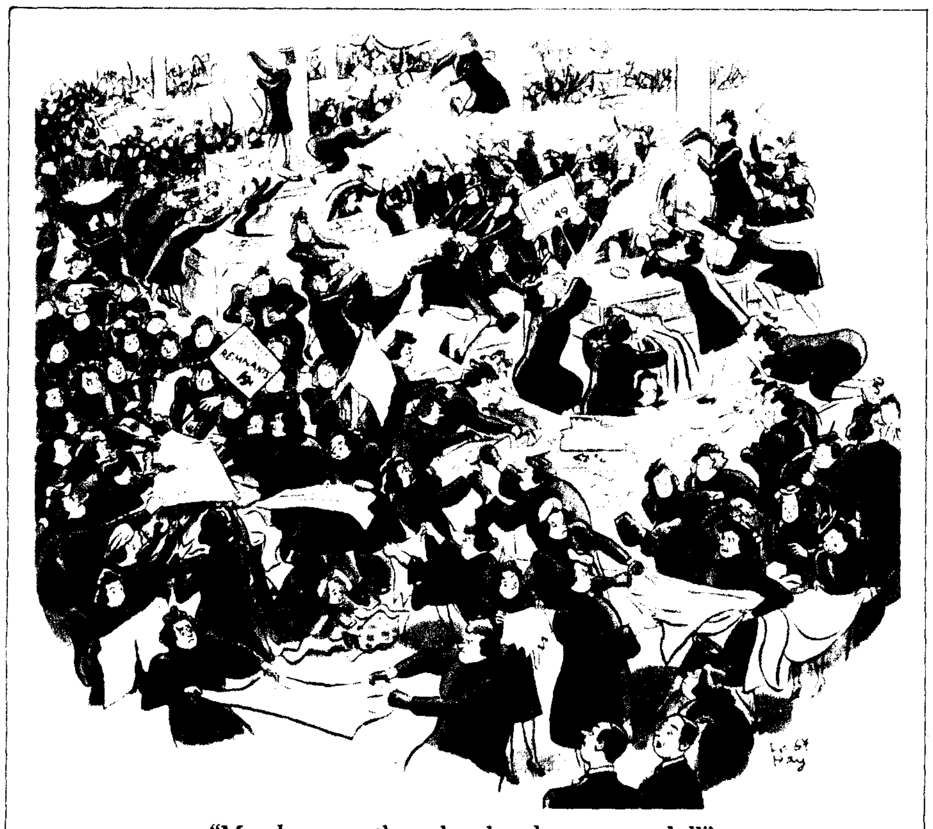
Cheating the Gestapo

Like that poor woman, the fear came to me that I might break down under a second questioning, and so I tried to kill myself. Unfortunately, I must have moaned or drummed against the wall with my feet, for the guards rushed in. The devils hospitalized me, gave me blood transfusions and the very best medical attention, but praise God, it proved a waste of Gestapo time.

Word of my capture got out to the underground, and they delivered me by a daring trick before I had recovered sufficiently for further interrogation. I wish I could tell you how, but the Gestapo is still wondering.

We do things better today. Now each member of the underground is provided with a capsule that guarantees instant and painless death. Even the armed forces have them. True, soldiers carry weapons with which to kill themselves rather than suffer capture. But what if the knife or bullet misses a vital spot, leaving them wounded and helpless? Believe me, the little capsule is a great comfort. I touch mine ever so often to make sure it's there.

Yes, we have developed an efficient, smooth-running organization. If only we had possessed it in the beginning! The lives it would have saved, and the suffering! But how could we? Under the shock of the sudden German invasion in the early morning of September 1, 1939, we had no time or thought for anything but open, armed resistance. We were surprised as well as outnumbered, for at the



COLLIER'S "Mondays, on the other hand, are very dull" ROBERT DAY

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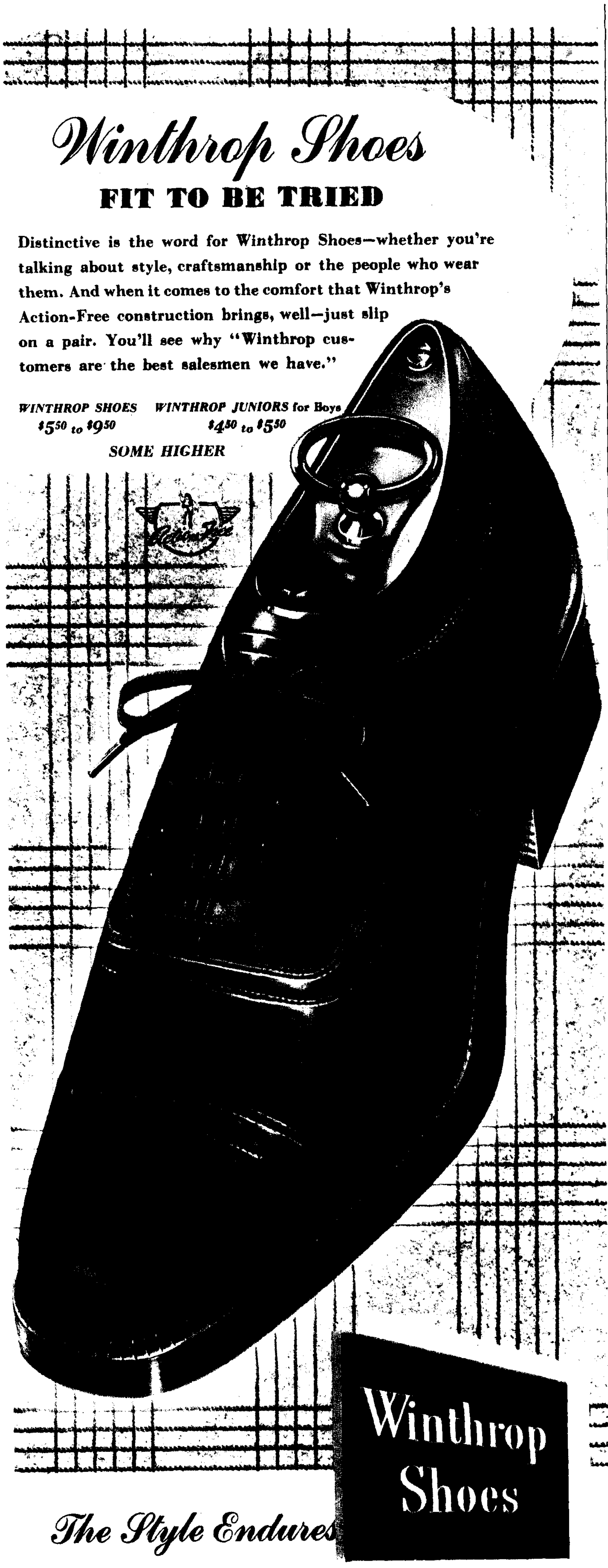

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SOME HIGHER

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The Style Endures

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direct request of Great Britain and France, we had not "provoked" Hitler by any order of mobilization. So we mustered just twenty-four divisions, out of a possible fifty, against seventy-six German divisions; one Panzer division against Hitler's sixteen; and against 4,320 German planes, exactly 404 Polish planes, of which only thirty-six were bombers.

Here in the United States, I find many believing that the Nazis had what you call a walkover in Poland. But that is not true, Mr. Creel. Even when most of our cities were in ruins, we fought on and with increasing confidence. After two terrible weeks, Warsaw and Lwów still held out, the Baltic coast was still free, and in the eastern provinces General Kleeberg's army, backed up against the Soviet frontier, kept 750,000 Germans at bay. And then, on September 17th, Russia joined the Germans! Stormed by Red troops on a fourth side, Lwów fell, and when 500,000 Russians attacked Kleeberg's rear (though guarded by a solemn treaty) he was crushed under the weight of numbers. That engagement of October 5th was the last stand of the Polish army.

A Nation Dispersed for War

Even then there was no thought of an underground. The one idea of every Pole was to continue the fight. Thousands crossed the border into Rumania and Hungary and made their way to France through Yugoslavia and Italy. Others slipped through Turkey and Persia to Africa, where they formed the Carpathian brigade and fought under General Wavell in Libya.

Weeks after the first flight, the call came to Poland for more men, and it was answered by 20,000 of our youngest. One unit of fifty air cadets got out through Rumania to Syria, and on to France by boat. There we set up a constitutional government under President Raczkiewicz and put in the field a Polish army that actually covered the French retreat, fighting until ammunition was gone.

When it became known that Pétain meant to surrender, an order went out at once for all Poles to gather at Saint-Nazaire and Saint-Jean-de-Luz, where the British waited with boats. Some 16,000 of our men were forced across the Swiss border and interned. Some 25,000 were taken prisoners, but 36,000 reached the ports and were ferried to England. Today (and I beg you not to leave this out), only four of the United Nations have larger fighting forces in the field than Poland. After China, Russia, the British Empire and the United States, we come fifth. Close to 50,000 in England and Scotland, 12,000 flying planes on many fronts, around 95,000 in the Near East, and our army in Poland.

All of which explains why we had no underground in the beginning. Everybody was so pathetically certain that the French and British would smash the Germans in a few months. Why bother when the Huns would soon be in flight? And, too, nearly all our military and civic leaders were on the western front, helping President Raczkiewicz organize our government, or fighting under General Sikorski.

There was, of course, some underground activity. Here and there, local groups printed news for private distribution, engaged in sabotage or potted an occasional German. But all of it was haphazard, and much of it stupidly romantic. In the village of Itorowo, for example, some young patriots hoisted a Polish flag, and twenty-five citizens paid for the dramatic gesture with their lives. Even when there was some point to what they attempted, lack of plan and method enabled the Gestapo to catch and kill them without much trouble.

What finally drove home the necessity of leadership and discipline was a burst of knight errantry that had the spread of a forest fire—or perhaps martyrdom is the better word. Convinced that they were doomed, and sick of hiding, men resolved to die heroically. One young army captain left the shelter of the marshes and actually charged his little detachment against a whole German division. All were wiped out, of course, and by way of good measure, the Nazis burned eight villages, killing every male inhabitant. Gallant, but so useless!

Recognizing that this sort of thing could not be permitted, our government sent a number of us back to Poland to put resistance on a professional basis. At first it looked hopeless, for the Germans and Russians had their feet on our throats. Every Pole had been driven out of the western provinces, and their homes and property given to colonists from the Reich.

The Russians did much the same thing in the east, and the strip of territory in between was a slaughterhouse. Every day was a field day for Hans Frank, the German governor general of Poland, a creature as cruel and degenerate as Himmler himself. In the mountains, woods and marshes, however, were many soldiers, cut off from crossing the border, and in every community, sparks of resistance waited to be fanned into flame.

Best of all, there was an underground tradition, inherited from forebears who had fought for a hundred years against the oppressions of Austria, Prussia and Russia. One by one, we got in touch with individuals and groups, and slowly, dangerously, the movement took shape.

What held it back for a while was a lively debate as to the location of the Polish government. Should it stay in London, or should it be called home? The folly of having a president and a premier in hiding, skulking from covert to covert, was soon evident, and it was agreed that the government should remain in England, taking its place as one of the United Nations.

This decided, we set up the underground in accord with recognized constitutional procedure. A plenipotentiary, nominated by the government, is our administrative and executive head. In each of the larger provinces, there is a leader appointed by this plenipotentiary, and these men, in their turn, have named district and local representatives.

In Their Government's Service

Let me make the point, for it is very important to us, that we are *not* guerrillas or partisans, but the civil and military servants of a recognized government. And, sir, such is our organization that if peace came tomorrow, competent and authorized officials would take over instantly in every community.

Our second branch is the Military, with a commander in chief and a General Staff just like your War Department. In the mountains and forests we have a growing army that runs high into the thousands and is fairly well equipped. You do not hear much of it, for the men are scattered here and there in small detachments. We avoid pitched battles, not only to conserve our strength, but to guard against any *premature* insurrection. Every Pole waits for the day when he will be called on to rise, and an attack in force might lead many to believe that the call had come. We wait until our government, acting in concert with the United Nations, gives us the word to strike.

The military branch is in charge of armed movements; civilian groups are forbidden to fight or sabotage unless ordered by the High Command. This cautious strategy has not pleased the fiery souls among us, but it is justified by results, for we have never suffered any decisive defeat, and we keep 500,000 Nazis in a state of upset. They never know where we will attack, and it is often very laughable to see them dashing about on wild-goose chases. Only last June, the governor general threw two divisions into Lublin, thinking he had the Arrow penned. While the Nazis drew their steel ring tight, the Arrow hit one of his best blows a hundred miles away.

A third underground group represents the political life of Poland and preserves the proper balance between the civil and military authorities. By giving equal representation to every shade of political opinion, we have done away with factions and their quarrels. Here, I think, you have a clear-cut distinction between the Polish underground and the undergrounds of other countries.

The Jews are represented in this third section, working side by side with Catholics and Protestants. They represent our most trying problem, for such as have been left alive are herded and guarded so carefully that escape is very difficult. Many of these improvised ghettos are surrounded by high walls with broken glass on the top, and the Nazis shoot to kill at any suspicious movement. Even so, we have managed to rescue a fair percentage of rabbis and intellectual leaders and have them safely hidden.

Justice Without Mercy

The fourth group—the Leadership of Civilian Resistance—is a duly constituted court, officially sanctioned by the government in London, that passes sentence on traitors and Germans. No Pole, even if he has seen his family butchered before his very eyes, is permitted to take justice into his own hands. That is the business of the judges who sit in secret session, weighing the penalties they impose against the inevitable reprisals.

Here in the United States, you still feel safe enough to commute the death sentence of a convicted traitor, but in Poland we cannot afford that luxury. We doom our nearest and dearest without the least hesitation. Shortly before I left home, a high-born Polish girl, ordered to get information from a German officer, made the mistake of falling in love with him. There was no proof that she had betrayed us, or meant to, but the risk could not be taken.

It is our law, known to all, that collaboration with the Nazis is high treason. In judging such cases, of course, the court is very careful to determine whether collaboration is voluntary or enforced. Even when voluntary, consideration is given to the extent and effect. If the accused has done no more than fraternize with a Nazi or patronize a Nazi cinema, the sentence is usually one of ostracism. His name is printed in the underground papers, and all citizens are forbidden to associate with him, or even to give him friendly greeting. If, however, it stands proved that collaboration was both voluntary and helpful to the Nazis, death is the sentence. Here are some examples:

Franciszek Rutkowski, employed in the Warsaw Public Health Department, gave the Gestapo information about guns and ammunition we had hidden in the sewers. These caches were found, and a number of our people were killed. The special tribunal sentenced Rutkowski on March 14th, and he was shot on the 18th while going to work.

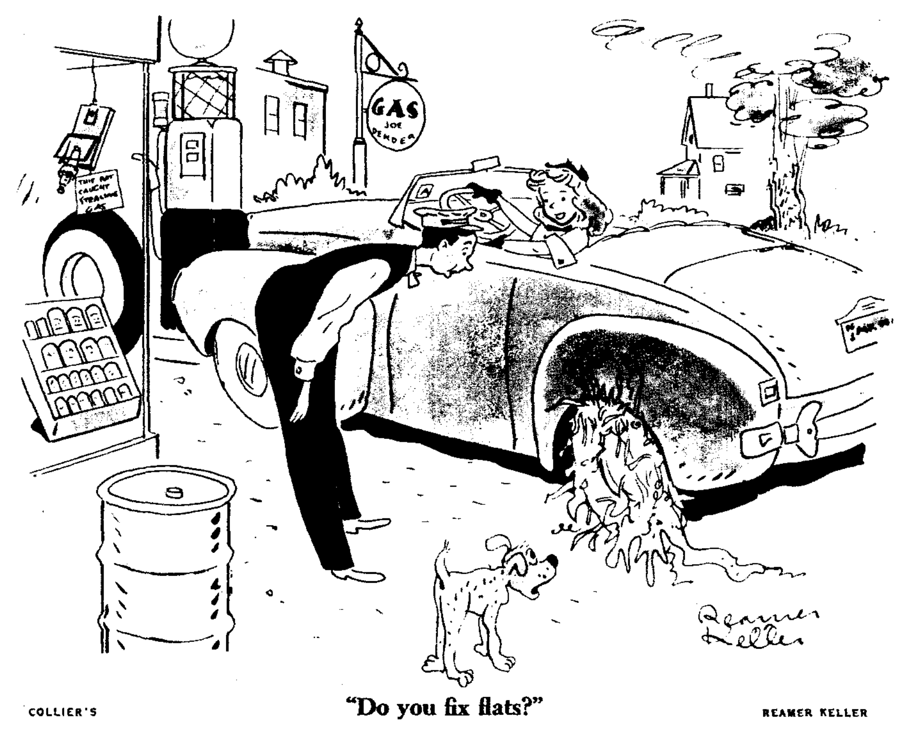
Stanislaw Janik and his wife, Janina, disclosed certain mountain paths used by our underground couriers. They were found guilty on April 10th, at 9:15 P. M., and the Punitive Detachment executed them as they ate breakfast the following morning.

Death sentences, as a usual thing, are carried out at the earliest possible moment. In every case the name of the condemned, whether Pole or German, is given publication in our underground press, for we want people to know that it is a legal act and not private vengeance.

With respect to Nazis, the secret court takes action only under extreme pressure. In many cases, an official is so fiendish that public opinion demands his execution regardless of consequences. Or a Gestapo agent may learn too much about underground operations and become a positive danger. He must be liquidated, no matter at what cost. You can be sure, however, that the court weighs one consideration against another.

Under the Gestapo's Noses

Take the case of Hoffman, a creature we sentenced to death for his degeneracies. They watched over him night and day, and he never went abroad without a heavy guard, yet we killed him under the very noses of the Gestapo. One evening, just as darkness was falling, five Poles in German uniform walked by his home, and after a few moments of talk with the unsuspecting sentries, quietly disposed of them with knives, and took their places. When Hoffman drove up later on, it was these Poles who saluted and then stabbed him and his aides as they walked up the steps. A couple of hand grenades took care of the car and the guards. When Germans rushed out of the house, two other Poles came on the scene, dressed as


GAS
JOE
THIS RAT CAUGHT STEALING GAS
Reamer Keller

COLLIER'S "Do you fix flats?" REAMER KELLER

I spied on Junior

to learn the truth about candy!

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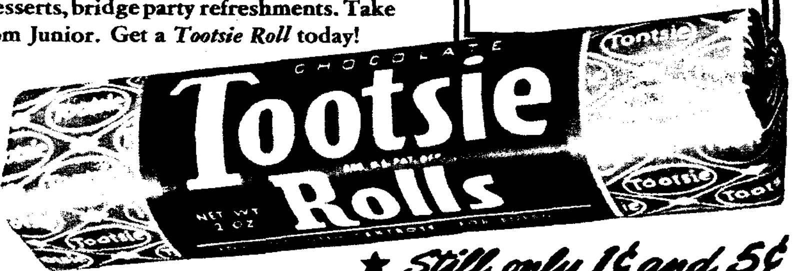

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Storm Troop officers, and began bawling all sorts of wrong orders. In the confusion, every one of our people escaped.

Death squads, as you can imagine, are picked very carefully, for not every man is fitted for the job of killing in cold blood. Most of the Punitive Detachments are made up of men who have suffered torture themselves, or seen their wives and daughters either butchered or sent off to brothels and labor camps in the Reich.

At that, it is not enough for them just to be hard. We also train them to be specialists in execution and escape. Many of them can shoot out an eye at a hundred yards and toss a grenade with the same accuracy that one of your athletes throws a baseball. As for getting away, I can only tell you that while hundreds of death sentences have been carried out, very few of the executioners have been caught.

The Leadership of Civilian Resistance also operates an Intelligence section. I can't give details, but please accept my assurance that it compares favorably with your F.B.I. We know far more about the Germans than the Gestapo knows about us. And the section also makes a business of disorganizing and demoralizing every German bureau. Oh, most ingeniously! Some of the tricks give us good laughs. Anonymous letters, for instance, written in perfect German, promote jealousies and suspicions, so that every man begins to hate and fear the men about him. The result is feuds, dismissals and a continual state of upset. What is that word you have for it? Jitters? Ah, yes. We keep them in jitters.

Every Nazi official is a thief and bribetaker, eager to get back to the Reich with as much loot as he can carry, and this plays right into our hands. Our system of espionage lets us know just what men are hiding jewels taken from prisoners, or getting large sums for selling shop permits, antityphus vaccine, safe-conduct cards and things like that. We make this known to the higher-ups, and our letters bring about furious quarrels and oftentimes arrests, for superiors either insist on sharing in the loot or else they grab all of it.

The Intelligence section is also charged with setting up "contact points" in every community, either a man or a woman, who delivers messages, transmits orders and arranges meetings between underground agents. They are not only the very heart of the movement, but also our real heroes and heroines.

No Loophole of Escape

Workers like myself slip in and out, protected by forged documents and many hiding holes, but the "contact point" has a fixed post and cannot change identity or move from place to place. Despite every precaution, sooner or later the suspicions of the Gestapo are aroused, so that the active life of these men and women averages from five to six months. Yet always another comes forward to take the vacant post.

The fifth branch of the underground, equally official, is our press section. It prints and circulates all underground newspapers other than the government gazettes published by the plenipotentiary and the commander in chief. Today there are 120 such weeklies with a combined circulation of 300,000, and as each copy is read by fifteen or twenty persons, Poland is fairly well covered.

Not only do these papers print the news of the day, particularly the progress of the war on every front, but they also carry articles, essays and editorials dealing with history, politics, postwar plans and other general subjects. Patriotism is stressed in every possible manner, for it is the rock on which we build present resistance and future hopes. Here, as an example, are ten commandments for Poles, printed over and over until every man, woman and child knows them by heart and enshrines them in the heart:

I. Thou shalt have no other earthly love above Poland.

II. Thou shalt not take the name of Poland for thine own glory, career or reward.

III. Remember that thou shalt give without hesitation unto Poland thy possessions, thy personal happiness and thy life.

IV. Honor Poland, thy Motherland, as thine own mother.

V. Fight persistently against Poland's enemies to thy last breath, to the last drop of blood in thy veins.

VI. Struggle with thy own complacence and cowardice. Behold, a coward cannot be a Pole.

VII. Be without mercy to them that betray the Polish name.

VIII. Always and everywhere boldly admit that thou art a Pole.

IX. Suffer none to have any doubts as to Poland.

X. Let no one insult Poland, belittle her merits and greatness, her achievements and majesty. Thou shalt love Poland above all else, save only God. Thou shalt love her more than thyself.

That the Truth May Be Served

Our underground press enrages the Germans almost as much as our military activities and sabotage, and Governor General Frank has ordered the death penalty for all who read the papers as well as for those who print and circulate them. It is a dangerous business, for you cannot publish in a forest or a marsh, and the Gestapo listens at every keyhole in the cities and towns. Only a few months ago one of our best editors was killed along with all of his staff.

The Gestapo surrounded the house on the day that the paper was to be issued, and called on the occupants to surrender. Dividing his staff into two groups, one to defend and the other to print, the editor wrote this farewell message: "We are trapped, and there is no hope of escape. You will hear from us no more, but others will carry on. God bless Poland."

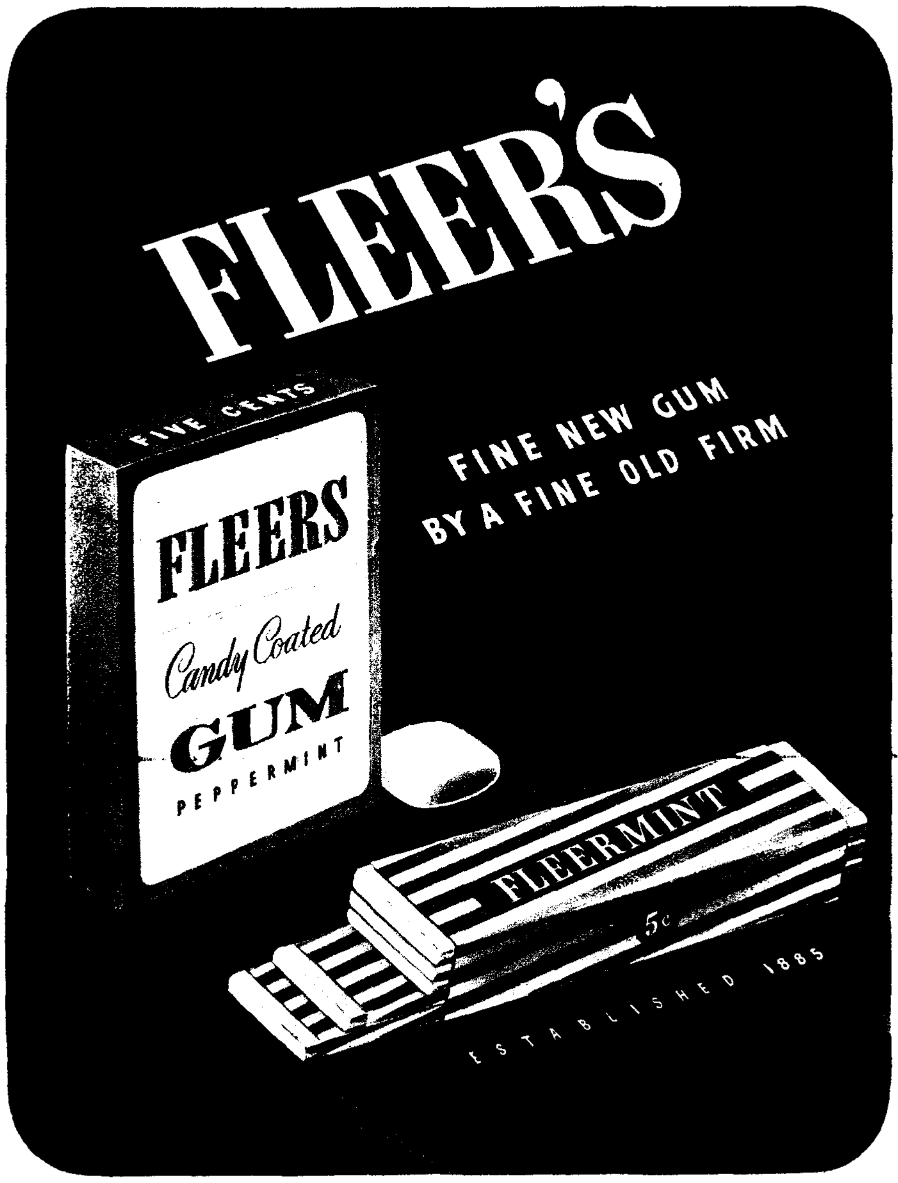
When the last copies had been run off, a youngster slipped out with them at the back under cover of a furious fire at the front. All night the battle went on, and finally the Germans, giving up hope of taking the staff alive, used flame throwers. In the morning five charred bodies—four men and a woman—were found in the smoking ruins.

Where do we get our printing presses and radios? I may not tell you, for that is what the Germans would like to know, but we have them in good quantity. Poland hears six broadcasts a day—three from the British Broadcasting Company and three from our own government in London, so we keep in close touch with the outside world.

No, we do not get broadcasts from the United States, for you use short wave, and our receiving sets are mostly medium wave.

From those that I myself have heard, it is just as well, for your propagandists seem to emphasize emotional appeals rather than straight news. Poles do not need to be buttered up by assurances that we are a brave people, and that the whole world holds us in admiration for our heroic struggle. Nor would we be greatly impressed by praise of Russia. We have only admiration for the Russian struggle and we hope to live side by side with Russia in peace and friendship, but as yet, it is too soon for us to have forgotten September 17, 1939.

The second and concluding article on Poland's underground will appear in next week's Collier's.



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Mountain in the Sun

Continued from page 20

they talked, falling silent sullenly, ominously, when an officer passed them.

No one but David knew that the chart ended here. . . .

“We're due for bad trouble for'ard,” the mate said when they had been anchored nine days. “We been at sea a long time, and some of them've got wives t'home. I got a family myself.”

Fingering the Portuguese's drawing, David realized with a guilty start that it had been days since he thought about Elizabeth Winslow, as he was duty bound to do. It was strange, but he never could see very clearly her grown-up face, the face of a lady, when he thought of her. He kept remembering the face of a child he had known. Now, there was just a vague impression of clear eyes which never failed to perceive their duty and of rigidly brushed and pinned hair.

She would make an excellent and capable wife. They had been children together and David had never known another girl very well.

“Of course,” the mate added, “if we were to be getting at them otter skins right away, what with the big prices they fetch, it would be different.”

David grunted, “I know, mister,” and looked at the blank spaces on the Portuguese's chart again. They had a queer fascination for him: it occurred to him that he had always had charts to rely on.

The whole course of his life, he realized suddenly, had been charted most exactly for him. He recognized as well as everyone else that his elders had been wise, and that it was his duty to be what they took for granted—sober toward the obligations of his life, industrious in his ventures, and prudent in his calculations.

It was at this moment that the voice of the lookout floated down from the crosstrees: *“O—a-a-a-aay, the deck!”*

Overturning his chair, David was at the companionway one jump ahead of the mate. On his way he snatched his telescope from the rack, and running across the quarter-deck he jumped into the rigging.

Halfway up the shrouds he paused to look over his shoulder in the direction pointed by the lookout's arm. Away to the northwestward, in the distances of the channel, was a speck which showed for an instant, vanished and then reappeared; in the clear circle of the telescope it became suddenly a triangle of stained patched sail, bellied full out by the north wind, above a long dugout which was riding the forward slope of a breaking sea.

In the instant that it hung there on a slant, rushing toward him, David could see that there were two figures in the dugout: a curiously hooded one in the bows sitting motionless as if staring straight ahead; the other in the stern, leaning into a steering paddle whose soaked wood caught an angle of dying sunlight in a wet flash; and between them the dugout was packed high with dark bales. . . .

IT WAS dusk by the time the dugout reached the shelter of the bay and came in with the tired dip and thrust of the stern paddle.

“Come alongside,” David shouted through his brass trumpet. “I want to have a gam with you.”

There was a long pause. David heard the uneasy stirring and mutter of the men, and then querulously across the water came the stranger's voice. It was an old man's voice, thin and bitter: “What brig is that?”

“Sea-Fiddler of Stonington,” David answered. “I'm Merrill, master.”

“What d'ye want to talk to me about?”

“Furs,” David roared.

There was a much longer pause. Finally the stranger's voice drifted across: “Well, if ye got anything to say, come up to the cabin in an hour's time—I s'pose you been pryin' around and found it already. But come alone—d'ye hear me? I don't want no crowd.”

He dug his paddle in and the dugout began to slide heavily again toward the beach. The hooded figure in the bows had not moved.

As the dugout merged with the shadows of the shore and was lost, the mate plucked David's sleeve. “That one for'ard there,” he said in a low voice. “It's a woman.”

“Squaw, maybe,” David said.

“Well,” the mate said cautiously, “had Indian clothes on, anyway.”

It was full dark when David left his boat crew at the edge of the tide and went stumbling alone, carrying a ship's lantern, along the trail. There was a faint chink of light showing under the slab door, and when he knocked the old man's querulous voice shrilled:

“All right, all right! Come in.”

DAVID set the lantern down and pushed open the door. A couple of candles stuck in bottles were burning on a rough table, among the littered remains of a supper, and the old man was standing there, squinting with suspicious eyes. The bales of furs had been packed up the trail and were piled in a corner. With a quick glance, David saw that the other occupant of the dugout was sitting by the fireplace, bent over, staring at the coals. He could make nothing of the figure, beyond that it was, undoubtedly, a woman. The face was concealed by a big, parkalike hood of quill-embroidered leather.

“I'm Captain Merrill of the Sea-Fiddler,” he said.

“Ey?—All right! Name's Croover,” the old man said. “Get on with your business, young man!”

“Well,” David said, “we've come all the way up from the Horn for the sea otter, Mr. Croover, and I was told that you—”

“Sea otter, ey?” Croover yelped. “Well, I might as well tell ye, my fur goes to Astoria. Thirty year I been runnin' fur on this coast, young man. I don't like sea traders, and I won't have no poachin' on my coast. Is that an answer to ye?”

David temporized: “Astoria's a long way. How do you get your cargo there?”

“Ey?—Down to Mud Bay, head of Puget Sound. Then I pack 'em overland to the Columbia River. Wha'd'ye want to know for?”

“It just struck me,” David said, “that if we did happen to do a little trading, it would be that much less for you to pack overland, and I'd give you just as good a price as you'd get in Astoria. But I'd want you to tell me where I could trade with the natives for more.”

“So that's it!” Croover said. “Well, I'll tell ye that the packin' don't worry me none—there's always Siwashes in Mud Bay I make pack 'em for me. As fer where ye can trade, sure, I'll tell ye: the Metlakatla country. Good prime northern fur. Ye're welcome.”

“The Metla— Where is that country?” David asked.

“North.” Croover grinned with malice. “Beyond the Haidas. Don't stop to have no truck with the Haidas. They're the biggest and the most murderin' Injuns west of hell, young man, and they've burned many a ship that's tried to trade with 'em. I don't go near 'em myself, and I been thirty year on this coast. In fact,” he said bitterly, “they're after me right now, not more'n a day behind, on account of this.”

And he jerked a thumb toward the woman crouched on the hearth. She did

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not move. David stared at her, trying to see.

"That's why I'm in such a devil of a hurry this trip," Croover said. "I figger on being out of here by midnight. They maybe ain't so far behind me as I hope they are. So—" He broke off suddenly, and David, turning, found his eyes fixed upon him. They were narrowed and shrewd with some dawning thought; and speculative, and twinkling. Then, abruptly, Croover grinned and said softly, "If we *was* to do a little tradin', where would ye be takin' the furs or whatever we traded fer?"

"To China," David said.

Croover looked at him for a long minute, stirring his whiskers with one knotty forefinger. "If the tradin's in gold, we might do some business."

"It'll be in gold."

"But before we start talkin' prices," Croover said, "there's somethin' else. You got to take *that,* in the bargain."

And again he jerked his thumb toward the woman on the hearth. Too startled to reply, David stared at him.

"If ye want my fur, you got to take her off my hands, too," Croover said.

Some quality in the long silence that followed made the woman turn her head wearily. Both men were looking at her: Croover grinning, and David with a horrified expression. Slowly, stumbling a little, she got to her feet, and shrank back, away from the fireplace, until her back was against the wall. All in silence. None of them made a sound, but the Indian leather hood slipped back from her head. She started to pull it up again, then let her hand fall hopelessly.

SHE was very beautiful, with heavy wrapped braids of red hair shining somberly in the dim and wavering light. She couldn't have been more than twenty. Her face was the thick delicate white of a petal, in spite of wind and sun, although the broad cheekbones drew a hint of silent barbaric strength. David was staring, fascinated, at her stormy eyes. But her hands were clasped tightly and were trembling a little.

"Don't ask me nawthin', because I don't know nawthin' about her," Croover said impersonally. "Exceptin' what the Injuns told me. It seems as if her paw was a Rooshian—a governor or somethin' of one of their places up in Alaska. I guess he come south with a ship to do some tradin' or explorin' along the north coast and the Haidas got him. Killed 'em, all but her, and burned the ship. That's what the Injuns say. I dunno. I can't understand her lingo."

"B-but . . ." David stammered, not able to take his eyes from the girl's. "How did you . . ."

"I guess the Haidas treated her all right," Croover said. "They ain't bad to women. But seems like, from what I could get, that there was some young sea chief wanted to marry her. I dunno. Somethin' like that. She run away from their women folks, and come into my camp. I was in my first camp on tidewater after comin' down from the Kootenais."

David made a helpless sort of noise in his throat.

"Matter of fact," Croover said, "I was hidin' out from them same Haidas at the time, same as I always do when I come down through their country . . . I've thought it over, and I expect some Haida girl guided her to my camp, that night. Women's doin's," he said bitterly.

"But . . ."

"I can't understand a damn' word she says," Croover said. "I figgered maybe the women in Astoria could do somethin' with her. But like I was sayin', if ye want my fur, ye take her, too."

"Wait a minute," David said. "We've got to—I mean, there's—"

The girl's eyes had finally torn themselves away from David's and for a minute or two she had been glancing from one face to the other as they spoke. But now, looking at David again with her slightly slanting eyes, she said something rapid in a clear voice.

"See?" Croover said. "What'd I tell ye?"

"Yes," David said, "b-but—"

"Je parle français, aussi," the girl said, hopelessly. Her throat constricted with a dry click, but she swallowed, and finished: *"un peu."*

"Oh," David said, thanking heaven for the three months he had spent in Marseille on one of his voyages for his father. In lame and halting French he said, "Then that eases matters, mademoiselle."

For a second he thought that the girl was going to cry. But she drew herself up and said, "But I—this horrible old man. What does he say? Who are you?"

"Ha! So ye savvy her lingo, do ye?" Croover cackled. "I'm glad somebody can. Let's get started tradin'. Only I'm warnin' ye, young man. She's a hellcat.". . .

When they came down the trail to the beach half an hour later, David was still watching with fascinated eyes the figure of the girl walking ahead of him on the forward edge of the bobbing circle of lantern light. The edge of the tide, catching gleams and specks of the lantern light, was a wet and uneasy line. Vague slouching forms gathered, stopped to stare—and David with crisp curtness directed two of the men to go back with Croover to bring down the skins and wait on the beach until the boat came back to take them off.

TRAVEL NEEDS
-GARRITY-

"Haven't you something a little more comfortable? I'm planning quite a long trip!"

COLLIER'S MARTIN GARRITY

CROOVER'S last advice came shrilling back to him from where the lantern was jerking out of sight behind the flowering thicket: "I ain't been jokin' about them Haidas, young man. They're right behind her!"

The girl, sitting beside David in the stern sheets of the gig, turned to look at him. Her face was a pale blur against the distances of the night.

"What does he say, the dreadful old man?" she asked.

"Some matter concerning *les sauvages,"* David muttered. "It is nothing."

"They were good to me, the women of the savages," she said, meditatively.

They sat side by side, gazing straight ahead past the dim faces of the boat crew facing them from the thwarts.

When the boat bumped and scraped against the brig, David gave his hand to the girl and she went up the ladder first. He followed, his fingers just below her feet; and the mate, waiting at the rail, stared with bulging eyes for a minute at the two of them and then cleared his throat like all the matrons in Stonington.

"Stand by to hoist the gig when it comes back from the beach, mister," David said. "It will be bringing furs. Stow them in the lazarette, for the time being."

"M'mm. Aye," the mate said shortly, still gazing at the girl.

"And, mister," David said softly, "trice up the boarding nets, and serve out cutlasses and pistols to the hands. And stand-to both watches. For the rest of the night."

Startled, the mate jerked his face around to David. "But what—"

"I think we may expect an Indian attack," David said. "The Haidas are coming down."

The mate's eyes caught his and held them for a long questioning minute. The mate, too, had heard of the Haidas—tall and aristocratic warriors whose far-voyaging sea canoes, coming down from their foggy northern islands, scourged the villages of the squat, humble dwellers of the coast. Glancing again at the girl, the mate tightened his jaw muscles and turned away without a word, to go forward. As he led the girl down the companionway stairs, David heard his hoarse voice brawling at the forecastle door, and a moment later, the startled thudding of feet trooping to work.

Under the lantern in the cuddy, David and the girl turned to face each other across the table. Looking at him with steady eyes, she bit her lip for a moment and then choosing the unfamiliar French words carefully she said: "So you have bought me, then."

David opened his mouth to reply and then closed it again on what he had started to say. Instead, he asked soberly, "What is your name?"

"Varya Krasnov."

He nodded, trying to think.

"My father," she said hesitantly, "was Colonel Nicholas Krasnov. You have perhaps heard of his name—he was military commandant of—"

"No. I have not heard. I am strange to these coasts," he said.

Rigidly controlling the trembling of her hands by clasping them even more tightly, the girl asked in a level voice, "What will you do with me, monsieur?"

"Do?" David said, blinking a little. ". . . do? I had not—we shall have to consider some plan to . . ."

He suddenly became aware of her eyes, watching him steadily, with terror, with quiet bravery. Confused, unable to find the words he wanted in French, he looked away, and for a moment could not raise his own eyes again to hers. The table was still littered with charts, with the Portuguese's paper lying on top; he frowned quickly, because he had forgotten to lock them away. Trying to phrase in his difficult French the reassuring, politely detached things he must say to her, he scowled down at the wavering lines the Portuguese had drawn—at the blank spaces, where the chart left off, the mysterious, the dangerous, the lovely blank spaces . . . for so long that the girl followed his gaze, and looked closer, to see.

"Oh," she said. "But that is—"

He looked up at her suddenly. "Why," he said in a startled voice, "perhaps you have seen those waters . . . which are unknown to me."

"But yes," she said. "I know, a little, what may be here." Her finger touched the empty paper, away to the north and west of this bay.

He almost whispered, as if to himself, "Then we could go on without these."

"Yes, yes," she said. "I could show you, I think, beyond your charts. They are excellent, no doubt, but incomplete, to the lands I know. If you—" She broke off as he stared at her. But after a minute, she said pleadingly: "In the north there is trade for you. It is a country richer than you dream. And I . . . my father's friends will—"

"IT IS not that," he said slowly. "It is not altogether the trade." As he said this, realizing to the full its heresy, she looked at him; and then she nodded, as if recognizing something, with which she was familiar in herself.

"Hear me," she said softly. "There are great horizons and coasts of starlight and of mystery. There is the sea, which is never still, which is endless, like our thoughts *'comme nos pensées,'* " she said in her hesitantly singing French; "the sea which is never the same, like life itself, and there are mountains in the sun."

Their hands on the edges of the table, they leaned toward each other in the excitement of discovery, above the charts, their faces smiling. Without fear, without constraint, for a moment without thought of the obligations which time and the hands of their two worlds had woven about them separately.

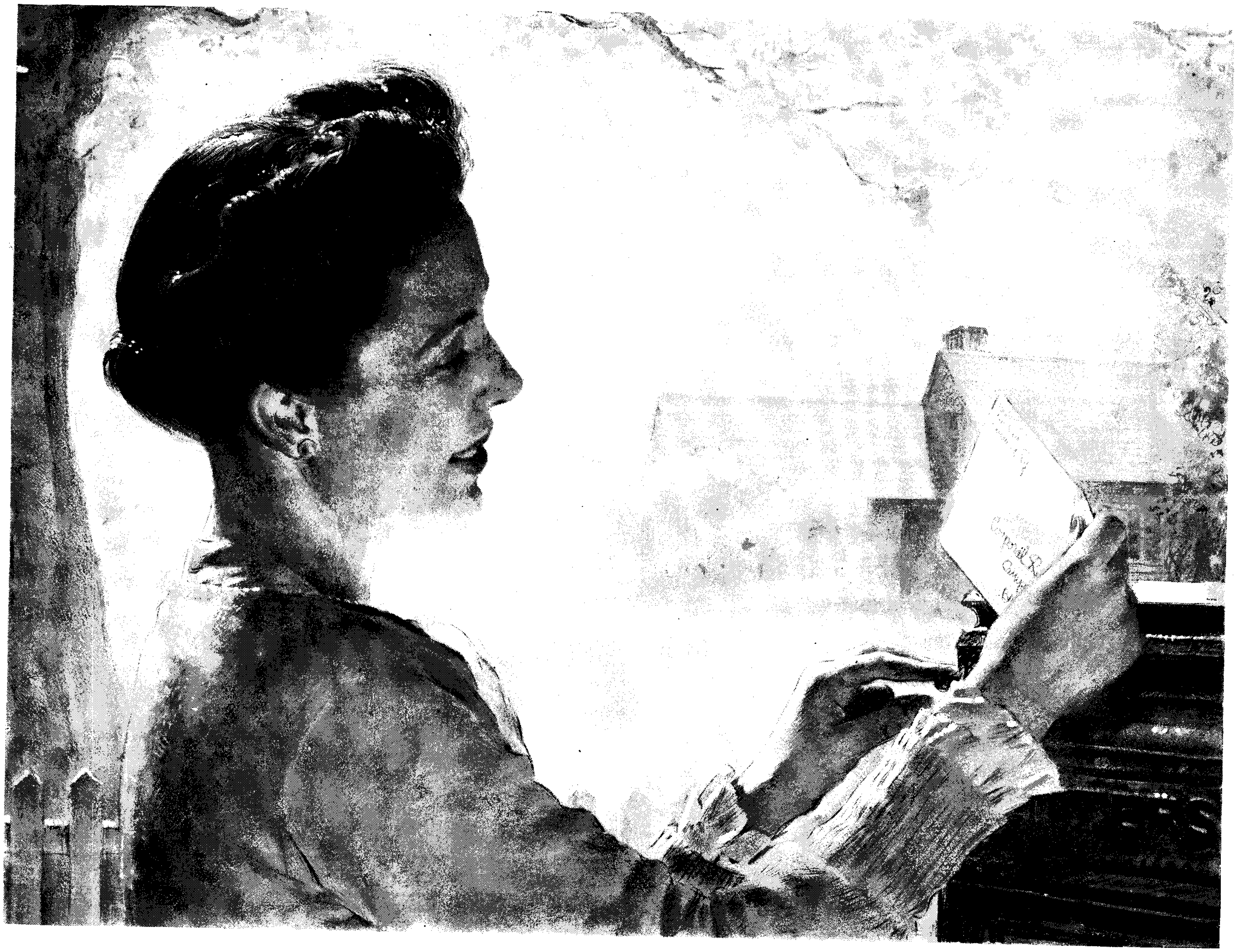
Then David bit his lip and looked at the charts. All the spread of charts on the table, carefully drawn by experienced hands for his safe and profitable navigation. Like the plans for his life.

And on top, tossed carelessly there, the cryptic paper of the Portuguese, bringing him here and leaving him on the edge of unimaginable, of mysteriously living blank spaces. Like his meeting with this strange girl.

"What is the matter?" she said. He looked up. She was watching his face, her own eyes suddenly troubled.

"I am a navigator," he said lamely, fumbling for the foreign phrases with which to explain to her something which all at once in his own mind had a larger meaning, obscure and deeply disturbing, like a huge shadow of fantastic shape unexpectedly cast by practical and familiar things. "Until now, I have always taken my departures and made my landfalls with reasonable safety, because I have known of the reefs and the shoals, and the set of the currents. And there have been known landmarks."

"There are always dangers. They are



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MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS

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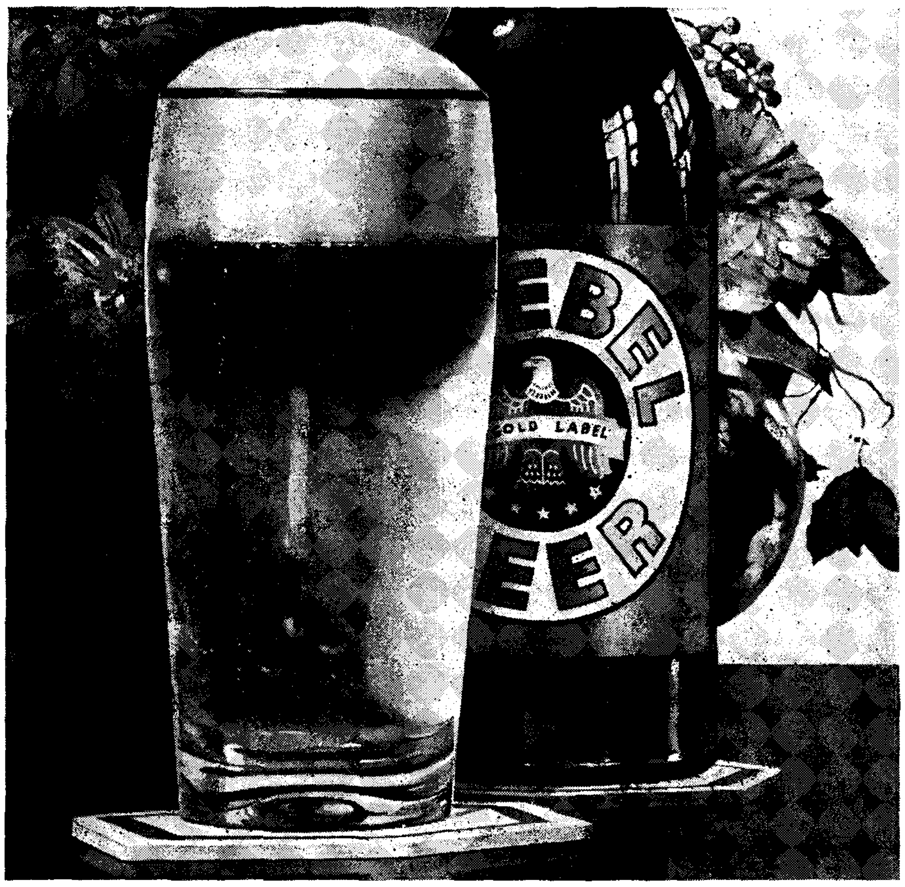

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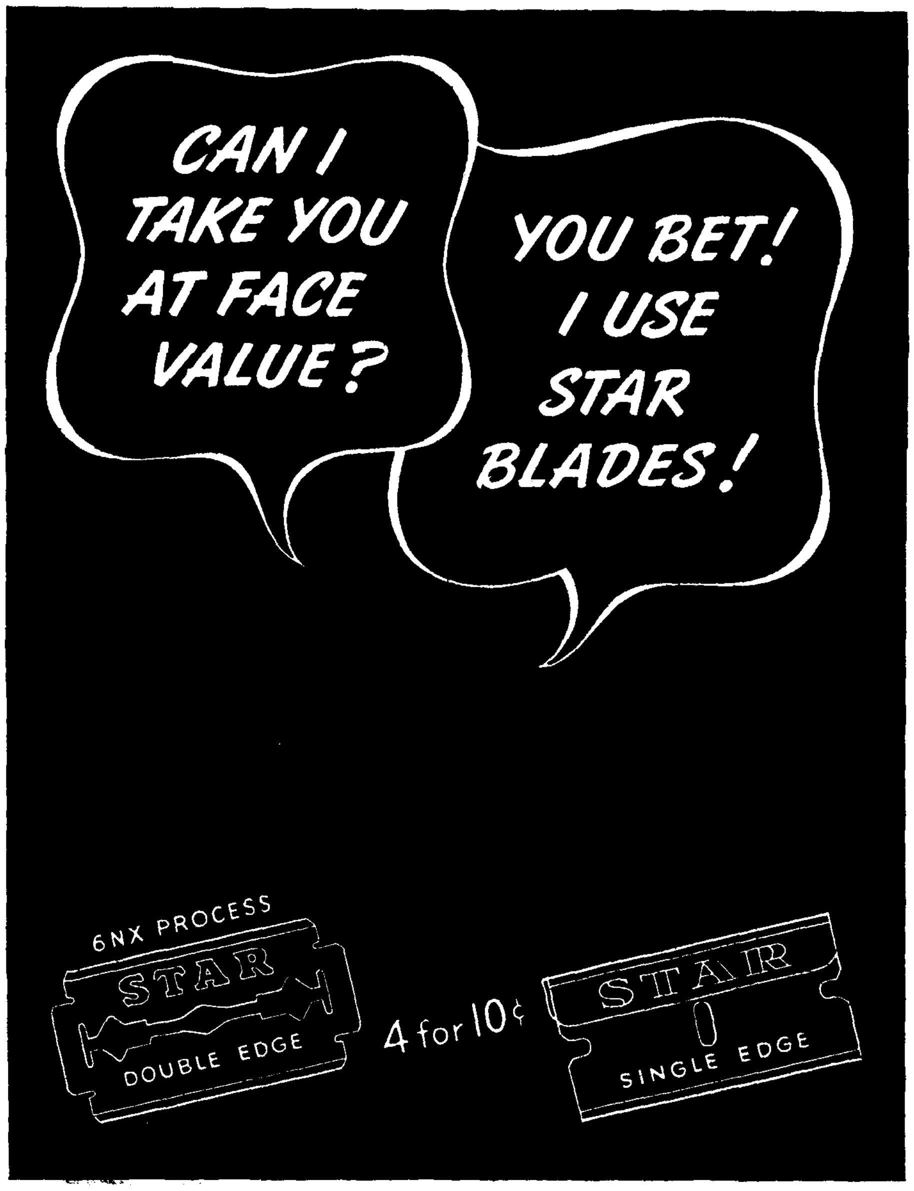


there for the living and the free," she said. "He who sails, he who lives, must know that. But I do not think that you have been afraid."

"Sometimes," he said. "But I have always had these." He touched the charts which could guide him no farther. "We would have to make our own, as we found the way. I would need your knowledge."

"Have you never made your own, before?"

"No . . ."

They stood there looking at each other with thoughtful eyes, as if each was weighing the values of the words which they had begun speaking as strangers and which had died away in a silence of perturbing intimacy. After a long while, she drew a deep breath, and said:

"Well?"

He turned and walked three or four steps to a porthole. Holding back the pongee curtain with one hand, he stared at the round of glass which except for streaks of sea salt was black with the primeval night of the wilderness. Impossible to tell her in a foreign language—in any language—that which he now knew with a certainty that shook his heart. . . .

"We will sail when the tide makes at dawn," he said. "I will set my course at north by west."

She said nothing. She did not make a sound. He turned, and across the chart table they looked at each other steadily and gravely.

THE brig's company kept watch on deck all night. Before midnight they had heard the cautious thump of Croover's paddle against the side of his dugout as he stole out of the bay and headed southward, alone.

As soon as it was light enough to see, David ordered the anchor up and the sails shaken out. As the long, raking jib boom swung in an arc across the hills of dark forest and then past the headland to steady on the distances beyond the opening of the bay, David saw the girl standing in the bows. She must have slipped along the deck sometime in the darkness to go and sit on the forecastle head; and now she stood there, tall and erect, leaning forward a little, like some new sort of figurehead above the prow.

It was then, as they crept out with slapping, filling sails, into the channel, that they sighted the Haidas: To the north, in the middle of the channel, which was now bright with sunrise, a flotilla of dark splinters coming to them out of the cold colors of the morning.

"Steady as she goes," David said to the helmsman out of the corner of his mouth, and to the mate, "Are the guns shotted, mister?"

The mate grunted, touching the lock of grizzled hair which fell over his forehead.

Lighting a thin South American cigar, David slipped down from the quarterdeck and walked forward to the forecastle head. He touched the girl's shoulder, and said: "Go aft, please. This is no place for you."

She had turned her head calmly, without surprise, at his touch, and for a moment she looked at him silently. Then she walked away, without haste, past the groups of staring men standing to the guns and, mounting the quarter-deck ladder, sat down on the cabin skylight.

Walking aft, David saw the dugouts surge forward toward them, beginning to close in from the wings of the crescent, filled with standing, yelling warriors ready to board. Running up the steps to the quarter-deck, he ran an eye over the gunners, standing by the guns in the waist, four guns on each side. Going to stand behind the helmsman, he sent his voice trumpeting the length of the ship.

The brig paid off and fell away before the wind, quite suddenly. From the four ports on the starboard side, short, ugly flickers of dirty flame stabbed out, and the decks jerked nastily underfoot with the recoil. Then, before the smoke could clear away, David raised his trumpet to shout another order, but dropped it when it was halfway to his open lips.

For suddenly, shooting out from under the brig's spray-glistening counter below him, a long racing shape crowded with maniacal figures whirled in the wash, scraped along the wooden side and clung, as a thicket of dark, clawing hands snatched for the chains. Fumbling a little as he dragged at the pistol in his belt, feeling the heavy jar of it in his forearm as he fired down into the climbing swarm of grinning, yelling faces, David realized coolly that this was a war canoe from one of the wings of the crescent, closing in; and yanking at the handle of his cutlass he looked quickly forward to see if any others had come through to board.

In that instant, the boarding nets, that web of cordage swung outboard around the ship to keep attackers from coming over the rail, sagged with the weight of nightmare figures, climbing, slashing, cutting, hacking as they screamed from black, gaping mouths. Something intolerably bright flashed in his face from the midst of the struggling mob, and he swung his cutlass blade with all his force into the acrid drift of musket smoke. From somewhere behind him he heard a methodical *thud . . . thud!* of firing, and as he dodged the glittering knife arc of an arm thrust through the net, he glanced over his shoulder and saw the mate, his beard blowing in the breeze, calmly firing one pistol after another as he picked them up from a row laid out on the skylight to one side of the girl.

Then the whole length of the brig, along both rails, was crackling with pistol and musket fire. And suddenly the Haidas were leaving the nets, some turning to drop sure-limbed as cats, others crumpling, with convulsive fingers clutching and slipping down the nets. But as they fell away around David, a new figure came leaping, came clawing his way up among their falling bodies—a tall, an enormous figure, compact and swift with deadliness and fury, regal with power and glistening virility.

BEFORE David could turn on the slippery rail to meet him, before he could do more than jab with his cutlass at a hasty, awkward angle, the massive flail of a clubbed musket, swung full-armed, sledged into David's shoulder, hurling him back, sidewise and down, and the deck was spinning up to meet him in a bone-jarring shock of exploding pain. He rolled over slowly, and with a vast, a dizzying effort, dragged himself to his hands and knees. As he shook his head, trying desperately to clear it, he saw the girl again: Varya.

She had got up from the skylight, and was staring with wide eyes, with strangely parted lips of recognition, at the regal warrior who was trying with powerful hands to tear his way through the net, his musket slung behind one shoulder on a leather thong. David realized then who that Indian was—as the girl walked a step toward them both, her hands half lifted in a curious gesture as if she had started to touch her throat. Her throat was round and white, and David could see in the virginally clear morning sunlight a pulse beating there. Behind her, the mate with a despairing swing hurled an empty pistol; it came spinning and glittering, and struck saggingly into the net, and fell with a clatter, near David.

The girl took another step toward them—toward the sea chief who had desired her, her young, her magnificent, her barbaric strength toward his . . . and the sea chief, with knotted hands of agony, with his limbs spread like a crucified man, put all his power into one last mighty and superb effort—an effort which turned his bunched and cracking muscles rigid, which made his face glisten with sweat, or with tears—to rip the nets which kept her from him, the nets which would not rip. It lasted a long, an interminable second, and then with a deep and sobbing groan, such a sound of despair and of desire as David had never heard before, the sea chief's hands gave up the nets and with a face suddenly bleak he was unslinging his musket from his shoulder, and David was lurching up, feeling his feet under him, and it was too late. The sea chief shot from the hip, a flower of smoke with a heart of flame.

The girl, Varya, took one more step, calmly, with a strange dignity, like pride, like obedience; and as she fell her face lifted slowly, gazing still, gazing inscrutably, at that tall lord of dark wildernesses and of unknown seas.

And David was on the rail again with his clasp knife open in his hand, and they were grappling through the clogging folds of the net. The sea chief's arms were slippery with sweat, and his muscles were unexpectedly without fierceness. He was defending himself almost absent-mindedly, staring with empty eyes over David's shoulder, when the clasp knife went home, turning and cutting. The place where he fell remained an irregularly round opening of clear dark water in the foam patterns sliding away astern of the brig.

Still farther astern was a war canoe swamped and half awash, with others racing in toward it from both sides. The water ahead of the brig, where the middle of the battle crescent had been, was filled with an uneasy drift of debris, with a few swimming figures. And the brig was charging through, lifting to the long swells of open water ahead. With way upon her, and the wind freshening with the morning, she had broken through the middle of the cannon-shattered line.

The girl's long body was lying on the deck, halfway between the cabin skylight and the rail. The mate had knelt to turn her over, but now he had stood up again and was looking down stonily upon her.

Sagging against the rail, his hands as empty as his heart, David heard the mate clear his throat and growl, "You haven't given me the course, Sir."

"North by west," David said.

TOWARD noon, when it was nearly time for him to come out of his cabin and go up on deck again to take his midday observation, David got up from his settee and went to look out a porthole. The day was a blue splendor of sea and sky and sun, with a faraway line of forest coast, and above it, like an illusion of low clouds in the haze of distance, the snows of a mighty range of peaks. The girl was gone; an hour ago, he had heard the queer silence on the decks, and presently the drone of the mate's voice, reading out of a book. Two of the men were gone, too. She had had company, one on either side, when she left his brig.

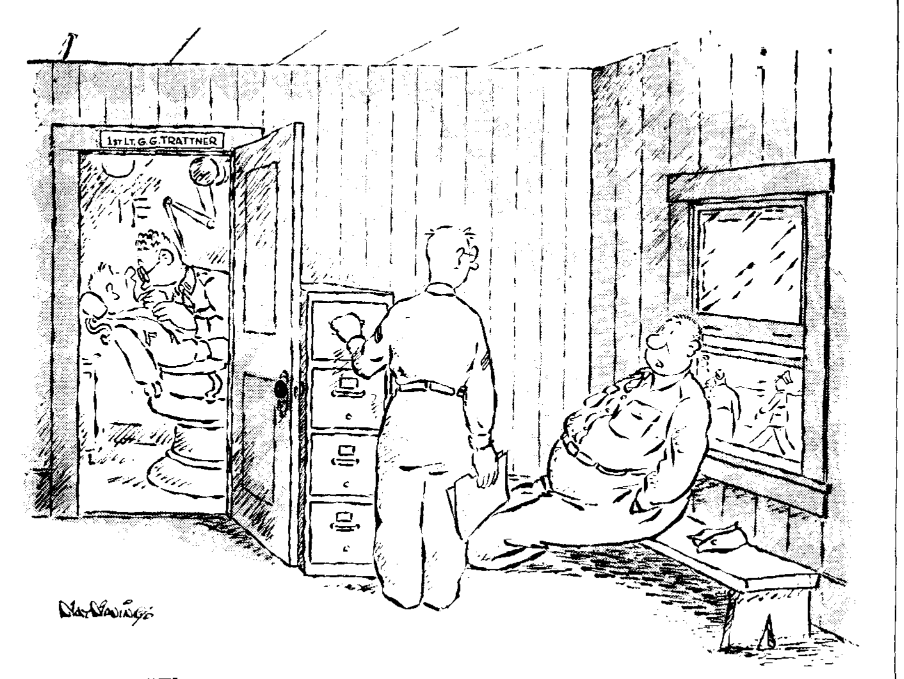
Looking at the bright and lovely waters he had longed to see, David was dully surprised to find himself thinking about Elizabeth. He would see her again, and they would be together. Perhaps with him, if he could show her how, her clear eyes might see more than prim New England duty; perhaps her laughter might be bright again, with wonder and a sense of the adventure in the one beautiful life we know we have, like the laughter of a child he remembered playing with, long ago; perhaps with some lingering trace of that grave magic of the mind, of the heart, which he had felt in this girl who had gone, he might touch the face of Elizabeth with a little miracle of aliveness, of radiance again. For he had had one glimpse of an unfamiliar and very great loveliness which the world may wear only for eyes which with the knowledge of believing hearts know how to see. . . .

TURNING from the porthole, he opened his cabin door with a quiet hand and walked across the cuddy to stand, swaying a little with the purposeful traveling creak and groan of the brig's timbers, looking down at the littered chart table. A square of new spring sunlight swung back and forth across the discarded charts. After a long time, he picked up a quill, examined its point absent-mindedly, and dipped it in the ink horn. Then he bent over, and on the bay marked X by the Portuguese, he lettered carefully, naming it: *Desolation Bay*.

From there, tentatively, he sketched a line, rough and uncertain. This coast seemed to trend away to the north and east. In a few minutes he would make some sights and think of careful notes and bearings.

He knew now that a man might compute mortal values with care—duty, profit and devotion—and get a different total every time, like a child stacking coins by summer lightning; while those fitful gleams, like the brief perceptive flashes of the mind, would always show in swift illumination the strangeness and the wonder of the world.

THE END


1st LT. G. G. TRATTNER

"Thousands an' thousands o' dentists in the Army—an' I gotta get the one I owed money to, back home!"

COLLIER'S JAY IRVING

"Your idea seems to work, Corporal!"

YOU'LL GO OVERBOARD for this suggestion once you've tried it! To make your pipe taste better (and smell sweeter), clean it regularly and switch to mellow Sir Walter Raleigh. It's cool, fragrant and extra-mild. Today, try "the quality pipe tobacco of America"!

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PIPE TOBACCO
Smokes as sweet as it smells
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SIR WALTER RALEIGH
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And that's not all—
I save you dough!"

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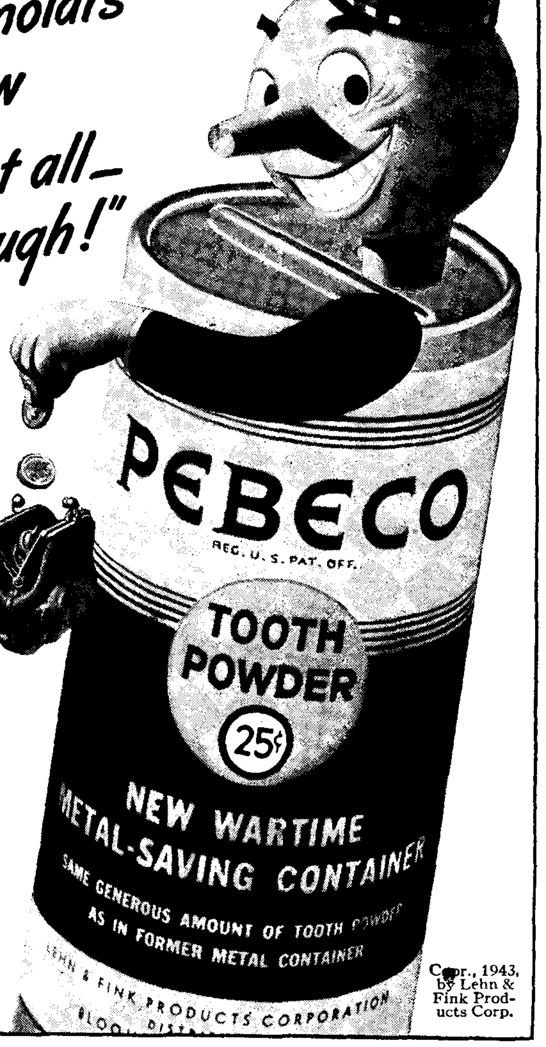
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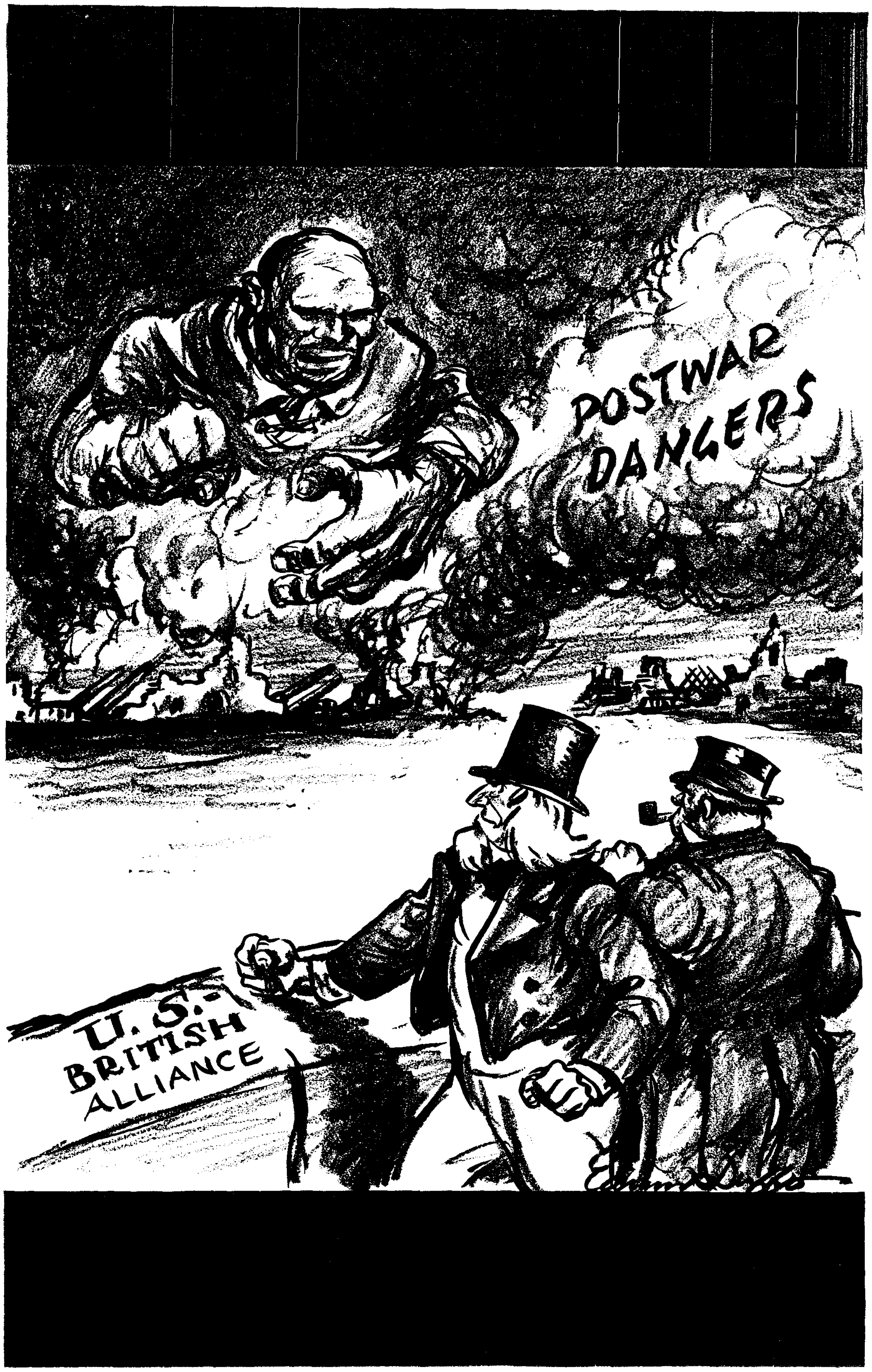


IN HIS recent speech on receiving an honorary degree from Harvard University, Prime Minister Winston Churchill expressed the hope that the United States and Great Britain after this war may maintain a defensive alliance for as long a time as may prove expedient.

Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York thunderstruck the G.O.P. brain convention at Mackinac Island by saying substantially the same thing.

We are acquainted with the numerous arguments on this side of the Atlantic against any such alliance, and think we understand the feelings and the sincerity of those who advance such arguments. It is true, as is often recalled, that we have twice fought Great Britain. It is also true that we can, though at huge and continuing cost, make ourselves self-sustaining and self-defended, without help from anybody else. It is probably true, too, that there are as many Englishmen who simply don't like Americans as there are Americans, who just can't take Englishmen.

For all that, it looks as if a postwar American-British defensive alliance is in the logical stream of British and American history as that stream is now setting its course. Such a limited alliance seems a good deal more likely, for instance, than an American-British-Russian-Chinese coalition, to be formed immediately after the final Allied victory and to be dedicated to the bringing of perpetual peace to the world.

At this time, there appear to be certain inevitable postwar conditions which will make it hardheadedly practical for ourselves and the British to stick along together, at least for a while.

The most impelling of these facts, it now seems likely, will be Russia. Stalin does not really like either ourselves or the British. Why mince words about that fact? Nor is Stalin a great lover of the Chinese. His postwar plans for eastern Europe have already caused friction between Moscow and London, and much anxiety in Washington. As reported by Wendell Willkie in his book, One World, Russia apparently has ambitions in Chinese Eastern Turkestan.

There is probably going to be, too, a good deal of postwar dislike for the Allies in parts of the Europe which they will have freed from Hitler.

The current bombings of all the Axis industrial cities that we can reach are in a good and necessary cause. Nevertheless, a lot of the survivors of those holocausts will go on resenting them and the personal tragedies they brought with them.

Another source of resentment will be found, and energetically worked on by European demagogues sure to spring up, in the American talk about re-educating Europe's adults and educating its children in democratic philosophy. People simply do not like to be told by outsiders how to think, no matter how good the outsiders' advice may be.

If we know anything about the French, a lot of them will dislike us for quite a while after the war, on the grounds that we didn't invade northwest Europe soon enough and that the American and British governments showed much more interest in feeding the Greeks than the French

In the Far East, the postwar picture looks at this time a good deal foggier even than in Europe. It is known, however, that most of the Burmese sympathized with the Japs in their conquest of Burma, and that many Malayans helped the Japs on to Singapore.

Not everything in the East Indies was sweetness and light under Dutch rule—witness Queen Wilhelmina's current promises that the Dutch government will be much more considerate of the natives after Holland gets those islands back. There is, of course, the endless running sore of the India independence agitation; and there are warnings from Doctor Lin Yutang and other Chinese that China is a long way from 100 per cent pleased with the Allies' co-operation in the war up to now.

It all adds up, as we see it, to this: That, regardless of who or what is to blame, the British and ourselves must expect a postwar world in which we shan't be sure of having any devoted friends, and will probably have some enemies and more ill-wishers.

Our two nations have long been able to trust each other more than we could trust any other nation. There is the firm, unarmed-border friendship between Canada and the United States, for one thing. For another, it is historic truth that, though England and the United States have often disputed fiercely since the United States declared its independence of England in 1776, they have on only two of those many occasions gone to war against each other. The last time was 131 years ago.

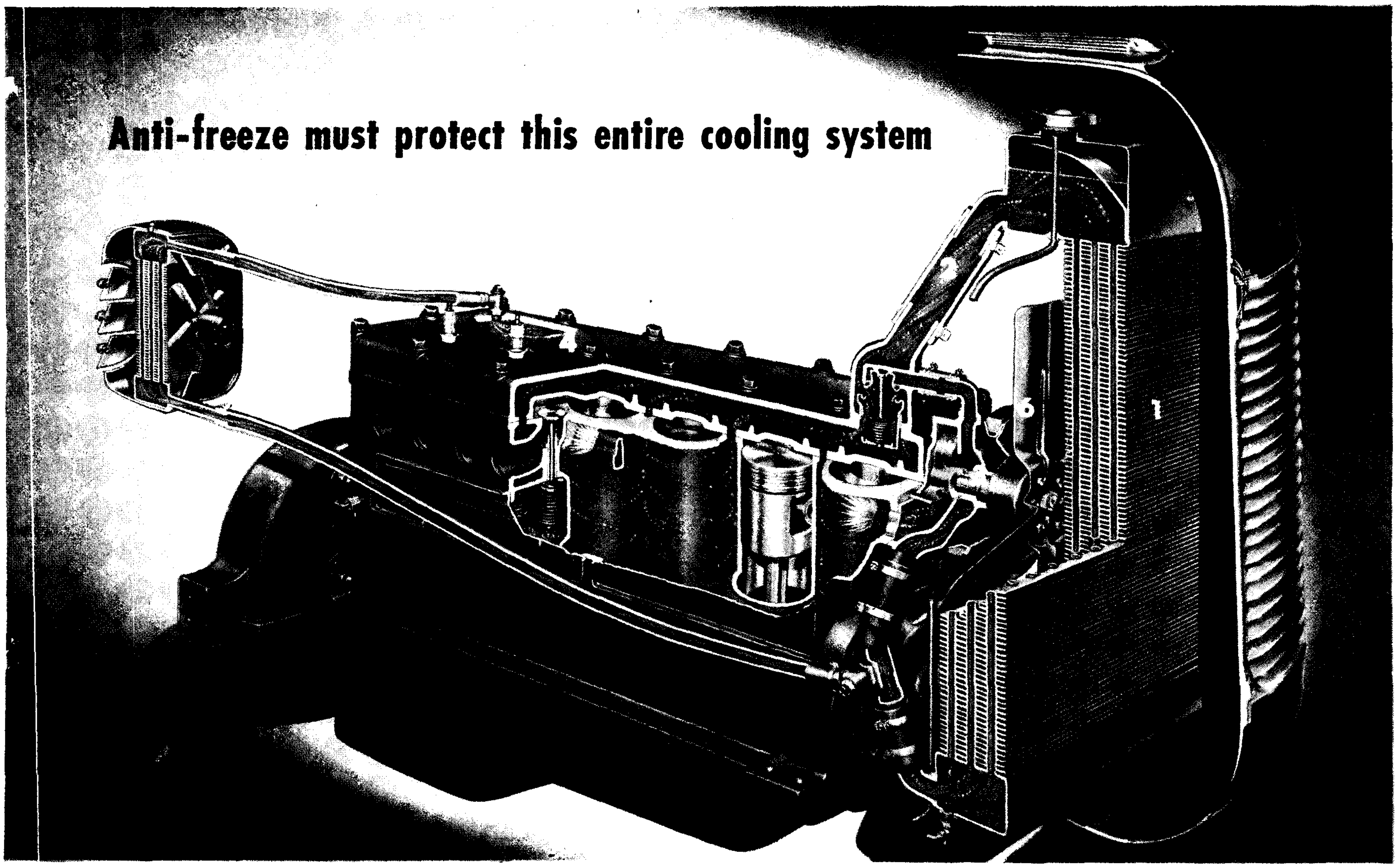
All sentiment and sentimentality ruled aside, the cold fact appears at this moment in history to be that the British Empire and the United States will be far safer in the postwar world if they are defensively allied than if they are not.

British Empire defenses and offensive strength are now tuned to top pitch. Ours are reaching that point swiftly, as Messrs. Hitler and Tojo are ever more painfully aware. At the end of this war, the combined power of the United States and the British Empire will exceed anything in that line ever seen before in the world.

If we use these powers together, there is hope that we can gradually work out some means of preventing World War III, at least for a long time to come.

If we spring apart after the war, and take to picking at and playing power politics against each other—well, write your own ticket on the probable consequences. The worst of those consequences could be the toppling of both the United States and Britain to second or third rank in the scale of world powers.

Du Pont suggests 6 THINGS TO CHECK TO PREVENT ANTI-FREEZE LOSS!



TAKE THESE SIX STEPS BEFORE YOU PUT IN ANTI-FREEZE!

1. Clean the radiator. Radiators that contain rust, scale and dirt will overheat because of poor circulation. Anti-freeze is lost, and the engine may be damaged. Have your dealer use Du Pont Cooling System Cleanser, check radiator for leaks at this time.

2. Check the hose connections. Be sure all cooling system hose is tight, to prevent anti-freeze leakage. Your dealer should replace rotted hose, if possible, so worn particles won't clog radiator or thermostat. Make sure that the thermostat is in good working order.

3. Examine the water pump. Water pumps should be tight to prevent air suction and leakage of anti-freeze solution. Leaks in the pump most often develop along the propeller shaft. Have your dealer check the pump and repair worn or faulty parts.

4. Tighten the cylinder bolts. Looseness of the head bolts and expansion plugs on the cylinder block often causes anti-freeze leakage. Your dealer should use a tension wrench to make all engine head bolts equally tight.

5. Check the heater. The feed lines should drain without any high points to trap air. When the cooling system has been refilled, start the engine and open the valve at the top of the heater to remove all air pockets. Tighten hose connections and replace worn hose to prevent loss of anti-freeze.

6. See that the fan and belt work properly. If the fan belt is slipping, it should be taken up. Otherwise the solution in the radiator will overheat and boil off or run out through the overflow pipe. Also, make sure there are no bent or broken blades on the fan.

Du Pont "Zerone" and "Zerex" protect the cooling system against freezing, to be sure. But they also stop rust and corrosion from deteriorating cooling system parts—parts that today are hard—if not impossible—to replace.

Be sure to have this added protection whether you plan to use your car much or little this winter.

If you happened to save anti-freeze from last winter, it is possible to bring it up to strength with Du Pont War Emergency "Zerone." Your dealer who handles Du Pont anti-freeze has a chart which shows how to treat your present solution in this emergency. Get in touch with him today.

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FREE! Send postcard for new booklet on care of cooling system. Du Pont, Dept. C3, Wilmington 98, Delaware.

$1.00 A GALLON. Du Pont "Zerone" is made from methanol. Methanol is widely used for war purposes . . . therefore "Zerone" may not always be available.

$2.65 A GALLON. "Zerex" (except in twelve high-altitude western states) is reserved by WPB order for buses and trucks. Non-evaporating. Anti-acid. Anti-rust.

$1.40 A GALLON. War Emergency "Zerone" is made with an ethanol base. Don't hesitate to accept it if regular "Zerone" is not available. Gives safe protection.

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With women in the Service...

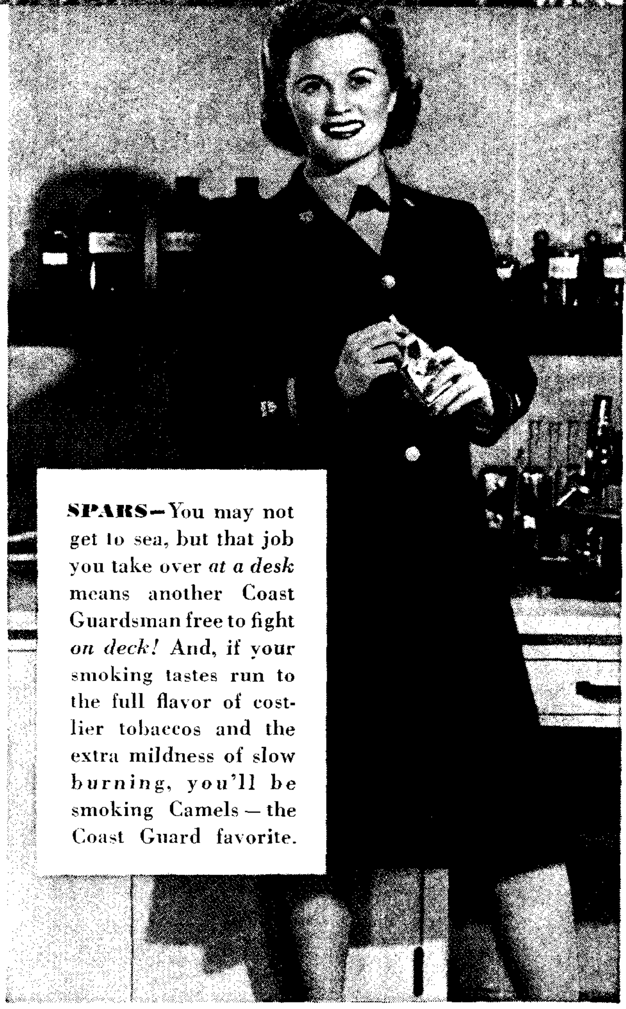
First in Fashion

Khaki, blue, or forest green...
whatever you wear...you'll find the cigarette for
milder smoking pleasure is

Camel

▲
WACS – Maybe you learn to chauffeur a jeep and release a soldier to drive a tank; maybe you learn radio and free a radio *man* to fly—and fight! But whatever you do as a WAC, you'll be doing your "bit" in a big way. And, by the time you've finished training, you'll know your Army...from khaki to Camels—the service favorite.

WAVES – You get up at "reveille," go to bed at "taps." You call the floor of your quarters "the deck" *and* the walls "bulkheads." Because when you're in the WAVES, you're in the Navy. And, if you smoke, you'll quickly learn the Navy favorite is the cigarette with that famous flavor – Camel.

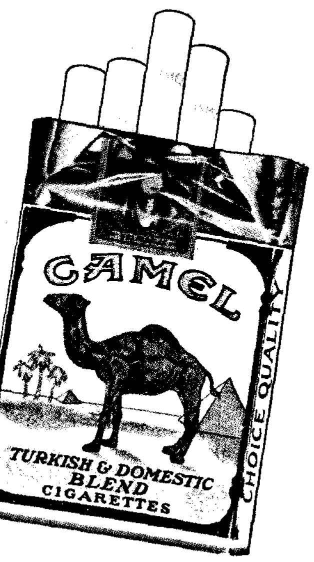


SPARS—You may not get to sea, but that job you take over *at a desk* means another Coast Guardsman free to fight *on deck!* And, if your smoking tastes run to the full flavor of costlier tobaccos and the extra mildness of slow burning, you'll be smoking Camels – the Coast Guard favorite.

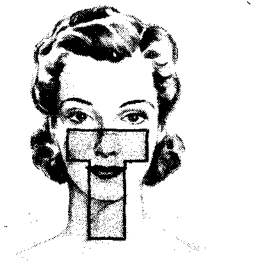
First
IN THE
SERVICE

Actual sales records show the favorite cigarette with smokers in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is *Camel.*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



BUY WAR BONDS STAMPS



THE "T-ZONE." How long since you've smoked a Camel? Give them a try today. Compare them critically... for taste... for *your* throat... for *your* "T-Zone." That's the proving ground of any cigarette.
On the basis of the experience of millions of steady Camel smokers, we believe you will like the extra flavor that only Camel's blend of costlier tobaccos can give. We believe your *throat will confirm* the findings of other Camel smokers. Try Camels. See if they don't suit *your* "T-Zone" to a "T."

"BE A MARINE – free a Marine to fight" is the motto of the Marine Corps Women's Reserve. Their forest green *uniform, above, is* by government issue, the cigarette by Camel; and that means the smoking situation is "well in hand" as *your own* taste and throat will tell you when you make Camel *your* cigarette.